TRAVEL ADVENTURE AND SPORT

FROM

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

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TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, AND SPORT

FROM

'Blackwood's Magazine'

VOL. II.

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TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, AND SPORT.

FROM 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.'

THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE:

NARRATIVE OF LIEUTENANT PALANDER, SWEDISH ROYAL NAVY, COMMANDER OF THE EXPLORING VESSEL.

[*MAGA*. March 1880.]

Yokohama, *Sept.* 12, 1879.

DURING a long succession of years numerous endeavours have been made to sail from Europe to the Pacific Ocean by the north of America or Asia —or, in other words, to discover the so-called North-west Passage by the north of America, or North-east Passage by the north of Asia. At first these attempts were made with the hope that by these routes sea-communication might be obtained between Europe and the countries of the Pacific. That hope is now abandoned; and the voyages which during later

times have been undertaken with the view of discovering the North-east or North-west Passages have been for exclusively scientific purposes.

The North-west Passage has been principally explored by Englishmen. The reason of this has been that Franklin, who, in 1845, left England with two vessels, the Erebus and Terror, to pursue that route, was never again heard of; and in consequence, numerous expeditions (for the most part organised by Franklin's widow, Lady Franklin) were sent out from England with the object of discovering the fate of the missing explorer and his companions. As all are aware, the present Admiral Sir F. L. M'Clintock, commander of the steam-yacht Fox, brought home in 1859 indisputable proofs of his countrymen's sad end.

Undoubtedly no vessel has yet passed from the North Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, or round the north coast of America; but, nevertheless, the discovery of this passage has been attributed to Sir R. M'Clure, captain in the English navy. In command of the ship Investigator he took his course through Behring Strait, and followed the American coast until his progress was arrested by ice in long. W. 115°. After spending three winters there, he learned that some English vessels (belonging to Belcher's expedition, which from the east had endeavoured to penetrate the North-west Passage) were lying some hundreds of miles from him. With all his crew, which had suffered considerably during the three

successive winters, and had been subjected to more intense cold than any other Arctic expedition has outlived, M'Clure crossed over the ice to the ships formerly mentioned, and returned to England through Baffin Bay and over the Atlantic Ocean. In this manner he completed the North-west Passage, although 200 miles of the way were accomplished by the use of sledges on the ice instead of by ship. On his return home he received promotion, and was voted by Parliament a national reward of £10,000.

Since M'Clintock's return no expedition has been organised to penetrate the North-west Passage.

Circumnavigation of the north coast of Asia from the Atlantic to Behring Strait has been essayed by no less than thirteen expeditions. Of these—six were sent out by Holland, five from England, one from Austria, and one from Sweden; besides an unsuccessful endeavour to force a passage in an opposite direction, made by the famous Captain Cook, the English circumnavigator, in 1778.

In 1553, three ships were sent out by England: the Bona Esperanza, Captain Willoughby; the Bona Ventura, Captain Chancellor; and the Bona Confidentia, Captain Durforth. These vessels only proceeded as far as Novaya Zemlia.

In 1556, an English expedition went out under Stephen Burroughs, commanding the ship Searchthrift, which at the Kara Gate was compelled by ice to return.

In 1580, yet another English expedition is mentioned, consisting of two ships—the George, Captain Pet; and the William, Captain Jackman. These vessels entered the Kara Sea, and afterwards returned without making any further discoveries.

In 1594, there were sent out from Holland three—in 1595, seven—and in 1596, two, vessels, all of which expeditions entered the Kara Sea, but did not proceed any further east. All these voyages were shared by the famous William Barentz, the discoverer of Spitzbergen. The latest of these expeditions is remarkable on account of its being compelled to pass the winter on the north coast of Novaya Zemlia, which is the first occasion on record of a Polar expedition spending that season in the Arctic regions.

In 1608, an expedition went out from England, led by Hudson, but was unsuccessful.

In 1610, 1612, and 1625, expeditions were sent out from Holland under Hudson, Van Horn, and Boseman, which succeeded in entering the Kara Sea, where the ice arrested their further progress, and they were compelled to return.

In 1676, England sent out her last expedition for the discovery of the North-east Passage. It consisted of two vessels, under the command of Wood and Hawes, and had no better success than its predecessors.

The want of success attendant on all the expedi-

tions here mentioned appears to be attributable to the circumstance that they always returned too soon. The experiences of later times show that the Arctic seas are most free from ice during autumn, immediately before it freezes anew. One cannot calculate with any certainty upon the Kara Sea being navigable before the first days of August, and it seems to remain so until the beginning of October, or perhaps even later.

After the English expedition of 1676 there occurs an interval of nearly 200 years without any endeavour to make the North-east Passage. The country that now took up the great question was Austria, which, in 1872, sent out an expedition subsidised by private individuals. The ship bore the name of Admiral Tegetthoff, and was commanded by Lieut. Weytprecht, who was accompanied by Lieut. Payer, as leader of all land excursions. Of the vessel's being frozen in on the west coast of Novaya Zemlia, of its wonderful drifting with the ice, and consequent discovery of a new land, and of the crew's fortunate escape, it is not necessary here to speak, as a work has been recently published in which the whole is admirably described. The attempt made by this expedition to reach the North-east Passage proved unsuccessful, inasmuch as it gained no point farther than its predecessors with the same object.

A more fortunate issue has been reserved for the thirteenth expedition, organised to circumnavigate

the north coast of Asia—the Swedish Arctic Expedition of 1878. Of its equipment and voyage I will now give some account.

When Professor A. E. Nordenskiöld, during the years 1875-76, crossed without difficulty the Kara Sea, which had hitherto been regarded as unnavigable, and penetrated to the mouth of the Yenisei River, which in the former year he sailed up, returning home overland by Siberia, it occurred to him that, with a good steamer, one could sail still farther east along the north coast of Siberia to Behring Strait. In the programme which Professor Nordenskiöld drew out for the promotion of an expedition with the object of sailing through the North-east Passage, he mentions as ground for the possibility of such a voyage, among other reasons, that the warm current which is formed by Siberia's many and powerful rivers, and the direction of which, by reason of the earth's revolution, ought to be from west to east, would be so strong, and would so heat up the water lying nearest the coast, that a navigable stream must be found there during the last summer months — namely, August and September. This opinion has now proved perfectly correct. Supported by the results of the successful voyages of 1875-76, and the opinion just mentioned, Professor Nordenskiöld succeeded in interesting his Majesty the King of Sweden, Mr Oscar Dickson, merchant, and Mr Alexander Sibirikoff, a Russian mine-owner,

in his project. They undertook to defray the expenses of the expedition. Afterwards aid was obtained also from the Swedish Government, who liberally allowed £1500 for the repairing of the ship to be used by the expedition, and permitted the work to be executed at the Royal Dockyards at Carlscrona. The Government also made an allowance of 1s. 6d. per diem in addition to the regulation pay.[1]

The steam-ship Vega was bought for the expedition from a Swedish Sealing Company for the sum of £8500. The Vega is a barque-rigged steamer, built in 1872 for seal and whale fishing in the Arctic seas, and consequently, the exigencies of ice navigation have been duly considered in her construction. The vessel is 500 tons burthen; and its dimensions are,—extreme length, 150 ft.; breadth, 29 ft.; depth of hold, 16 ft. It is provided with an engine of 60 horse-power, on Woolf's principle, which gives the vessel a speed of seven knots, with a coal-consumpt of 3 cwt. per hour. The Vega, which was not permitted to carry the royal flag, has sailed during the whole expedition under the flag of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club.

After having undergone considerable reparation

[1] Pay and rations were provided by Government only for those of the expeditionary officers (commissioned and non-commissioned) and men who were in the naval service. The private contributions supplied an extra allowance of £3, 10s. per month to each of the crew.

TRACK OF THE VEGA ALONG THE

NORTH COAST OF ASIA, 1878-79.

of masts, sails, hull, and machinery at the Royal Dockyards, the Vega left Carlscrona on the 22d of June 1878.

The ship's company was made up of the following officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, and men on leave of absence from the Royal Navy: Lieutenant Palander, commander; Lieutenant E. Brusewitz; F. A. Pettersson, engineer; R. Nilsson, sailing-master; three firemen, of whom one acted as second engineer; four able seamen and four ordinary seamen; seven boatmen; one carpenter.

Besides the crew, the Vega was accompanied from Carlscrona by Lieutenants A. Hovgaard and G. Bove, belonging respectively to the Danish and Italian navy — the former the physiographer of the expedition, the latter its hydrographer. Both of these officers had been residing at Carlscrona to be present at the equipment of the ship. From Carlscrona we went to Copenhagen, from whence almost all the supplies estimated for thirty men for twenty-four months were taken in.

In provisioning the ship special attention was paid to the regimen which must be followed during an Arctic voyage; consequently the supplies consisted chiefly of preserves. In the choice of provisions, care was taken to obtain everything of the best quality. Among other articles of supply taken to avert that pest of the Arctic regions, scurvy, may be mentioned—lime-juice, pickled cabbage, concen-

trated rum, pickles, preserved vegetables, mulberry-jam, dried fruit, and preserved cream. After some days' stay at Copenhagen, necessary for the shipment and stowage of the supplies, we left there on the 26th of June, and arrived at Gothenburg on the following day. At Gothenburg the following gentlemen embarked: F. R. Kjellman, botanist, Fellow of Upsala University; Dr A. Stuxberg, zoologist; O. Nordqvist, lieutenant in the Russian army, interpreter and zoologist; Dr S. Almqvist, medical officer of the expedition; and a personal attendant for Professor Nordenskiöld. Provision and coal supply were completed here; and also we shipped the scientific equipment; sledges, and pemmican for sledge-journeys; and two collie dogs, bought in Scotland.

On the afternoon of the 4th of July we left Gothenburg, not again to see the dear shores of our native land for nearly two years. A stiff contrary wind delayed our voyage to our next place of destination, Tromsoe, where we did not arrive until July 17th. Here embarked the leader of the expedition, Professor Nordenskiöld, and three Norwegian fishermen.

Our number was now complete, and made thirty men all told, comprising nine officers and scientific gentlemen, three non-commissioned officers, and eighteen of a crew. In Tromsoe a full supply of water and coals was taken in, also a parcel of furs and sundry other articles.

At our departure from Tromsoe the coal-supply

consisted of nearly 225 tons. At the lowest reckoning, with deduction of fuel for galley and stoves, it was estimated that the Vega could, solely with the assistance of her engine, make more than 4000 miles, which nearly corresponded to the distance between Tromsoe and Behring Strait.

From private sources the crew had been provided with under-vests, drawers, stockings (long and short), and mitts of wool, sailcloth boots, fur mitts, fur caps, hoods, and snow-spectacles, &c.

On the 21st of July we steamed out of Tromsoe harbour, accompanied by the steamer Lena, which was to go with us to the mouth of the river Lena, proceed up that river to Yakutsk, and thereafter be employed in the conveyance of passengers and goods.

The Lena was quite new, built to the order of Herr Sibirikoff, formerly mentioned, at the Motala Engineering Works, of Swedish Bessemer steel, provided with a high-pressure engine of 15 horse-power, which consumed 2 cwt. of coal per hour. She was 90 feet long, 17 feet broad, and 7 feet draught, with a cargo of 65 tons dead weight, including coals. She cost £2500, and, like the Vega, carried the Royal Swedish Yacht Club's flag. She was commanded by an experienced Norwegian whaler, and had a crew of nine men. She was supplied with provisions for sixteen months, and with 40 tons of coal.

After having been compelled by severe storm to take refuge for three days in a bay near North Cape, we ultimately got out to sea on the 25th of July. A pretty stiff breeze with heavy sea soon brought about our separation from our lesser companion the Lena; and we did not again see her until the 31st of July, the day after we anchored at our rendezvous, Yugorscharr, the sound lying between Waigatz Island (south of Novaya Zemlia) and the mainland. At Yugorscharr we also met other two vessels, the steamer Fraser and the barque Express, which, through Professor Nordenskiöld, had been chartered for account of Herr Sibirikoff to load a cargo of grain and tallow at the mouth of the Yenisei.

At Yugorscharr there is a village of which the inhabitants are partly Samoiedes, partly Russian. The Samoiedes there settled were Christians, spoke pretty fair Russian, and had a church of their own, although it was little better or larger than a very small and poor wooden hovel. They are a people of small stature, with broad faces, prominent cheekbones, yellow complexion, oblique eyes, and flat noses. Their costume is much like that worn by the Lapps. They live on what they catch of seals and fish. The Russians in the village remain there only during summer, during which season they fish and barter goods with the Samoiedes, returning in the autumn to the interior of Russia. They usually have their homes in Petchora or that district.

On the 1st of August, with beautiful weather, all four vessels (the Express in tow of the Fraser) left their anchorage at Yugorscharr, and were soon in the Kara Sea, which was then completely free from ice as far as the eye could reach.

At our entrance into the Kara Sea the scientific work of the expedition began. From that day were instituted complete meteorological observations, dredging, sounding, investigations of the temperature, and of the specific gravity of the water at different depths.

Early on the morning of August 3d we met the first drift-ice, which was, however, of such a description as could be easily passed through. With the object of avoiding contact with more compact and stronger ice we steered down towards the coast of the Samoiede peninsula, which we followed as close as the shallow water permitted. The land, which is properly only a sandbank cast up by the powerful river Obi, could not be seen by us, although the atmosphere was quite clear. We met here only spread and easily navigable drift-ice.

The Lena, with Hovgaard, Almqvist, and Nordqvist on board, was sent off to investigate the sound lying between the peninsula and White Island, but found it impossible, on account of the numerous sandbanks, to go through it. As a result of very nasty weather, and the poverty of the land in animal and vegetable life, the harvest reaped by our

scientific companions on this occasion was somewhat meagre.

On the 4th of August we rounded the point of White Island in water entirely free from ice. Here we met a stiff breeze from the north, which, in conjunction with a high cross sea in three or four fathoms of water, was anything but agreeable, particularly as no trustworthy chart of these regions is yet to be had. The water was of a brown colour, precisely similar to that of many of our own rivers in Sweden. Danger of stranding, however, does not exist, even although one should happen to be near the flat shores of the White Island during a storm, because the powerful current from the confluence of the Obi and Yenisei rivers in the neighbourhood of the above island sets north during the summer season with a velocity of three to five knots.

On the 6th of August we anchored beside one of the group of islands which lie outside Dickson's Harbour. Two hours later the Express and the Fraser anchored near us. In the afternoon, after the course had been examined by the steam-launch, we went farther in, and anchored in the harbour, which is well protected by land on all sides. The following day the Lena arrived from its exploring expedition.

Both in Yugorscharr and Dickson's Harbour the Lena, as well as the Vega, took coal-supplies from the Express, which had carried about 400 tons of coal from London instead of ballast. By these vessels

letters and telegrams were despatched to be further transmitted from Norway.

On the 9th of August the Express left us in tow of the Fraser, and steered up the Yenisei, to ship at the appointed place, Yakovieva, the cargo formerly mentioned.

After having mapped the harbour, prosecuted various scientific investigations, and made the ship clear for sea, we left our anchorage early on the morning of the 10th of August, and steered for the Arctic Sea. The course was set for the Kammeni Islands, with the intention of afterwards following the coast of Taimyr Land to Taimyr Island. Already, during the first day, we met several small islands, which, according to the chart we had, should have lain sixty miles farther east.

This was not the last time we made the discovery that the coast was described in this chart as much farther east than in reality it is. This was particularly noticeable when we reached the other side of Cape Tchelyuskin, where, according to the map, we sailed over long stretches of land.

The map which we used as a chart had been constructed by the Russian general staff, and was founded upon old delineations from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We found the coast correctly delineated for the first time from the other side of Kolyma River to Koliutchin Bay. That portion has been described by Admiral von Wrangel as recently

as 1821-23. The map was, besides, more a land than a sea chart. The depth was indicated in very few instances, and these were usually at fault. It was necessary, therefore, to proceed with the utmost caution. Our regulations were to sound every hour as long as we were in deep water—that is to say, as long as the depth was not less than seven to ten fathoms. At a less depth we sounded every quarter of an hour; and often, when we were sailing along the coast, in from three to four fathoms of water, or even less, the hand-line was constantly employed for days in succession. As soon as the depth decreased to about four fathoms, the steam-launch, which was always kept with steam up, was put out and sent before the Vega. This could be easily done in water free from ice, or in spread drift-ice; but when the ice was so compact that the Vega had to force a passage through, the steam-launch, of course, could not be used.

Only upon one occasion, when we stood eastward from Cape Tchelyuskin, we sounded and found seventy fathoms; at no other place, even when far out at sea, had we more than twenty fathoms, and as soon as we neared the coast, the depth gradually decreased to three or four fathoms and under. Usually we sailed in a depth of from five to seven fathoms.

On the 11th of August we anchored near an unknown island to await better weather, there being a

storm of wind and rain right in our teeth. On the afternoon of the same day, when the wind had somewhat moderated, we continued our voyage.

On the 12th we encountered drift-ice, but so spread, that without too many deviations we contrived to go forward in a north-easterly direction. The ice now began to be accompanied by fog, which in the Arctic waters is more dense than anywhere else in the world. As long as there is drift-ice in the neighbourhood, so long can one almost with certainty calculate upon having an impenetrable fog, which only lifts for a few hours during the day, usually immediately after noon, or early in the morning. Often when the fog disperses at mid-day, there is brilliant sunshine, and one discovers that the course taken in the drift-ice during the fog is wrong, and there is nothing for it but to return the same way and begin to push forward anew by another and better route. The fog rises and falls very suddenly without any premonitory signs, and might be compared to a stage-curtain, which is alternately raised and dropped.

On the 13th of August, during a dense fog, we found ourselves close upon land right ahead of us, as well as on both sides. Fortunately we were proceeding with such caution, that by backing we could come to a stand-still before we had run ashore. We anchored, and when the atmosphere cleared somewhat for a few moments, we found that the land beside

which we had anchored was simply an isolated heap of stones of a C form lying out in the sea. For the remainder of the 13th and part of the 14th we lay in compact drift-ice and fog, unable to make any advance. On the evening of the 14th we were favoured with a few hours' clear weather, and managed to make a little progress landward, where the ice appeared thinnest. As our scientific party wished to go ashore for the purpose of collecting, we anchored in a bay on the south-west of Taimyr Island. The bay was named Actinia Harbour, on account of the vast numbers of Actinia (or sea-anemones) which were found on the bottom. Here we were detained three and a half days by a dense fog. During that time, with the aid of the steam-launch, there were several excursions made to investigate the sound lying between Taimyr Island and the mainland, which at its western mouth was so shallow, narrow, and rocky, that the Vega could not pass through it. The current here always runs westwards with a speed of three to five knots.

On the morning of the 18th of August the fog rose so far as to permit us to go to sea. The course was taken north of Taimyr Island, between some reefs covered with boulders, which were now and then discernible through the rapidly-returning fog. During the night, after having passed through a great deal of drift-ice, and seen at a distance several large islands lying northwards, we sighted the land

south of Cape Tchelyuskin. The land here lay considerably farther west than as delineated on the chart.

On the afternoon of the 19th of August we doubled the Old World's most northerly point, Cape Tchelyuskin, the Vega being the first vessel which has succeeded in so doing. At 6 P.M. we anchored in a creek on the eastern side of the above cape. The national flag was hoisted, a salute given; while on the shore stood a large polar bear to bid us welcome. That night and the following forenoon were employed in deciding the position of the Cape (which was found to be lat. N. 77° 36′, long. E. 103° 25′), and in making various scientific investigations.

At 1 P.M. on the 20th of August we raised our anchor and steered in a north-easterly and easterly direction as far as the ice permitted. We now no longer followed the coast, our intention being to see if we might not possibly discover farther out some hitherto unknown islands or continents. But by the 22d we were so entangled in compact drift-ice, that during the fog which prevailed we found the utmost difficulty in finding our way back to the coast. To penetrate farther east in this latitude was then impossible.

On the morning of the 24th we were again near land, and found there a channel from three to five miles broad, and almost quite free from ice. We sailed along the coast in this stream almost directly south, in a depth of eight to fifteen fathoms. Our

map demonstrates how incorrectly the coast here has been delineated, and shows that we stood four and a half degrees inside the supposed coast-line. In contrast with the other parts of the north coast of Siberia, which almost everywhere is low, with a gradual elevation landwards, there is here a high mountain-chain with remarkably beautiful snow-clad peaks, the height of which we estimated at 2000 feet.

On the same afternoon we anchored at Khatanga Island, at the mouth of the bay of the same name. How incorrectly this bay has been described may again be learned from the map. Khatanga Island had a very singular appearance. The northern side was about 250 feet high, and descended perpendicularly into the sea. From the northern summit the island sloped gradually away to the south, where its shores were finally lost in a sandbank, which stretched far out into Khatanga Bay. The island was about one mile from east to west, and one and a half mile from north to south. On its western side there is a very good anchorage, only protected, however, from the winds between N.E. and S.E. Its northern shore was quite covered with puffins and other species of birds, among which our guns made great destruction. Two polar bears were also shot here. At 9 P.M. we raised our anchor, and steered under alternate fog and clear weather for the north-east of the bay. The light nights were at an end, and it was now extremely dark about 10 P.M.

On the 25th of August, following the coast, we passed the North Bay, and then took our course eastward in four to eight fathoms of water. In the early morning of that day, which was a Sunday, there was a dense fog; but about 10 A.M. it completely dispersed, and the day became the warmest and most beautiful we had during our whole voyage along the coast of Siberia. The thermometer showed as high as + 4.7° C. in the shade.

After we had passed the North Bay, the want of depth compelled us to go so far out to sea that we could barely keep sight of land. There we met with many *torosser* aground. *Toross* is the Russian designation for walls formed during the winter by the constant forcing up of the ice. They sometimes reach the height of 100 feet, and consist of ice-blocks cast one upon another,—the whole not unlike a heap of gigantic sugar-loaves lying topsy-turvy. These *torosser*, should they be of large dimensions, are not acted upon by the summer sun, but remain, and certainly constitute a good beacon for seamen to avoid the ground upon which they rest.

On the 26th of August we continued to follow the coast in an easterly direction in a depth of from six to eight fathoms, pursued by our old enemy, the fog. In the evening, at dusk, we sighted a long narrow sandbank, which rose only a few feet above the level of the sea. We steered southwards towards land with the intention of sailing round its southern ex-

tremity; but after following the edge of the bank for about six hours, and as it then appeared to run quite up to the land, we turned and stood out towards the north. This sandbank, which at high water, or during darkness, is exceedingly dangerous for the navigation, lies about twenty-five miles from the delta at the mouth of the Lena; and its southern extremity is probably connected with Olenek Land. It lies north and south, and is probably cast up by the river Olenek and the western arm of the Lena.

After having gone round the sandbank, we proceeded on our voyage, steering eastwards for the Lena's most northerly mouth. At this point a pilot from Yakutsk was to meet us to take the steamer Lena up the river to that town.

As the river Lena has numerous mouths in its northern delta, it had been prearranged that the pilot, who, during the whole of the navigable season, must be found at the place, should set a sea-mark at that mouth where the greatest depth was obtainable. Our intention was to accompany the Lena to the mouth of the river, and remain there for a few days for scientific research. But on the night of the 27th August, when we were outside our proposed anchorage, we found navigable water and a favourable wind. The opportunity was too good to be allowed to slip out of our hands. In the utmost haste we closed our letters and telegrams to our friends at home and sent them on board the Lena. She was now left to her

own devices to prosecute her journey to her place of destination. We spread our canvas, and making good speed, proceeded eastward to work out our way alone through the remaining portion of the North-east Passage. Our lesser companion had proved most useful to us, as whenever the water became shallow she preceded us and took soundings.

On the 28th August we were again among close but nevertheless navigable drift-ice. At mid-day we sighted Wasilieffski Island on our starboard bow, which we ought to have had on our other side far to the north. We had then not taken observations since the 26th.

During that interval of forty-eight hours the current from the rivers Lena and Yana had carried us 70 miles to the north. We went on the south side of Wasilieffski Island, from which there stretched out in a southerly direction a sandbank so low that it was only at a distance of eight miles from the island that we managed to pass it in a depth of eighteen feet. This proves the validity of the general rule that all islands north of Siberia are extremely flat on the southern side, but contrariwise, precipitous and deep on the northern, on which side they can usually be passed at a distance of a few hundred feet.

As Professor Nordenskiöld wished to land on Liakov Island, the most southerly of the New Siberian group, to collect mammoth and other fossil remains, the course was set for that island's western

shore. On the 29th we had such exceedingly hard work among close drift-ice that it was only with the utmost difficulty we could go forward at all. Ultimately we succeeded in forcing our way through, and passed to the north of Stolbovoi Island, on the eastern side of which we found completely clear water for about ten miles. Here the log was heaved, and it was found that the Vega, using her sails alone, and with a favourable wind, was going at the rate of eleven knots an hour. This was the greatest speed attained during our voyage along the Siberian coast.

The following morning we stood in towards Liakov Island, to which, in consequence of the shallows, we could make no nearer approach than at four to five miles distance; and these shallows, in conjunction with an impending fog, made it impossible to go ashore. We therefore steered southward for Cape Sviatoi, the point of which we doubled, after much trouble with the ice, in the night between 30th and 31st August. From thence we had two days of exceedingly good weather, during which we sailed along by the coast in water all but quite free from ice. We required, however, to keep some little distance out, as the water was shallow. The coast here was very flat, and was almost invisible to us on account of fog.

On the night between the 2d and 3d of September the drift-ice closed up; the temperature, which had hitherto in general kept above zero, now fell below,

and we had our first real snowfall. On the 3d of September, during the day, in a snowstorm, we rounded the point lying north-east of the mouth of Kolyma River. The coast here was somewhat high and mountainous. We sailed at some cables'-length distance from the coast, and with alternate snowstorms and clear weather passed between the Bear Islands. On the most easterly of these there stand four pillars, which, like so many beacons, spring erect above the land. These pillars, which are composed of some plutonic mineral, are, according to Baron von Wrangel, forty feet high. After passing the Bear Islands, and proceeding in an easterly direction among very compact drift-ice, during the night we steered north-east, with the hope of reaching that portion of land as yet untrodden by the foot of civilised man known as Wrangel Land, also sometimes called Kellet Land. The Americans and Russians have called this land after Admiral von Wrangel, who, during his three years' stay (1821-23) on the Siberian coast of the Arctic Sea, made two fruitless attempts to reach it (its existence being already known to the Tchuktchis) from Kolyma by means of dog-sledges.

The natives at Cape Yakan and North Cape[1] had repeatedly in very clear weather, most probably

[1] By North Cape is meant here and hereafter, that promontory lying in lat. N. 68° 50′ and long. E. 180°, which properly should bear the name used by the natives, Irkaipi.

under peculiar atmospheric conditions, seen land in the north-east; this suggested to Admiral von Wrangel, (who was sent out by the Russian Government to survey the Siberian coast,) an endeavour to reach that land. Wrangel was met either by an impassable barrier of ice (high *torosser*) or by ice-fields here and there rent asunder, with large fissures between the latter, called by the Russians *polynjor*.[1] The result was that he had to return without arriving at or even seeing the land in question. As the natives relate that for some time past they have seen during the winter people unknown to them coming over the ice from the north-east, and returning the same way, it is inferred that Wrangel Land is inhabited.

The English have called the land after their countryman Kellet, commander of the English man-of-war Herald, with which, in 1849, he endeavoured to penetrate thither. Kellet's attempt with that object succeeded no better than Wrangel's. He arrived at an island, which received the name of Herald Island, from whence, under the atmospheric conditions formerly alluded to, he believed he saw Wrangel Land.

The American whaling-captain Long (of the barque Nile, 1867) is the last who saw and also took

[1] It is a misapprehension of these *polynjor*, described by Wrangel, which first gave rise to the popular but groundless hypothesis of an open polar sea.

good bearings of the south coast of Wrangel Land, which he passed at a distance of twelve miles.

On the morning of the 4th of September, after having done our best during the night to force a passage through, we found our way towards the north-east completely barred by strong, compact drift-ice, united by newly-frozen ice two inches thick. There was nothing else to be done but to endeavour to make the land, which, during the night and after most fatiguing labour, we succeeded in reaching direct west of Cape Baranoff. Here we found a fairly broad channel, seven to eight fathoms deep, and free from ice. In future we made no further attempts to stand out northwards, where we invariably met with impenetrable ice, but kept the whole time as near the coast as the depth permitted. This is really the surest way of making progress, as on the coast there is the efflux of larger or smaller rivers, which either cause it to be free from ice, or keep the broken ice-fields in constant motion so long as they are not united by fresh ice.

On the 5th of September we kept along the coast in a navigable stream. In the afternoon we passed under steam and full sail, with a favourable wind, Tchaun Bay. This was the last time in 1878 that we had an opportunity to carry sail. After this the ice became so close, and our course was so intricate, that we could not use canvas. The night of the 6th September was the first night that the dark-

ness prevented us from advancing. In future, during the darkest part of the twenty-four hours we had always to moor either to an ice-field, or, still better, to a portion of ground-ice.

On the 6th of September, during the day, we sighted the high land of Cape Shelagskoi, which we reached after some hours' struggle with a belt of drift-ice. Immediately to the east of this point we had our first sight of the natives, who came rowing towards us in two boats made of seal-hide. They could, however, afford us no information in regard to the coast or the condition of the ice, as they could speak no language but their own, Tchuktchis. After this we daily passed one or more native villages, and received visits from this kindly people. At Cape Shelagskoi the difficulties of the expedition seemed only to begin. From thence we encountered solid, compact ice, and could barely go forward two ship's-lengths without collision with the same. On the 7th September we passed Cape Yakan, and on the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, worked our way through close, strong drift-ice, which was sometimes so impenetrable that we were compelled to moor to it and await some change in its position. Only such a mode of procedure made it possible for us to get on. Occasionally we might make one or two miles, but usually only a few lengths of the ship. With the steam constantly up, we were prepared to take advantage of the smallest opportunity afforded by the ice of going

forward. Fogs, shallows, and ground-ice were now the order of the day. For whole days in three fathoms of water, sometimes, indeed, with not more than a few inches under our keel, we had to push our way through drift and ground ice. These latter masses, larger and heavier than the Vega, had to be removed. When this could not be accomplished by pressure with the whole strength of our machinery, we had to make an onset and rush against it at full speed. Only a vessel so strong and well-constructed as the Vega could for any length of time have stood such blows. To run at full speed against ground-ice is equivalent to rushing against a fixed object. Either the ship or the ice must give way. Nevertheless our Vega went victorious out of the combat, not a single scratch appearing on her sides of scarlet oak.

She frequently stuck fast between two ground-ices, the only possibility of getting free being to blast with powder, or to hew away, by means of ice-tools, so much of their tops as lightened them sufficiently to allow them to float.

On the 12th of September, in the forenoon, we arrived at the North Cape, where we were detained six days by ice. The North Cape consists of two promontories, some hundred feet high, jutting out from the mainland. They enclose a shallow bay, about half a mile in length, with an inlet between north-east and north-west. In this bay the Vega lay

shut up by the drift-ice. On the low sandbank which unites these promontories was situated a Tchuktchi village. We found the chief, Tcheporin, a particularly attractive man. It was very amusing to see his astonishment when, on one occasion, we invited him and his wife, Atanga, to the saloon, where he saw a number of things which to him appeared most wonderful. He was presented, among other articles, with an old gold braiding, which he bound round his wife's head like a diadem, placing the loop in the centre of her brow. Great was his delight at a performance on the barrel-organ. First he commenced to quiver in every limb, and soon he was dancing most vigorously. For hours he would contemplate his brown-yellow face in a mirror.

We here attempted to take a course of tidal observations, which, however, on account of our apparatus, and their collision with the ice, were unsatisfactory. The greatest deviation was only from five to seven inches. At last, at mid-day on the 18th of September, the ice dispersed so far as to permit us, creeping along the sandy coast in three fathoms of water, to continue our course towards our goal, Behring Strait.

The season of the year was now far advanced, and being acquainted with the sudden transition from summer to winter in the Arctic regions, we knew that at any time winter might set in in earnest, and make all further progress impossible. From this time the temperature was invariably below zero.

On the evening of the 18th, during the darkness, while forcing a belt of ground-ice, we touched the bottom; but the following morning, at four o'clock, we were again on the way quite uninjured.

On the 19th of September we succeeded in pushing our way forward about fifty miles. On the 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th, our combat with the ice was continued, and we made very little progress. On the 26th we rounded Cape Wankarem, where we found tolerably clear water, caused by the rapidly flowing river of the same name. The same evening we also doubled Cape Onman, and on the following day we went right across Koliutchin Bay, passing close to Koliutchin Island. In the evening we moored close west of the north-east point of the bay.

The 28th of September was a cold but clear morning. The sea had, during the night, been covered with a layer of ice one to two inches thick. We rounded the point, but afterwards could only push our way forward about four miles when we had again to moor. I little thought on the morning of that day that this would be the last time during 1878 that our vessel would be on the onward move. We had before encountered stronger ice, and fought against greater difficulties; and now to reach Behring Strait we had only 120 miles to accomplish of the 4000 which constitute the length of the Old World's northern shores.

At first no one would realise that we might be

compelled to pass the winter here, but hoped for a change in the weather, and for a storm which would break and disperse the ice. But instead of this, however, the cold increased, and the new ice which connected the drift-floes daily became stronger, and the weather remained quite calm. Here we were to spend the winter—here where the American whalers find yearly quite navigable water several weeks later than the 28th of September. The situation of our wintering station was, according to observations, lat. N. 67° 7′, and long. W. 173° 24′, 4500 feet out from a flat sandy beach, entirely unprotected from all winds excepting the south. Between the Vega and the shore were two sandbanks, the nearest having ten feet of water, the other still less.

At the outset of the expedition my impression was that the greatest difficulties in making the North-east Passage would be experienced in rounding Cape Tchelyuskin and possibly the coasts on both sides of the same—namely, from Taimyr Island to Khatanga Bay. All available accounts, however, agree that the coast between Cape Yakan or North Cape and Behring Strait is quite free of ice during the summer and autumn. When we had successfully rounded Cape Tchelyuskin, and had passed Cape Yakan so early as the 7th of September (therefore in good time), we calculated with certainty upon being able to pass Behring Strait the same year. On the contrary, our greatest difficulties commenced at Cape Yakan, and

instead of diminishing in the same degree, the farther we proceeded eastward, they became still greater and greater. We have good cause to infer that the condition of the ice in 1878 was peculiarly unfavourable, and that, under ordinary circumstances, we should have reached Behring Strait without difficulty, and immediately thereafter the Pacific Ocean. We had now to content ourselves with having arrived at the entrance to Behring Strait during the first summer. As proof of the condition of these waters in other years, I quote the following from statistics supplied by the United States Admiralty:—

1st, On the 21st September 1867, the American barque Massachusetts, Captain Williams, reached lat. N. 74° 30′, long. W. 173° (the same longitude as our winter station), from whence no ice could be discovered round the compass. Captain Williams, an old whaler, and a man well acquainted with these waters, adds further, in his report, that he is convinced that no ice exists from the middle of August until the 1st of October south of lat. 70° and west of long. W. 170°, and that there is seldom a year when it is not possible during the month of September to sail in navigable water between North Cape and Behring Strait.

2d, Captain Niebaum, also an experienced ice navigator, relates that Behring Strait is open till the first days of November, and that he on two occasions sailed through that Strait as late as the 22d of October.

3d, In the year 1869, the barque Navy anchored at Koliutchin Island on the 8th of October, and sailed from thence to Behring Strait on the 10th of the same month. No ice was then to be seen.

4th, In 1867, the barque Nile, Captain Long, reached lat. N. 70° 41′, long. E. 170° 20′, coming from and returning to Behring Strait.

5th, The same year the barque Monticello went 150′ farther west. Annually many small American coasting traders sail along the shores of Siberia even farther west, and carry on a bartering trade with the natives. We had evidence of this in the fact, that among all the natives we have met, numbering more than a thousand, we have not met one who did not know a few English words.

More than fifty large vessels engaged in sealing and whaling north of Behring Strait swarm thereabout in all directions.

The natives inhabiting the coast of Siberia between Cape Shelagskoi and the southern part of Behring Strait are called Tchuktchis, as already mentioned. Their number is estimated to be about 3000, including a nomadic tribe called the Rein-Tchuktchis, who subsist by keeping reindeer herds. These form a link between their brethren on the coast and the inland tribes of Siberia, to the latter of whom they dispose of their goods, consisting of seal and walrus hides, walrus-teeth, &c., which they receive from the country population in exchange for reindeer-hides.

The coast population live in villages numbering from three to twenty tents, spread along the coast as near the shore as possible, and at a few miles' distance from each other.

The Tchuktchis are divided into two sections, each with its respective chief. The eastern population have for their chief Menka, who resides at Markowa on the Anadyr River. The western, again, are under the chief Amra Urgin, who resides in the vicinity of Kolyma River.

The tent of the coast Tchuktchis consists of a peculiar and cleverly constructed frame of wood, the material for which is obtained from drift-logs, with which the shore is plentifully strewed. This is covered with a number of seal and walrus hides carefully sewn together. Inside the tent, and right before the entrance, is a smaller cubiform tent, made of reindeer-skins, and used as the sleeping chamber. During the cold season it is heated by blubber-lamps. Even during severe cold the atmosphere within this tent is so heated that the natives who occupy it, without distinction of sex or age, lie almost nude. The dimensions of the tent depend upon the number of the family. In each tent generally dwells only one family, in which are included the sisters and brothers of the married couple before they settle for themselves.

The Tchuktchis, the children of nature in the Arctic regions, fostered amongst ice, snow, and cold,

familiarised with bloody scenes in the seal, whale, and walrus hunt, without any of the influences of civilisation, are, notwithstanding, a good-natured, friendly, hospitable, and honest people.

Although the Vega during the long winter was daily visited by at least twenty natives, it was only on two or three occasions that they were found guilty of dishonestly appropriating anything, and these thefts were of the most trifling description.

The Tchuktchis are a people of small stature, although among them may be found perfect giants; as, for instance, a woman whom we saw 6 feet 3 inches tall. Their complexion is sallow, the men's being usually darker than that of the women. Occasionally, however, one may see, especially among the women, a complexion as fair and clear as that of the inhabitants of Northern Europe. The eyes are black, and often set oblique like the Chinese. The hair, which is coal-black, is worn by the men cut quite short; while the women allow it to grow freely, part it in the middle of the brow, and wear it in plaits of twelve to eighteen inches long, which hang down at each ear. They also wear a lock combed down and cut across which covers half of the forehead. The men also use a similar lock, and sometimes a long tuft at the crown of the head. This tuft is worn, so far as I could learn, only by chiefs.

Their clothing is made principally of reindeer-skin, and consists of a *pesk* or blouse reaching to the knees,

with an opening at the top just sufficient for the head to pass through. In addition, the men have tight-fitting trousers of reindeer-skin, which are tucked down into boots of the same material, the latter with soles of walrus-hide. The women also wear trousers, but those are wide, ending immediately below the knee, where they are similarly tucked into the boots.

In the outer clothing the hairy side of the skin is always to the exterior; but, on the contrary, the hairy side of those articles worn next the body during the cold season is turned inwards. A close-fitting hood of reindeer-skin, and mittens of the same material, complete their dress. In this costume they defy any kind of weather. Often so clad, night after night, even in the most severe cold, they pursue their seal-fishing miles away from the shore without any other protection from the icy winds.

The weapons of the Tchuktchis consist of a bow and arrows, a spear—which, like the arrows, has a point of iron or of bone—a knife, and a kind of sling, used for catching birds. The iron for the arrow and spear heads is obtained from the Americans and Russians in their bartering transactions. They themselves have no iron at their command, nor any knowledge of its working.

To their hunting implements belong the sealing-net, made of finely-cut strips of seal-hide, netted with a three-inch mesh. With these the young seals,

which form their principal food, are caught. The net is extended between two blocks of ice, and the seals get entangled in its meshes, and so become an easy prey to the hunters.

Their dog-sledges, which are constructed of thin pieces of wood, tied together with strips of seal-hide, combine to a high degree strength with elasticity, and are singularly light.

Their mode of conveyance by sea is the *kajak*, or the "large boat." The kajak, quite similar to the Greenland kajak, is covered with seal-hide: it only carries one man, who propels it by means of a comman kajak oar or paddle. The "large boat," which also resembles the boat used in Greenland under the name of the "women's-boat," is upwards of thirty feet long. It is rowed by six to ten men, with common oars, or *pagajas*. This boat is constructed of a thin wooden frame, covered with seal and walrus hides. It has a flat bottom, from which its sides project at right angles. Its carrying capacity is very great. I have seen such boats having thirty people on board.

The hammer of the Tchuktchis consists of a stone tied to a stick; their spade, of a walrus's shoulder-blade fastened to a stick; and in the same manner they contrive other necessary domestic utensils and tools. They are perfect masters in the art of joining by means of thongs of seal-hide.

The principal food of the natives consists of seal-flesh and blubber, in addition to which they use

feathered game, bear and reindeer flesh, when such can be obtained. The roots of certain shore-plants, also willow-leaves, ranunculus, and saxifrage, &c., enter pretty largely into their diet. The leaves are collected in the latter end of summer, pressed, and consumed during the winter; and in these they are provided with a powerful anti-scorbutic. During the winter, when getting short of other provisions, the bones of seals and walrusses caught during summer are crushed, and prepared in the form of a broth or soup, which is consumed by both men and dogs. Of the latter there are a great number in every village, which are chiefly employed in conveying their owners by sledge from one place to another. Although these dogs are not large, three or four of them can with ease carry a man long distances. When the Tchuktchis undertakes long journeys of 300 to 500 miles, he often has as many as eighteen dogs harnessed to his sledge, with which he is able to accomplish seventy to eighty miles a-day.

During the first half of the winter we were daily visited by twenty to thirty natives, who got any food the crew might have left. Besides this, they received a considerable quantity of bread from the ship's stores. They made themselves useful in several small ways, such as sawing wood, carrying ice, &c., &c. In the beginning of February, when their provisions began to run short, they all removed from

Pitlekai (the nearest village to us) to another village farther east, called Naskai, where they raised temporary tents, and carried on seal-fishing in the open water to be found in the vicinity. About this time the natives made a great haul, allowing to each tent twenty-five to fifty young seals. Besides seals, they got in the same vicinity a good catch of a fish resembling cod.

At first we had some difficulty in holding communication with the natives, but we soon picked up a sufficient number of words to make ourselves intelligible. Lieutenant Nordqvist, who paid special attention to the language of the Tchuktchis, ultimately became tolerably familiar with it. I here give some specimens: *anka*, sea; *atleatle*, snow; *eck*, fire; *ergatik*, to-morrow; *etlongat*, to-day; *ee*, yes; *jaranga*, tent; *jo*, wind; *kau kau*, food; *koy koy*, cold; *mimil*, water; *murgin*, my; *oinga*, no, nothing; *oumko*, bear; *ounkri*, ptarmigan; *outout*, wood; *rurka*, walrus; *tintin*, ice; *tirkir*, sun; *tschagurgin*, go; *tschepiska*, sleep; *tschopak*, dog; *tschopagat*, drive with dogs; *turgin*, yours.

After the 28th of September, the day on which our further progress was completely arrested, we still cherished a hope of getting free, and accomplishing the remaining little distance to Behring Strait the same autumn; but gradually this hope died out, and we began in earnest to think of the impending winter. With regard to the ship there was really

nothing to do, as all preparations to resist an Arctic winter had already been made.

We fitted up the winter tent, the top rope of which was fixed midway up the masts, and from thence extended to the bulwarks. That the daylight might not be shut out from the saloon, the tent was not erected over the quarter-deck. The deck was covered with six inches of snow, which aided considerably in the exclusion of the cold from that quarter. The engine was kept during the whole winter in such a condition that at three hours' notice it could be set in motion.

The vessel was heated by means of four stoves and the galley. One of the stoves was placed in the saloon, one in the engine-room, one between decks, and one in the second mess. With these heating appliances we had no difficulty in keeping up an equable temperature in all parts of the vessel even during the most severe cold (47° C.) For fuel, part coals and part driftwood were used, the latter brought from the neighbouring shore. For heating purposes we consumed about 12 cwt. of coal weekly.

As I feared that the thick and rapidly-forming ice might press with too great a force on the vessel, I endeavoured at first to keep her free of the ice on the one side by opening, by means of the saw, a three-feet-broad channel. Soon, however, this work had to be abandoned, as the cold overpowered us. After opening up the stream the one day, on the

next we found it covered with ice six to eight inches thick. Should there happen to be a snowstorm during the night, it was immediately filled up with snow, and then the ice became still thicker.

From the 1st of December until the 1st of April, magnetic observations were made every hour; and in addition, on the 1st and 15th of every month, observations were made every five minutes. Meteorological observations were also taken every hour, from the 1st December till the 1st of April; for the remainder of our stay, only every four hours. These observations were conducted by eleven persons, of which nine were men of science and officers, and two of the crew. The watch lasted for six hours, and the person on duty remained in the observatory all that time. The magnetic observatory consisted of a building twelve feet long and ten feet broad erected on the land one hundred feet from the shore, and formed of sawn ice-blocks of an equal size. That we might, during snowstorms and darkness, have communication with the vessel without risk of losing our way, ice-pillars were raised at a distance of forty feet from each other, between which ropes were stretched.

During the whole time we were shut up, the wind blew almost continually from N.N.W. to N.W. Winds from other quarters were exceptional. The winds between E.N.E., N., and S.W. were cold; while, on the contrary, the winds from S. and S.E.

brought a milder temperature. In the first part of the winter, before the ice became too thick, the E. and S.E. winds broke it up and formed large holes or clefts north and east of the vessel. In a heavy northerly storm at the beginning of November, the newly-frozen ice one foot thick, pressing against the older and stronger, which lay aground on the outer sandbank directly astern of us, broke and piled up into *torosser* of some twenty feet high. On the same occasion the ice shot up on to the flat beach and accumulated in several places so as to form ice-walls of a similar height. On the 1st of January, about seven miles N.N.E. of the vessel, there was a channel running east and west, which was so broad that from its southern edge the northern was not discernible. During the latter part of the winter, when the cold became more intense, we could see no open water from our mast-head, but a continuous ice-field, whose even surface was only broken here and there by some old ice-blocks which had been frozen in by the new ice. Still, on several occasions we saw the so-called "water-sky," from which we inferred that open holes were to be found, although at a great distance. When in the month of May we opened up a channel on the one side of the vessel, the ice nearest us measured seven feet thick.

A table is given on the opposite page showing the thickness of the ice, which was measured on the 1st and 15th of every month; while another indicates the

medium, maximum, and minimum temperature for every month.[1]

In Sweden it is usually quite calm as soon as the temperature falls to 20° and under. At our winter

[1] THICKNESS OF THE ICE.

	Ft.
November 1, 1878,	0.96
December 1, "	1.90
December 15, "	2.70
January 1, 1879,	3.10
February 1, "	3.65
February 15, "	4.04
March 1, "	4.16
March 15, "	4.24
April 1, "	4.30
April 15, "	4.68
May 1, "	5.20
May 15, "	5.45
June 1, "	5.20
June 15, "	5.10

TABLE OF TEMPERATURE (CENTIGRADE), TAKEN ON BOARD THE VEGA DURING 1878-79 AT L. N. 67° 7′, L. W. 173° 24′.

	Medium.	Maximum.	Minimum.
October 1878,	— 5°.21	+ 0°.8	— 20°.8
November "	— 16°.59	— 6°.3	— 27°.2
December "	— 22°.81	+ 1°.2	— 37°.1
January 1879,	— 25°.05	— 4°.1	— 45°.5
February "	— 25°.08	+ 0°.2	— 43°.8
March "	— 21°.65	— 4°.2	— 39°.8
April "	— 18°.93	— 4°.6	— 38°.0
May "	— 6°.79	+ 1°.8	— 26°.8
June "	— 6°.60	+ 6°.8	— 14°.3

station, we often had strong wind with 38°, and storm with 30° and under. When the temperature fell under 40° it was generally calm or a light breeze, under 45° we had a complete calm. To go long stretches against a fresh breeze with 30° cold, or even colder, was anything but agreeable—nose, cheeks, and ears were easily liable to be frost-bitten. This can be obviated, however, without much difficulty by binding a thin silk handkerchief over the nose, and letting the corners hang down over the mouth, by which inspiration is made less disagreeable than otherwise it would be. During the whole winter we had only a few very trifling injuries from the frost, notwithstanding that we were out in all possible weathers.

In the severest and coldest storms the watch in the magnetic observatory had to be changed every six hours. In the course of the winter we had some uncommonly high readings of the barometer—as, for example, on February 17th, at 6 P.M., 790 m.m. at 67° Fahr., or reduced to decimals, = 788.1 m.m.,—which is four millimetres higher than the highest reading recorded in the literature we have on board.

From the beginning of the month of December we made hourly tidal observations. Ebb and flood could scarcely be distinguished. The greatest variation during the spring-tide was only six to eight inches. The water-level, however, varied greatly according to the direction and strength of the wind. The extent of

these changes was different for different winds; south-east and south winds usually brought high water, two to three feet over the common water-level. These observations were made by means of the following apparatus. A metal wheel of the circumference of a metre was fixed on the top of the boom. Over that wheel was laid a fine brass-wire line, the thickness of a common log-line, the two ends of which were taken down through the rudder-hole, one upon each side of the helm. The one end was carried through a hole made in the ice beside the rudder, and fastened to two bars of iron which were sunk to the bottom; the other was fixed to a cannon-ball at such a height that it was suspended in the centre of the rudder-hole. The cannon-ball served to keep the line constantly on the stretch. A board with foot and inch measurements was placed between the boom and the deck, and on the line an indicator which, according as the vessel rose or fell, pointed out on the scale the rising and falling of the water.

As we wintered in lat. N. 67° 7′, we had not to endure the tedium of constant darkness, which is one of the trials of a winter spent in these regions in higher latitudes. On the darkest day of the year, the sun, with the aid of refraction, showed half its disc above the horizon at mid-day. In the saloon, from 10 A.M. until 2 P.M. we had as much light as permitted us both to read and write. Out-

side, one could readily find their way about from 9 A.M. until 3 P.M.

Christmas was celebrated in the usual Swedish style — with Christmas-tree, Christmas presents, fish, and sweet-porridge. Christmas Eve was spent between decks, which for the occasion was decorated with suitable flags and signals. A wooden spar with willow-branches (which had been brought from inland) tied to it, did duty as a Christmas-tree. It was hung with paper flags and 200 presents, which latter were divided by lottery among the whole company.

During the winter we had several opportunities of sending home news of us, of which we naturally took advantage, although uncertain if these communications would ever arrive at their intended destination. So early as October we were visited by the chief Menka, mentioned before, and by him we sent letters and telegrams to Anadyrsk, to be forwarded from thence to Sweden. There is, however, no regular postal communication between Anadyrsk and the larger Siberian towns lying further west. The letters would not arrive at Nijni Kolymsk until March, when a great annual market is held there. From thence they would be conveyed by visitors to the market homeward bound to Yakutsk, with which regular communication exists. In this way we could not expect our letters to arrive in Sweden before June or July. On several occasions we sent

letters with natives on the homeward trip to Nijni Kolymsk, to be forwarded in a similar manner.

As far as the weather permitted the crew always followed their various occupations in the open air, and it was only in extremely severe weather that they were allowed to work under deck. During their leisure hours they had access to an exceedingly well-supplied library; and for their profit and amusement suitable lectures were given every Saturday evening during the darkest season — which, thanks to our scientific companions, were as interesting as they were instructive. In addition to the common rations, in regard to which the subjoined table[1] of dietary gives information, the crew received daily during the spring months two cubic inches of cranberry-preserve twice a-week, five cubic

[1] Bill of Fare for the Vega.

No.	Breakfast.	Dinner.	Evening Meal.
1	Butter, 0.06 lb. Coffee, 0.10 " Sugar, 0.08 "	Salt pork, . . 0.75 lb. Pickled or preserved cabbage, . . 0.75 " Preserved potatoes, 0.12 " Extract of beef, . 0.02 " Preserved vegetables, 0.05 " Rice, . . . 0.50 " Raisins, . . . 0.05 " Rum or brandy, . 1 gill.	Butter, 0.06 lb. Tea, 0.02 " Sugar, 0.08 " Cheese, 0.12 " Barley,
2	Same as No. 1.	Preserved meat, . 1 ration. Preserved potatoes, 0.12 lb. Preserved vegetables, 0.05 " Preserved onions, . 1 ration. Extract of beef, . 0.02 lb. Brandy or rum, . 1 gill.	Same as No. 1, but without cheese.

inches mulberry-preserve four times a-week, pickles, besides fresh fish or reindeer-flesh as often as they could be obtained by barter from the natives—usually once a-week.

As something remarkable, and, so far as known to

BILL OF FARE FOR THE VEGA—*continued.*

No.	BREAKFAST.	DINNER.	EVENING MEAL.
3	Same as No. 1.	Salt pork, . . 1 lb. Peas, . . . Extract of beef, . Barley, . . . Brandy or rum, .	Same as No. 2.
4	Butter, 0.06 lb. Chocolate, 0.10 "	Salt beef, . . 1 lb. Macaroni, . . 0.15 " *or* Brown beans, . 0.10 " Preserved green peas, 1 ration. Fruit-soup, . . 1 " Brandy or rum, .	Same as No. 2.
5	Same as No. 4.	Preserved collops, *or* preserved beef *à la mode*, . . Preserved potatoes, 0.12 lb. Preserved onions, . 1 ration. Fruit-soup, . . Brandy or rum, .	Same as No. 2.

Besides, every man was allowed—

Daily,—1¼ lb. dry bread or 1¼ lb. flour (two-thirds wheat and one-third rye), 0.03 lb. tobacco, and 1 cubic inch lime-juice.

Per week,—1 lb. flour, 0.30 lb. butter, 0.21 lb. salt, 0.03 lb. pepper, 0.07 lb. mustard, and 2 cubic inches vinegar.

No. 1.—When fresh meat and vegetables could be got, they were substituted for those in No. 2, in accordance with the regulations in the Royal Navy.

No. 2.—The different numbers were distributed in the fol-

me, unexampled in the instances on record of winters passed in these regions, not a symptom of scurvy appeared on board the Vega during our stay. In my opinion our exemption may be attributed to the following circumstances:—

1st, That we were supplied with sound, good, and, for our habits, suitable food.

2d, That we never had unbroken darkness, which exercises a depressing influence on the spirits.

3d, That we did not suffer from damp of any moment on board, consequent on the Vega's thick sides, and an equable heat being preserved; and,

4th, That we all led an industrious life.

Spring seemed to delay her coming. On the 31st of May the sun was circumpolar; but notwithstanding, its rays were yet without sufficient strength to dissolve the masses of snow which were accumulated on the land. Not until the middle of June did the snow begin noticeably to diminish day by day, and in the beginning of July the ground was for the most part bare. Immediately after the melting of the snow the land became green, and the flowers sprang up. It is wonderful how rapidly winter and summer succeed one another in the Arctic regions. No

lowing manner: No. 1, Sundays; No. 2, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; No. 3, Thursdays; No. 4, Tuesdays; No. 5, Saturdays.

No. 3.—Besides those already mentioned, we had several extra articles of provision—viz., pickles, preserved milk, mulberry-jam, &c.

sooner has a tuft become bare, than it is verdant and flower-clad. This sudden change is absolutely necessary in order that, during the short summer of barely two months, everything may quickly mature and furnish seed for another growth.

While the snow was melting a great number of birds had gathered and hovered about the streams and lagoons which lay at a longer or shorter distance from shore. Our hunters had occupation from morning till night, and our table was always supplied with feathered game of every description, the most appreciated being geese and sandpipers. The melting of both floating and ground ice went on rapidly during this time. In the vicinity of the ship, the thickness of the ice diminished one or two inches daily, depending on whether the wind was north or south. The former brought a colder, and the latter, which often blew a gale, a warmer atmosphere. Open holes and long narrow runnels began to appear to the north and north-east of the vessel. These opened and closed according to the quarter from whence the wind blew, whether south or north, which indicated that the ice outside was in motion. In the beginning and middle of July, a great quantity of water stood on the ice to the inward of the vessel, and communication with the land became daily more and more difficult.

On the 18th of July, during a stiff breeze from the south, I noticed that the line to our tidometer showed

astern; and immediately after, I saw the ice to the landward of us separating from the outer ground-ice belt. The engine-fires were lit, and at half-past 4 P.M. the vessel was set in motion. Half an hour later, we were out in a channel which continually increased in breadth the farther we proceeded, and before evening we were in a comparatively navigable sea. After a detention of nine months and twenty days, we had at last got away as quietly and with as little risk or trouble as if we had gone out to sea from a common harbour.

On Sunday the 20th of July, at 11 A.M., we passed East Cape, and had then quite completed the North-east Passage. In celebration of this event, the national flag was hoisted and a salute given. The same evening we anchored at the mouth of St Lawrence Bay.

The North-east Passage has unquestionably been accomplished for the first time by the Swedish steamship Vega. I attribute the circumstance that this has occupied a year, when it ought to have taken only two months, had there been no special difficulties, to the unusually unfavourable condition of the ice during September 1878.

To answer the question, If the North-east Passage can annually be made in one season? I am not able, because the ice conditions are so different in different years. The part of the sea nearest the coast is certainly free from ice, during the summer and autumn

months, opposite to and east from the efflux of a river; but against this must be placed the difficulties to be met with at and around Cape Tchelyuskin and Taimyr Island. That a passage is to be found there also once or several times in the summer is equally certain, but that may occur so late that before one can reach Behring Strait the winter has again set in. At the same time, I will not by any means say that there may not be found there during the whole summer and autumn a channel free from ice; but as there is no river effluent in the vicinity of Cape Tchelyuskin and Taimyr Island, which, with sufficient strength, can force the ice northwards, as is the case with the great rivers Obi, Yenisei, Lena, and Kolyma, it may be inferred that the ice there is principally influenced by the winds—namely, that the north wind forces the ice towards land, the south having a contrary effect, and that, consequently, the doubling of these points cannot be calculated upon with certainty at any time, even during the navigable season. The North-east Passage cannot, therefore, in its entirety be made available for the purposes of commerce; but still, an annual traffic might easily be carried on from the westward to the Obi and Yenisei, and from the eastward to the Lena. Unquestionably the way now lies open to Siberia's three greatest rivers; and that land, so rich in minerals, timber, and grain, whose export and import trade has hitherto been conducted by means of caravans, ought now to

obtain a practicable route as a connecting-link between the New and Old Worlds. In regard to the communication with Yenisei, since Professor Nordenskiöld, for the first time, reached that river in 1875, it has been annually visited by European vessels, conveying European commodities to Siberia, and returning from thence loaded with Siberian products. The traffic to the Lena will probably be taken up by American traders; and the safety of the voyage there and back should be insured when a chart of the Siberian coast has been obtained, as also by the employment of strong and swift steamers.

At St Lawrence Bay we remained only till midday on the 21st of July, when we weighed anchor and steered over to the American side, where we anchored at Port Clarence. We remained there till the 26th, when we again crossed over to the Asiatic side, and anchored in Konyam Bay. From thence we went, on the 28th, to St Lawrence Island, remaining there from the 31st of July till the 2d of August. We then steered for Behring Island, where we anchored at its south-west point on August 14. We found here a small village with a church, and twenty-five wooden houses built and owned by an American firm, Hutchinson, Kohl, Philippens, & Co., who here, and on the neighbouring islands, carry on seal-fishing. The inhabitants of the island, consisting of a few Russian Government officials, some *employés* of the Company and natives of the Aleutian

Islands, make in all about 300, who reside in the village. There we received our first news from Europe through American newspapers, whereof the last were printed in San Francisco in April 1879, and brought from thence by one of the Company's steamers. On the 19th of August we left Behring Island and set our course for Yokohama, where we arrived on the evening of the 2d of September.

TWO NIGHTS IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

[*MAGA*. April 1844.]

"A CAPITAL place this for our bivouac!" cried I, swinging myself off my mule, and stretching my arms and legs, which were stiffened by a long ride.

It *was* a fairish place, to all appearances—a snug ravine, well shaded by mahogany-trees, the ground covered with the luxuriant vegetation of that tropical region, a little stream bubbling and leaping and dashing down one of the high rocks that flanked the hollow, and rippling away through the tall fern towards the rear of the spot where we had halted, at the distance of a hundred yards from which the ground was low and shelving.

"A capital place this for our bivouac!"

My companion nodded. As to our lazy Mexican *arrieros* and servants, they said nothing, but began

making arrangements for passing the night. Confound the fellows! If they had seen us preparing to lie down in a swamp, cheek by jowl with an alligator, I believe they would not have offered a word of remonstrance. Those Mexican half-breeds, half Indian half Spaniard, with sometimes a dash of the Negro, are themselves so little pervious to the dangers and evils of their soil and climate, that they never seem to remember that Yankee flesh and blood may be rather more susceptible; that niguas[1] and mosquitoes, and *vomito prieto*, as they call their infernal fever, are no trifles to encounter; without mentioning the snakes and scorpions, and alligators, and other creatures of the kind, which infest their strange, wild, unnatural, and yet beautiful country.

I had come to Mexico in company with Jonathan Rowley, a youth of Virginian raising, six-and-twenty years of age, six feet two in his stockings, with the limbs of a Hercules and shoulders like the side of a house. It was towards the close of 1824; and the recent emancipation of Mexico from the Spanish yoke, and its self-formation into a republic, had given it a new and strong interest to us Americans. We

[1] The nigua is a small but very dangerous insect which fixes itself in the feet, bores holes in the skin, and lays its eggs there. These, if not extracted (which extraction, by the by, is a most painful operation), cause first an intolerable itching, and subsequently sores and ulcers of a sufficiently serious nature to entail the loss of the feet.

had been told much, too, of the beauty of the country —but in this we were at first rather disappointed; and we reached the capital without having seen anything, except some parts of the province of Vera Cruz, that could justify the extravagant encomiums we had heard bestowed in the States upon the splendid scenery of Mexico. We had not, however, to go far southward from the chief city, before the character of the country altered, and became such as to satisfy our most sanguine expectations. Forests of palms, of oranges, citrons, and bananas, filled the valleys; the marshes and low grounds were crowded with mahogany-trees, and with immense fern plants, in height equal to trees. All nature was on a gigantic scale—the mountains of an enormous height, the face of the country seamed and split by *barrancas* or ravines, hundreds, ay, thousands of feet deep, and filled with the most abundant and varied vegetation. The sky, too, was of the deep glowing blue of the tropics, the sort of blue which seems varnished or clouded with gold. But this ardent climate and teeming soil are not without their disadvantages. Vermin and reptiles of all kinds, and the deadly fever of these latitudes, render the low lands uninhabitable for eight months out of the twelve. At the same time there are large districts which are comparatively free from these plagues—perfect gardens of Eden, of such extreme beauty that the mere act of living and breathing amongst their enchanting scenes,

becomes a positive and real enjoyment. The heart seems to leap with delight, and the soul to be elevated, by the contemplation of those regions of fairy-like magnificence.

The most celebrated among these favoured provinces is the valley of Oaxaca, in which two mountainous districts, the Mistecca and Tzapoteca, bear off the palm of beauty. It was through this immense valley, nearly three hundred leagues in length, and surrounded by the highest mountains in Mexico, that we were now journeying. The kind attention of our *chargé-d'affaires* at the Mexican capital, had procured us every possible facility in travelling through a country, of which the soil was at that time rarely trodden by any but native feet. We had numerous letters to the alcaldes and authorities of the towns and villages which are sparingly sprinkled over the southern provinces of Mexico; we were to have escorts when necessary; every assistance, protection, and facility were to be afforded us. But as neither the authorities nor his excellency, Uncle Sam's envoy, could make inns and houses where none existed, it followed that we were often obliged to sleep *à la belle étoile*, with the sky for a covering. And a right splendid roof it was to our bedchamber, that tropical sky, with its constellations, all new to us northerns, and every star magnified by the effect of the atmosphere to an incredible size. Mars and Saturn, Venus and Jupiter, had all disappeared; the Great

and Little Bear were still to be seen; in the far distance the ship Argo and the glowing Centaur; and, beautiful above all, the glorious sign of Christianity, the colossal Southern Cross, in all its brightness and sublimity, glittering in silvery magnificence out of its setting of dark-blue crystal.

We were travelling with a state and a degree of luxury that would have excited the contempt of our backwoodsmen; but in a strange country we thought it best to do as the natives did; and accordingly, instead of mounting our horses and setting forth alone, with our rifles slung on our shoulders, and a few handfuls of parched corn and dried flesh in our hunting-pouches, we journeyed Mexican fashion, with a whole string of mules, a *topith* or guide, a couple of *arrieros* or muleteers, a cook, and one or two other attendants. While the latter were slinging our hammocks to the lowermost branches of a tree—for in that part of Mexico it is not very safe to sleep upon the ground, on account of the snakes and vermin—our *cocinero* lit a fire against the rock, and in a very few minutes an iguana which we had shot that day was spitted and roasting before it. It looked strange to see this hideous creature, in shape between a lizard and a dragon, twisting and turning in the light of the fire; and its disgusting appearance might have taken away some people's appetites; but we knew by experience that there is no better eating than a roasted iguana. We made a hearty meal off this one, con-

cluding it with a pull at the rum-flask, and then clambered into our hammocks; the Mexicans stretched themselves on the ground with their heads upon the saddles of the mules, and both masters and men were soon asleep.

It was somewhere about midnight when I was awakened by an indescribable sensation of oppression from the surrounding atmosphere. The air seemed to be no longer air, but some poisonous exhalation that had suddenly arisen and enveloped us. From the rear of the ravine in which we lay, billows of dark mephitic mist were rolling forward, surrounding us with their baleful influence. It was the *vomito prieto*, the fever itself, embodied in the shape of a fog. At the same moment, and while I was gasping for breath, a sort of cloud seemed to settle upon me, and a thousand stings, like red-hot needles, were run into my hands, face, neck—into every part of my limbs and body that was not triply guarded by clothing. I instinctively stretched forth my hands and closed them, clutching by the action hundreds of enormous mosquitoes, whose droning, singing noise now almost deafened me. The air was literally filled by a dense swarm of these insects; and the agony caused by their repeated and venomous stings was indescribable. It was a perfect plague of Egypt.

Rowley, whose hammock was slung some ten yards from mine, soon gave tongue: I heard him kicking

and plunging, spluttering and swearing, with a vigour and energy that would have been ludicrous under any other circumstances; but matters were just then too serious for a laugh. With the torture, for such it was, of the mosquito bites, and the effect of the insidious and poisonous vapours that were each moment thickening around me, I was already in a high state of fever, alternately glowing with heat and shivering with cold, my tongue parched, my eyelids throbbing, my brain seemingly on fire.

There was a heavy thump upon the ground. It was Rowley jumping out of his hammock. "Where are we?" roared he,—"on the earth, or under the earth?—— We must be—we are—in their Mexican purgatory. We are, or there's no snakes in Virginny. Hallo, arrieros! Pablo! Matteo!"

At that moment a scream—but a scream of such terror and anguish as I never heard before or since—a scream as of women in their hour of agony and extreme peril, sounded within a few paces of us. I sprang out of my hammock; and as I did so, two white and graceful female figures darted or rather flew by me, shrieking—and oh! in what heartrending tones—for "*Socorro! Socorro! Por Dios!* Help! help!" Close upon the heels of the fugitives, bounding and leaping along with enormous strides and springs, came three or four dark objects which resembled nothing earthly. The human form they

certainly possessed; but so hideous and horrible, so unnatural and spectre-like was their aspect, that their sudden encounter in that gloomy ravine, and in the almost darkness that surrounded us, might well have shaken the strongest nerves. We stood for a second, Rowley and myself, paralysed with astonishment at these strange appearances; but another piercing scream restored to us our presence of mind. One of the women had either tripped or fallen from fatigue, and she lay a white heap upon the ground. The drapery of the other was in the clutch of one of the spectres, or devils, or whatever they were, when Rowley, with a cry of horror, rushed forward and struck a furious blow at the monster with his *machetto*. At the same time, and almost without knowing how, I found myself engaged with another of the creatures. But the contest was no equal one. In vain did we stab and strike with our machettos; our antagonists were covered and defended with a hard bristly hide, which our knives, although keen and pointed, had great difficulty in penetrating; and on the other hand we found ourselves clutched in long sinewy arms, terminating in hands and fingers, of which the nails were as sharp and strong as an eagle's talons. I felt these horrible claws strike into my shoulders as the creature seized me, and, drawing me towards him, pressed me as in the hug of a bear; while his hideous half-man half-brute visage was grinning and snarling at me, and

his long keen white teeth were snapping and gnashing within six inches of my face.

"God of heaven! this is horrible! Rowley! help me!"

But Rowley, in spite of his gigantic strength, was powerless as an infant in the grasp of these terrible opponents. He was within a few paces of me, struggling with two of them, and making superhuman efforts to regain possession of his knife, which had dropped or been wrenched from his hand. And all this time, where were our arrieros? Were they attacked likewise? Why didn't they come and help us? All this time!——pshaw! it was no time: it all passed in the space of a few seconds, in the circumference of a few yards, and in the feeble glimmering light of the stars, and of the smouldering embers of our fire, which was at some distance from us.

"Ha! that has told!" A stab, dealt with all the energy of despair, had entered my antagonist's side. But I was like to pay dearly for it. Uttering a deafening yell of pain and fury, the monster clasped me closer to his foul and loathsome body; his sharp claws, dug deeper into my back, seemed to tear up my flesh: the agony was insupportable—my eyes began to swim, and my senses to leave me. Just then—Crack! crack! Two—four—a dozen musket and pistol shots, followed by such a chorus of yellings and howlings and unearthly laughter!

The creature that held me seemed startled—relaxed his grasp slightly. At that moment a dark arm was passed before my face, there was a blinding flash, a yell, and I fell to the ground released from the clutch of my opponent. I remember nothing more. Overcome by pain, fatigue, terror, and the noxious vapours of that vile ravine, my senses abandoned me, and I swooned away.

When consciousness returned, I found myself lying upon some blankets, under a sort of arbour of foliage and flowers. It was broad day; the sun shone brightly, the blossoms smelled sweet, the gay-plumaged humming-birds were darting and shooting about in the sunbeams like so many animated fragments of a prism. A Mexican Indian, standing beside my couch, and whose face was unknown to me, held out a cocoanut-shell containing some liquid, which I eagerly seized and drank off the contents. The draught (it was a mixture of citron-juice and water) revived me greatly; and raising myself on my elbow, although with much pain and difficulty, I looked around, and beheld a scene of bustle and life which to me was quite unintelligible. Upon the shelving hillside on which I was lying a sort of encampment was established. A number of mules and horses were wandering about at liberty, or fastened to trees and bushes, and eating the forage that had been collected and laid before them. Some were provided with handsome and commodious saddles, while others

had pack-saddles, intended apparently for the conveyance of numerous sacks, cases, and wallets that were scattered about on the ground. Several muskets and rifles were leaning here and there against the trees; and a dozen or fifteen men were occupied in various ways — some filling up saddle-bags or fastening luggage on the mules, others lying on the ground smoking, one party surrounding a fire at which cooking was going on. At a short distance from my bed was another similarly composed couch, occupied by a man muffled up in blankets, and having his back turned towards me, so that I was unable to obtain a view of his features.

"What is all this? Where am I? Where is Rowley—our guide—where are they all?"

"*Non entiendo,*" answered my brown-visaged Ganymede, shaking his head, and with a good-humoured smile.

"*Adonde estamos?*"

"*In el valle de Chihuatan, in el gran valle de Oaxaca y Guatimala; diez leguas de Tarifa.* In the valley of Chihuatan; ten leagues from Tarifa."

The figure lying on the bed near me now made a movement, and turned round. What could it be? Its face was like a lump of raw flesh streaked and stained with blood. No features were distinguishable.

"Who are you? What are you?" cried I.

"Rowley," it answered: "Rowley I was, at least, if those devils haven't changed me."

"Then changed you they have," cried I, with a wild laugh. "Good God! have they scalped him alive, or what? That is not Rowley."

The Mexican, who had gone to give some drink to the creature claiming to be Rowley, now opened a valise that lay on the ground a short distance off, and took out a small looking-glass, which he brought and held before my face. It was then only that I began to call to mind all that had occurred, and understood how it was that the mask of human flesh lying near me might indeed be Rowley. He was, if anything, less altered than myself. My eyes were almost closed; my lips, nose, and whole face swollen to an immense size, and perfectly unrecognisable. I involuntarily recoiled in dismay and disgust at my own appearance. The horrible night passed in the ravine, the foul and suffocating vapours, the furious attack of the mosquitoes—the bites of which, and the consequent fever and inflammation, had thus disfigured us—all recurred to our memory. But the women, the fight with the monsters—beasts—Indians—whatever they were, that was still incomprehensible. It was no dream: my back and shoulders were still smarting from the wounds that had been inflicted on them by the claws of those creatures, and I now felt that various parts of my limbs and body were swathed in wet bandages. I was mustering my Spanish to ask the Mexican who still stood by me for an explanation of all this, when I suddenly became aware of a

great bustle in the encampment, and saw everybody crowding to meet a number of persons who just then emerged from the high fern, and amongst whom I recognised our arrieros and servants. The new-comers were grouped around something which they seemed to be dragging along the ground; several women—for the most part young and graceful creatures, their slender supple forms muffled in the flowing picturesque *reboxos* and *frazadas*—preceded the party, looking back occasionally with an expression of mingled horror and triumph; all with rosaries in their hands, the beads of which ran rapidly through their fingers, while they occasionally kissed the cross, or made the sign on their breasts or in the air.

"*Un Zambo muerto! Un Zambo muerto!*" shouted they as they drew near.

"*Han matado un Zambo!* They have killed a Zambo!" repeated my attendant in a tone of exultation.

The party came close up to where Rowley and I were lying; the women stood aside, jumping and laughing, and crossing themselves, and crying out "*Un Zambo! Un Zambo muerto!*" the group opened, and we saw, lying dead upon the ground, one of our horrible antagonists of the preceding night.

"Good God, what is that?" cried Rowley and I, with one breath. "*Un demonio!*—a devil!"

"*Perdonen vos, Senores—Un Zambo mono—muy*

terribles los Zambos. Terrible monkeys these Zambos."

"Monkeys!" cried I.

"Monkeys!" repeated poor Rowley, raising himself up into a sitting posture by the help of his hands. "Monkeys—apes—by Jove! We've been fighting with monkeys, and it's they who have mauled us in this way. Well, Jonathan Rowley, think of your coming from old Virginny to Mexico to be whipped by a monkey! It's gone goose with *your* character. You can never show your face in the States again. Whipped by an ape!—an ape, with a tail and a hairy —— O Lord! whipped by a monkey!"

And the ludicrousness of the notion overcoming his mortification, and the pain of his wounds and bites, he sank back upon the bed of blankets and banana leaves, laughing as well as his swollen face and sausage-looking lips would allow him.

It was as much as I could do to persuade myself that the carcass lying before me had never been inhabited by a human soul. It was humiliating to behold the close affinity between this huge ape and our own species. Had it not been for the tail, I could have fancied I saw the dead body of some prairie-hunter dressed in skins. It was exactly like a powerful, well-grown man; and even the expression of the face had more of bad human passions than of animal instinct. The feet and thighs were those of a muscular man; the legs rather too curved and calf-

less, though I have seen Negroes who had scarcely better ones; the tendons of the hands stood out like whipcords; the nails were as long as a tiger's claws. No wonder that we had been overmatched in our struggle with the brutes. No man could have withstood them. The arms of this one were like packets of cordage, all muscle, nerve, and sinew; and the hands were clasped together with such force, that the efforts of eight or ten Mexicans and Indians were insufficient to disunite them.

Whatever remained to be cleared up in our night's adventures was now soon explained. Our guide, through ignorance or thoughtlessness, had allowed us to take up our bivouac within a very unsafe distance of one of the most pestiferous swamps in the whole province. Shortly after we had fallen asleep, a party of Mexican travellers had arrived, and established themselves within a few hundred yards of us, but on a rising ground, where they avoided the mephitic vapours and the mosquitoes which had so tortured Rowley and myself. In the night two of the women, having ventured a short distance from the encampment, were surprised by the zambos, or huge manapes, common in some parts of Southern Mexico; and finding themselves cut off from their friends, had fled they knew not whither, fortunately for them taking the direction of our bivouac. Their screams, our shouts, and the yellings and diabolical laughter of the zambos, had brought the Mexicans to our

assistance. The monkeys showed no fight after the first volley; several of them must have been wounded, but only the one now lying before us had remained upon the field.

The Mexicans we had fallen amongst were from the Tzapoteca, principally cochineal-gatherers, and kinder-hearted people there could not well be. They seemed to think they never could do enough for us; the women especially, and more particularly the two whom we had endeavoured to rescue from the power of the apes. These latter certainly had cause to be grateful. It made us shudder to think of their fate had they not met with us. It was the delay caused by our attacking the brutes that had given the Mexicans time to come up.

Every attention was shown to us. We were fanned with palm leaves, refreshed with cooling drinks, our wounds carefully dressed and bandaged, our heated, irritated, mosquito-bitten limbs and faces washed with balsam and the juice of herbs: more tender and careful nurses it would be impossible to find. We soon began to feel better, and were able to sit up and look about us; carefully avoiding, however, to look at each other, for we could not get reconciled to the horrible appearance of our swollen, bloody, and disgusting features. From our position on the rising ground we had a full view over the frightful swamp, at the entrance of which all our misfortunes had happened. There it lay, steaming like a great

kettle—endless mists rising from it, out of which appeared here and there the crown of some mighty tree towering above the banks of vapour. To the left, cliffs and crags were to be seen which had the appearance of being baseless, and of swimming on the top of the mist. The vultures and carrion-birds circled screaming above the huge caldron, or perched on the tops of the tall palms, which looked like enormous umbrellas, or like the roofs of Chinese summer-houses. Out of the swamp itself proceeded the yellings, snarlings, and growlings of the alligators, bull-frogs, and myriads of unclean beasts that it harboured.

The air was unusually sultry and oppressive: from time to time the rolling of distant thunder was audible. We could hear the Mexicans consulting amongst themselves as to the propriety of continuing their journey, to which our suffering state seemed to be the chief obstacle. From what we could collect of their discourse, they were unwilling to leave us in this dangerous district, and in our helpless condition, with a guide and attendants who were either untrustworthy or totally incompetent to lead us aright. Yet there seemed to be some pressing necessity for continuing the march; and presently some of the older Mexicans, who appeared to have the direction of the caravan, came up to us and inquired how we felt, and if we thought we were able to travel—adding, that from the signs on the earth and in the air, they

feared a storm, and that the nearest habitation or shelter was at many leagues' distance. Thanks to the remedies that had been applied, our sufferings were much diminished. We felt weak and hungry; and telling the Mexicans we should be ready to proceed in half an hour, we desired our servants to get us something to eat. But our new friends forestalled them, and brought us a large piece of iguana, with roasted bananas, and cocoanut-shell cups full of coffee, to all of which Rowley and I applied ourselves with much gusto. Meanwhile our muleteers and the Tzapotecans were busy packing their beasts and making ready for the start.

We had not eaten a dozen mouthfuls when we saw a man running down the hill with a branch in each hand. As soon as he appeared, a number of the Mexicans left their occupations and hurried to meet him.

"*Siete horas!*" shouted the man. "Seven hours, and no more!"

"No more than seven hours!" echoed the Tzapotecans, in tones of the wildest terror and alarm. "*La Santissima nos guarde!* It will take more than ten to reach the village."

"What's all that about?" said I, with my mouth full, to Rowley.

"Don't know — some of their Indian tricks, I suppose."

"*Que es esto?*" asked I carelessly. "What's the matter?"

"*Que es esto!*" repeated an old Tzapotecan, with long grey hair curling from under his *sombrero*, and a withered but finely marked countenance. "*Las aguas! El ouracan!* In seven hours the deluge and the hurricane!"

"*Vamos, por la Santissima!* For the blessed Virgin's sake let us be gone!" cried a dozen of the Mexicans, pushing two green boughs into our very faces.

"What are those branches?"

"From the tempest-tree — the prophet of the storm," was the reply.

And Tzapotecans and women, arrieros and servants, ran about in the utmost terror and confusion, with cries of "*Vamos, paso redoblado!* Off with us, or we are all lost, man and beast," and saddling, packing, and scrambling on their mules. And before Rowley and I knew where we were, they tore us away from our iguana and coffee, and hoisted and pushed us into our saddles. Such a scene of bustle and desperate hurry I never beheld. The place where the encampment had been was alive with men and women, horses and mules, shouting, shrieking, and talking, neighing and kicking; but with all the confusion there was little time lost, and in less than three minutes from the first alarm being given, we were scampering away over stock and stone, in a long, wild, irregular sort of train.

The rapidity and excitement of our ride seemed to

have the effect of calming our various sufferings, or of making us forget them; and we soon thought no more of the fever, or of stings or mosquito bites. It was a ride for life or death, and our horses stepped out as if they knew how much depended on their exertions.

In the hurry and confusion we had been mounted on horses instead of on our own mules; and splendid animals they were. I doubt if our Virginians could beat them, and that is saying a great deal. There was no effort or straining in their movements; it seemed mere play to them to surmount the numerous difficulties we encountered on our road. Over mountain and valley, swamp and barranca, always the same steady surefootedness,—crawling like cats over the soft places, gliding like snakes up the steep rocky ascents, and stretching out with prodigious energy when the ground was favourable, yet with such easy action that we scarcely felt the motion. We should have sat in the roomy Spanish saddles as comfortably as in arm-chairs, had it not been for the numerous obstacles in our path, which was strewed with fallen trees and masses of rock. We were obliged to be perpetually stooping and bowing our heads to avoid the creeping plants that swung and twined and twisted across the track, intermingled often with huge thorns as long as a man's arm. These latter stuck out from the trees on which they grew like so many brown bayonets; and a man who had run up

against one of them, would have been transfixed by it as surely as though it had been of steel. We pushed on, however, in Indian file, following the two guides, who kept at the head of the party, and making our way through places where a wild cat would have difficulty in passing: through thickets of mangroves, mimosas, and tall fern, and cactuses with their thorny leaves full twenty feet long, the path turning and winding all the while. Now and then a momentary improvement in the nature of the ground enabled us to catch a glimpse of the whole column of march. We were struck by its picturesque appearance, the guides in front acting as pioneers, and looking out on all sides as cautiously and anxiously as though they had been soldiers expecting an ambuscade; the graceful forms of the women bowing and bending over their horses' manes, and often leaving fragments of their mantillas and rebozas on the branches and thorns of the labyrinth through which we were struggling. But it was no time to indulge in contemplation of the picturesque, and of this we were constantly made aware by the anxious vociferations of the Mexicans, "*Vamos! por Dios, vamos!*" cried they, if the slightest symptom of flagging became visible in the movements of any one of the party; and at the words, our horses, as though gifted with understanding, pushed forward with renewed vigour and alacrity.

On we went—up hill and down, in the depths of

the valley and over the soft fetid swamp. That valley of Oaxaca has just as much right to be called a valley as our Alleghanies would have to be called bottoms. In the States we should call it a chain of mountains. Out of it rise at every step hills a good two thousand feet above the level of the valley, and four or five thousand above that of the sea; but these are lost sight of, and become flat ground by the force of comparison — that is, when compared with the gigantic mountains that surround the valley on all sides like a frame. And what a splendid frame they do compose, those colossal mountains, in their rich variety of form and colouring! here shining out like molten gold, there changing to a dark bronze; covered lower down with various shades of green, and with the crimson and purple, and violet and bright yellow, and azure and dazzling white, of the millions of paulinias and convolvuluses and other flowering plants, from amongst which rise the stately palm-trees, full a hundred feet high, their majestic green turbans towering like sultans' heads above the luxuriance of the surrounding flower and vegetable world. Then the mahogany-trees, the chicozapotes, and again in the barrancas the candelabra-like cactuses, and higher up the knotted and majestic live oak. An incessant change of plants, trees, and climate. We had been five hours in the saddle, and had already changed our climate three times; passed from the temperate zone, the *tierra templada*, into the torrid heat of the *tierra*

muy caliente. It was in the latter temperature that we found ourselves at the expiration of the above-named time, dripping with perspiration, roasting and stewing in the heat. We were surrounded by a new world of plants and animals. The borax and mangroves and fern were here as lofty as forest-trees, whilst the trees themselves shot up like church steeples. In the thickets around us were numbers of black tigers—we saw dozens of those cowardly sneaking beasts—iguanas full three feet long, squirrels double the size of any we had ever seen, and panthers, and wild pigs, and jackals, and apes and monkeys of every tribe and description, who threatened and grinned and chattered at us from the branches of the trees. But what is that yonder to the right, that stands out so white against the dark-blue sky and the bronze-coloured rocks? A town — Quidricovi, d'ye call it?

We had now ridden a good five or six leagues, and begun to think we had escaped the *aguas* or deluge, of which the prospect had so terrified our friends the Tzapotecans. Rowley calculated, as he went puffing and grumbling along, that it wouldn't do any harm to let our beasts draw breath for a minute or two. The scrambling and constant change of pace rendered necessary by the nature of the road, or rather track, that we followed, was certainly dreadfully fatiguing both to man and beast. As for conversation it was out of the question. We had plenty to do to avoid

getting our necks broken, or our teeth knocked out, as we struggled along, up and down barrancas, through marshes and thickets, over rocks and fallen trees, and through mimosas and bushes laced and twined together with thorns and creeping plants—all of which would have been beautiful in a picture, but was most infernally unpoetical in reality.

"*Vamos! Por la Santissima Madre, vamos!*" yelled our guides, and the cry was taken up by the Mexicans, in a shrill wild tone that jarred strangely upon our ears, and made the horses start and strain forward. Hurrah! on we go, through thorns and bushes, which scratch and flog us, and tear our clothes to rags. We shall be naked if this lasts long. It is a regular race. In front the two guides, stooping, nodding, bowing, crouching down, first to one side, then to the other, like a couple of mandarins or Indian idols—behind them a Tzapotecan in his picturesque capa, then the women, then more Tzapotecans. There is little thought about precedence or ceremony; and Rowley and I, having been in the least hurry to start, find ourselves bringing up the rear of the whole column.

"*Vamos! por la Santissima! Las aguas, las aguas!*" is again yelled by twenty voices. Hang the fools! Can't they be quiet with their eternal *vamos?* We can have barely two leagues more to go to reach the *rancho*, or village, they were talking of, and appearances are not as yet very alarming. It

is getting rather thick, to be sure; but that's nothing, only the exhalations from the swamp—for we are again approaching one of those cursed swamps, and can hear the music of the alligators and bull-frogs. There they are, the beauties; a couple of them are taking a peep at us, sticking their elegant heads and long delicate snouts out of the slime and mud. The neighbourhood is none of the best; but luckily the path is firm and good, carefully made, evidently by Indian hands. None but Indians could live and labour and travel habitually in such a pestilential atmosphere. Thank God! we are out of it at last. Again on firm forest ground, amidst the magnificent monotony of the eternal palms and mahogany-trees. But—see there!

A new and surpassingly beautiful landscape burst suddenly upon our view, seeming to dance in the transparent atmosphere. On either side mountains, those on the left in deep shadow, those on the right standing forth like colossal figures of light, in a beauty and splendour that seemed really supernatural, every tree, every branch shining in its own vivid and glorious colouring. There lay the valley in its tropical luxuriance and beauty, one sheet of bloom and blossom up to the topmost crown of the palm-trees, that shot up, some of them, a hundred and fifty and a hundred and eighty feet high. Thousands and millions of convolvuluses, paulinias, bignonias, dendrobiums, climbing from the fern to the tree trunks,

from the trunks to the branches and summits of the trees, and thence again falling gracefully down, and catching and clinging to the mangroves and blocks of granite. It burst upon us like a scene of enchantment, as we emerged from the darkness of the forest into the dazzling light and colouring of that glorious valley.

"*Misericordia, misericordia! Audi nos peccadores! Misericordia, las aquas!*" suddenly screamed and exclaimed the Mexicans in various intonations of terror and despair. We looked around us. What can be the matter? We see nothing. Nothing, except that from just behind those two mountains, which project like mighty promontories into the valley, a cloud is beginning to rise. "What is it? What is wrong?" A dozen voices answered us—

"*Por la Santa Virgen*, for the holy Virgin's sake, on, on! *No hay tiempo para hablar.* We have still two leagues to go, and in one hour comes the flood."

And they recommenced their howling, yelling chorus of "*Misericordia! Audi nos peccadores!*" and "*Santissima Virgen*, and *Todos santos y angeles!*"

"Are the fellows mad?" shouted Rowley. "What if the water does come? It won't swallow you. A ducking more or less is no such great matter. You are not made of sugar or salt. Many's the drenching I've had in the States, and none the worse for it. Yet our rains are no child's play neither."

On looking round us, however, we were involuntarily struck with the sudden change in the appearance of the heavens. The usual golden black-blue colour of the sky was gone, and had been replaced by a dull gloomy grey. The quality of the air appeared also to have changed; it was neither very warm nor very cold, but it had lost its lightness and elasticity, and seemed to oppress and weigh us down. Presently we saw the dark cloud rise gradually from behind the hills, completely clearing their summits, and then sweeping along until it hung over the valley, in form and appearance like some monstrous night-moth, resting the tips of its enormous wings on the mountains on either side. To our right we still saw the roofs and walls of Quidricovi, apparently at a very short distance.

"Why not go to Quidricovi?" shouted I to the guides—"we cannot be far off."

"More than five leagues," answered the men, shaking their heads and looking up anxiously at the huge moth, which was still creeping and crawling on, each moment darker and more threatening. It was like some frightful monster, or the fabled Kraken, working itself along by its claws, which were struck deep into the mountain-wall on either side of its line of progress, and casting its hideous shadow over hill and dale, forest and valley, clothing them in gloom and darkness. To our right hand and behind us, the mountains were still of a glowing golden red, lighted up by

the sun, but to the left and in our front all was black and dark. With the same glance we beheld the deepest gloom and the brightest day, meeting each other, but not mingling. It was a strange and ominous sight.

Ominous enough; and the brute creation seem to feel it so as well as ourselves. The chattering parrots, the hopping, gibbering, quarrelsome apes, all the birds and beasts, scream and cry and flutter and spring about, as though seeking a refuge from some impending danger. Even our horses begin to tremble and groan—refuse to go on, start and snort. The whole animal world is in commotion, as if seized with an overwhelming panic. The forest is teeming with inhabitants. Whence come they, all these living things? On every side is heard the howling and snarling of beasts, the frightened cries and chirpings of birds. The vultures and turkey-buzzards, that a few minutes before were circling high in the air, are now screaming amidst the branches of the mahogany-trees; every creature that has life is running, scampering, flying — apes and tigers, birds and creeping things.

"*Vamos, por la Santissima!* On! or we are all lost."

And we ride, we rush along—neither masses of rock, nor fallen trees, nor thorns and brambles, check our wild career. Over everything we go, leaping, scrambling, plunging, riding like desperate men, fly-

ing from a danger of which the nature is not clearly defined, but which we feel to be great and imminent. It is a frightful terror-striking foe, that huge night-moth, which comes ever nearer, growing each moment bigger and blacker. Looking behind us, we catch one last glimpse of the red and bloodshot sun, which the next instant disappears behind the edge of the mighty cloud.

Still we push on. Hosts of tigers, and monkeys both large and small, and squirrels and jackals, come close up to us as if seeking shelter, and then finding none, retreat howling into the forest. There is not a breath of air stirring, yet all nature — plants and trees, men and beasts—seems to quiver and tremble with apprehension. Our horses pant and groan as they bound along with dilated nostrils and glaring eyes, trembling in every limb, sweating at every pore, half wild with terror, giving springs and leaps that more resemble those of a hunted tiger than of a horse.

The prayer and exclamations of the terrified Mexicans, continued without intermission, whispered and shrieked and groaned in every variety of intonation. The earthy hue of intense terror was upon every countenance. For some moments a death-like stillness, an unnatural calm, reigned around us: it was as though the elements were holding in their breath, and collecting their energies for some mighty outbreak. Then came a low, indistinct, moaning sound,

that seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth. The warning was significant.

"Halt! stop!" shouted we to the guides. "Stop! and let us seek shelter from the storm."

"On! for God's sake, on! or we are lost," was the reply.

Thank Heaven! the path is getting wider—we come to a descent—they are leading us out of the forest. If the storm had come on while we were among the trees, we might be crushed to death by the falling branches. We are close to a barranca.

"*Alerto! Alerto!*" shrieked the Mexicans. "*Madre de Dios! Dios! Dios!*"

And well might they call to God for help in that awful moment. The gigantic night-moth gaped and shot forth tongues of fire—a ghastly white flame, that contrasted strangely and horribly with the dense black cloud from which it issued. There was a peal of thunder that seemed to shake the earth, then a pause, during which nothing was heard but the panting of our horses as they dashed across the barranca, and began straining up the steep side of a knoll or hillock. The cloud again opened: for a second everything was lighted up. Another thunder-clap, and then, as though the gates of its prison had been suddenly burst open, the tempest came forth in its might and fury, breaking, crushing, and sweeping away all that opposed it. The trees of the forest staggered and tottered for a moment, as if making

an effort to bear up against the storm; but it was in vain: the next instant, with a report like that of ten thousand cannon, whole acres of mighty trees were snapped off, their branches shivered, their roots torn up; it was no longer a forest but a chaos, an ocean of boughs and tree-trunks, that were tossed about like the waves of the sea, or thrown into the air like straws. The atmosphere was darkened with dust, and leaves, and branches.

"God be merciful to us! Rowley, where are ye? —No answer. What has become of them all?"

A second blast more furious that the first. Can the mountains resist it? will they stand? By the Almighty! they do not. The earth trembles; the hillock, on the leeside of which we are, rocks and shakes; and the air grows thick and suffocating—full of dust and saltpetre and sulphur. We are like to choke. All around is dark as night. We can see nothing, hear nothing but the howling of the hurricane, and the thunder and rattle of falling trees and shivered branches.

Suddenly the hurricane ceases, and all is hushed; but so suddenly that the change is startling and unnatural. No sound is audible save the creaking and moaning of the trees with which the ground is cumbered. It is like a sudden pause in a battle, when the roar of the cannon and clang of charging squadrons cease, and naught is heard but the groaning of the wounded, the agonised sobs and gasps of the dying.

The report of a pistol is heard; then another, a third, hundreds, thousands of them. It is the flood, *las aguas;* the shots are drops of rain; but such drops! each as big as a hen's egg. They strike with the force of enormous hailstones—stunning and blinding us. The next moment there is no distinction of drops, the windows of heaven are opened; it is no longer rain or flood, but a sea, a cataract, a Niagara. The hillock on which I am standing, undermined by the waters, gives way and crumbles under me; in ten seconds' time I find myself in the barranca, which is converted into a river, off my horse, which is gone I know not whither. The only person I see near me is Rowley, also dismounted and struggling against the stream, which is already up to our waists, and sweeps along with it huge branches and entire trees, that threaten each moment to carry us away with them, or to crush us against the rocks. We avoid these dangers, God knows how—make violent efforts to stem the torrent and gain the side of the barranca; although, even should we succeed, it is so steep that we can scarcely hope to climb it without assistance. And whence is that assistance to come? Of the Mexicans we see or hear nothing. They are doubtless all drowned or dashed to pieces. They were higher up on the hillock than we were, must consequently have been swept down with more force, and were probably carried away by the torrent. Nor can we hope for a better fate.

Wearied by our ride, weakened by the fever and sufferings of the preceding night, we are in no condition to strive much longer with the furious elements. For one step that we gain, we lose two. The waters rise; already they are nearly up to our armpits. It is in vain to resist any longer. Our fate is sealed.

"Rowley, all is over—let us die like men. God have mercy on our souls!"

Rowley was a few paces higher up the barranca. He made me no answer, but looked at me with a calm, cold, and yet somewhat regretful smile upon his countenance. Then all at once he ceased the efforts he was making to resist the stream and gain the bank, folded his arms on his breast and gave a look up and around him, as though to bid farewell to the world he was about to leave. The current was sweeping him rapidly down towards me, when suddenly a wild hurrah burst from his lips, and he recommenced his struggles against the waters, striving violently to retain a footing on the slippery, uneven bed of the stream.

"*Tenga! Tenga!*" screamed a dozen voices, that seemed to proceed from spirits of the air; and at the same moment something whistled about my ears and struck me a smart blow across the face. With the instinct of a drowning man, I clutched the *lasso* that had been thrown to me. Rowley was at my elbow and seized it also. It was immediately drawn tight,

and by its aid we gained the bank, and began ascending the side of the barranca, composed of rugged, declivitous rocks, affording but scanty foothold. God grant the lasso may prove tough! The strain on it is fearful. Rowley is a good fifteen stone, and I am no feather; and in some parts of our perilous ascent the rocks are almost as perpendicular and smooth as a wall of masonry, and we are obliged to cling with our whole weight to the lasso, which seems to stretch, and crack, and grow visibly thinner. Nothing but a strip of twisted cow-hide between us and a frightful agonising death on the sharp rocks and in the foaming waters below. But the lasso holds good, and now the chief peril is past: we get some sort of footing—a point of rock, or a tree-root to clutch at. Another strain up this rugged slope of granite, another pull at the lasso; a leap, a last violent effort, and—*Viva!*—we are seized under the arms, dragged up, held upon our feet for a moment, and then—we sink exhausted to the ground in the midst of the Tzapotecans, mules, arrieros, guides, and women, who are sheltered from the storm in a sort of natural cavern.

At the moment at which the hillock had given way under Rowley and myself, who were a short distance in rear of the party, the Mexicans had succeeded in attaining firm footing on a broad rocky ledge, a shelf of the precipice that flanked the barranca. Upon this ledge, which gradually widened

into a platform, they found themselves in safety under some projecting crags that sheltered them completely from the tempest. Thence they looked down upon the barranca, where they descried Rowley and myself struggling for our lives in the roaring torrent; and thence, by knotting several lassoes together, they were able to give us the opportune aid which had rescued us from our desperate situation. But whether this aid had come soon enough to save our lives was still a question, or at least for some time appeared to be so. The life seemed driven out of our bodies by all we had gone through: we were unable to move a finger, and lay helpless and motionless, with only a glimmering indistinct perception, not amounting to consciousness, of what was going on around us. Fatigue, the fever, the immersion in cold water when reeking with perspiration, the sufferings of all kinds we had endured in the course of the last twenty hours, had completely exhausted and broken us down.

The storm did not last long in its violence, but swept onwards, leaving a broad track of desolation behind it. The Mexicans recommenced their journey, with the exception of four or five who remained with us and our arrieros and servants. The village to which we were proceeding was not above a league off; but even that short distance Rowley and myself were in no condition to accomplish. The kind-hearted Tzapotecans made us swallow cordials,

stripped off our drenched and tattered garments, and wrapped us in an abundance of blankets. We fell into a deep sleep, which lasted all that evening and the greater part of the night, and so much refreshed us that about an hour before daybreak we were able to resume our march—at a slow pace, it is true, and suffering grievously in every part of our bruised and wounded limbs and bodies, at each jolt or rough motion of the mules on which we were clinging, rather than sitting.

Our path lay over hill and dale, perpetually rising and falling. We soon got out of the district or zone that had been swept by the preceding day's hurricane, and after nearly an hour's ride, we paused on the crest of a steep descent, at the foot of which, as our guides informed us, lay the land of promise, the long looked-for *rancho*. While the muleteers were seeing to the girths of their beasts, and giving the due equilibrium to the baggage, before commencing the downward march, Rowley and I sat upon our mules, wrapped in large Mexican *capas*, gazing at the morning star as it sank down and grew gradually paler and fainter. Suddenly the eastern sky began to brighten, and a brilliant beam appeared in the west, a point of light no bigger than a star—but yet not a star; it was of a far rosier hue. The next moment a second sparkling spot appeared, near to the first, which now swelled out into a sort of fiery tongue, that seemed to lick round the silvery sum-

mit of the snow-clad mountain. As we gazed, five —ten—twenty hill-tops were tinged with the same rose-coloured glow; in another moment they became like fiery banners spread out against the heavens, while sparkling tongues and rays of golden light flashed and flamed round them, springing like meteors from one mountain-summit to another, lighting them up like a succession of beacons. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed since the distant pinnacles of the mountains had appeared to us as huge phantom-like figures of a silvery white, dimly marked out upon a dark star-spangled ground; now the whole immense chain blazed like volcanoes covered with glowing lava, rising out of the darkness that still lingered on their flanks and bases, visible and wonderful witnesses to the omnipotence of *Him* who said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

Above, all was broad day, flaming sunlight; below, all black night. Here and there streams of light burst through clefts and openings in the mountains, and then ensued an extraordinary kind of conflict. The shades of darkness seemed to live and move, to struggle against the bright beams that fell amongst them and broke their masses, forcing them down the wooded heights, tearing them asunder and dispersing them like tissues of cobwebs; so that successively, and as if by a stroke of enchantment, there appeared, first the deep indigo-blue of the tamarinds and chico-

zapotes, then the bright green of the sugar-canes, lower down the darker green of the nopal-trees, lower still the white and green and gold and bright yellow of the orange and citron groves, and lowest of all, the stately fan-palms, and date-palms, and bananas,—all glittering with millions of dewdrops, that covered them like a gauze veil embroidered with diamonds and rubies. And still in the very next valley all was utter darkness.

We sat silent and motionless, gazing at this scene of enchantment.

Presently the sun rose higher, and a flood of light illumined the whole valley, which lay some few hundred feet below us — a perfect garden, such as no northern imagination could picture forth; a garden of sugar-canes, cotton, and nopal-trees, intermixed with thickets of pomegranate and strawberry trees, and groves of orange, fig, and lemon, giants of their kind, shooting up to a far greater height than the oak attains in the States—every tree a perfect hothouse, a pyramid of flowers, covered with bloom and blossom to its topmost spray. All was light and freshness and beauty; every object seemed to dance and rejoice in the clear, elastic, golden atmosphere. It was an earthly paradise, fresh from the hand of its Creator, and at first we could discover no sign of man or his works. Presently, however, we discerned the village lying almost at our feet, the small stone houses overgrown with flowers and embedded in trees: so that

scarcely a square foot of roof or wall was to be seen. Even the church was concealed in a garland of orange-trees, and had lianas and star-flowered creepers climbing over and dangling from it, up as high as the slender cross that surmounted its square white tower. As we gazed, the first sign of life appeared in the village. A puff of blue smoke rose curling and spiral from a chimney, and the matin bell rang out its summons to prayer. Our Mexicans fell on their knees and crossed themselves, repeating their *Ave-marias.* We involuntarily took off our hats, and whispered a thanksgiving to the God who had been with us in the hour of peril, and was now so visible to us in His works.

The Mexicans rose from their knees.

"*Vamos! Senores,*" said one of them, laying his hand on the bridle of my mule. "To the *rancho,* to breakfast."

We rode slowly down into the valley.

ESCAPE OF THE REPUBLICAN EXILES FROM CAYENNE.

[*MAGA.* October 1832.]

THE following narrative is an account of the fate of some of those leaders who figured in the middle stage of the French Revolution, soon after the period when Robespierre had been buried in the blood into which that Nero of France had flung so many of his rival lovers of liberty. For these men or their misfortunes we can have no sorrow. But their story has its value. Let it warn wiser and honester enthusiasts of wiser and honester lands.

The French Directory, in the year 1797, had fully exhibited the folly of government by men suddenly raised to power by popular clamour. Pretended philosophers, they committed every blunder of bad politicians; and pompous rulers of Republicans, they exhibited all the negligence, profligacy, and peculation that calumny had ever attributed to Kings. France grew weary of the Directory, but it was less because she saw their absurdities, than because she was weary

of hearing their names. A government which had lasted above a year was not the government for the *grande nation.* She longed for a change, if it were to a cabinet of dancing-dogs, and the Five Directors began to tremble for their dignities.

The government consisted of a mockery of the British legislature: a Council of Elders meagrely corresponded to our House of Lords, and a Council of Five Hundred to our House of Commons. The divisions of faction in those bodies rendered all deliberation a burlesque; but they menaced the power of the Directors, and, to secure that power, their *Five Majesties* of the Luxembourg, as the Parisians had learned to call them in scorn, determined to make a "*New Constitution.*" To this the preliminary was the illegal and tyrannical seizure of every man who might be formidable to them in the two Houses. To strengthen their hands in this act of the most furious despotism, they brought troops into Paris, headed by Napoleon's lieutenant, Augereau; they held a correspondence with Napoleon, who, like an independent sovereign, or a new Cæsar, promised to cross the *Rubicon* to their assistance; and they commenced, with congenial activity, the corruption of the two guards of the Councils. For in that day nothing was done without the soldier, and all deliberation was carried on under the protection of the bayonet.

At three in the morning of the day appointed for

the New Revolution, a signal cannon was fired. Augereau instantly marched his troops to the doors of the two Houses. Cannon were pointed at the entrance of the Council of Elders, to blow to the moon any politician foolish enough to talk of laws or liberty. Troops were posted in all the avenues, and the Council was placed in the midst of a force of twelve thousand regenerators, with muskets on their shoulders. The guard at the doors of the Council of Five Hundred still kept the gates shut; and the members, who had already assembled to know whether they were to be hanged, sabred, or shot, were suffered to remain in their happy pre-eminence for exactly an hour and a half from the time of the extinction of their brother branch of legislation. But at the end of this time the blow fell duly. An officer made his appearance in the hall, informing them that he was going to lock the doors, and carry the keys to the Directory. Murmurings arose, but the officer was a personage of few words. He recommended it to them, to look to their own safety in the event of delay; and finding that they still murmured, he locked the doors, and carried the tale to his masters.

The next process was to nullify the guards of the two Houses. Augereau walked at the head of a gang of the ruffianism of the Revolution, Santerre, Trenck, the widow Rousin, dressed *à l'Amazone*—for the ladies are everything in France at all times—and others, who had notoriously been galley-slaves! called

out, *Vive la Republique!* commenced a general system of embracing, walked away with the whole corps in his train, and sent the few obnoxious officers to prison. The treatment of Ramel, the commandant of the guard, a general officer who had flourished in many a revolutionary page, was characteristic of the time. Augereau ordered him under arrest, with a tolerably distinct menace that he should be shot. The captain-general murmured; Augereau gave him a rapid lesson on the value of submission—the rabble, both soldiers and mob, were instantly suffered to take him into their hands. He was knocked down, his sword broken, his clothes were torn, he was dragged along the streets, and on the point of being murdered; a sergeant whom he had put in arrest for some offence a few days before, took this opportunity to discharge his arrears of justice. He drew his sabre, made a rush at the unlucky general, and would have plunged the weapon in his body. But Augereau, who probably thought that this mode of managing military officers might be turned into a precedent, or who may have wished for a more public exhibition of blood, with his own hand dragged the assassin back, comforting the crowd, however, with the promise that they should have their indulgence at no distant date. "Let him alone," exclaimed the little general; "I promise you he shall be *shot to-morrow!*"

The luckless officer was sent without delay to the Temple, and there, bruised, bleeding, and half naked,

was thrown into one of the rooms which had held the late king. "Ha, ha," laughed the jailer, "here is another of them. Show the gentleman into the 'Chamber of *Opinions.*'" The general was not left long alone. In a couple of hours the victorious drums were heard outside, the gates were thrown open, and a group of the arrested members of the Council, with Pichegru, its president, at their head, entered. Another group followed in the course of the day, headed by Ladebat, president of the Council of Elders, and all were alike flung into the apartments which had witnessed the last melancholy hours of their unfortunate sovereigns. Never was there a history which the finger of retributive justice wrote in deeper characters of fire and blood, than the history of this furious, guilty, woful Revolution.

The latter group, when they had recovered from the first shock of arrest, and found that they were still unconsigned to the guillotine, had demanded to be brought before the Minister of Police. Before the Minister they were brought accordingly; and there they heard the true republican law laid down with republican plainness. On their demanding to see the *order* for their seizure, in violation of all the oaths and promises of half-a-dozen constitutions, "Gentlemen," said the Minister of Police, Sotin, with a smile, "it can be of no consequence whatever to you to see the order. The fact is, that when we come to these

extremities, it is the same thing whether we commit ourselves a little more or a little less!"

The Councils were not abolished, for they would work more usefully as tools of the Directory under their old name, but they were *purified*. Every man who dared to raise his voice was picked out, thrown into prison, or frightened into flight. The prisoners next came under the directorial consideration. The republican *régime* was, that they should be shot; the popular cry was, that they should afford the city of Paris a holiday, by having their heads cut off on the scaffold. But the taste of "the free" was thwarted on this occasion. Even in France experience had not thrown away all her lessons. The Directory had been too close to downfall, to lose the sense of what they might be within the next month, or the next minute. The guillotine was a hazardous instrument to be once more set in play for political mistakes; and the imprisoned deputies, to save the necks of the Directory, were sentenced *only* to be transported, to die out of sight in one of the most pestilential spots of the Western World, the French colony of Cayenne.

At this time the command of the Temple was in hands worthy of the government and of the time—a galley-slave, who had returned from the galleys a month before, where he had been sentenced for robbery, assassination, and setting fire to houses in one of the departments. From day to day additions were made to the party, and they were at length

honoured by the presence of one of the Directors themselves, Barthelemy, a talking old man, who in either the bitterness of a tardy remorse, in corruption, or the mere folly of second childishness, had begun to dream of the Bourbons. As this was a prisoner of some importance, Augereau and Sotin accompanied him to the foot of his dungeon. The Minister of Police cheered him *à la Française.* "Such are revolutions," said he gaily; "*we* get the better to-day, perhaps to-morrow *your* turn will come." Barthelemy was then consigned to the jailer, who was to consign him to death in the marshes of the Tropics. Probably with some latent hope that the world would weep for him, Barthelemy asked whether the catastrophe of himself and his friends had not produced "some commotion." If the question were asked in vanity, it was speedily mortified. "Not the least commotion," said Sotin, with nonchalance. "The doze was a good one. The people swallowed the pill, and the effect is excellent. And now, gentlemen, *bon voyage.*" The facetious Minister of Police turned on his heel with these words, and was seen no more. But the news that the prisoners were *not* to be shot or guillotined, but to be banished for life, was received with no slight popular dissatisfaction outside. The soldiers on guard were loud in their execrations; and the general cry, as they saw the deputies marching into their prison-waggons, was, "This is not what was promised to us. Why do

they let them go away; or why are they suffered to take any of their things with them?"

At two in the morning of the 8th of September, those men, to the number of sixteen, who were to be speedily followed by 163 more, were put into four cages, secured with iron bars on their four sides, and the cages fixed on the frames of waggons, the whole rough equipage somewhat resembling an artillery tumbril. A guard sat in each cage, carrying the key of the padlock that fastened the iron grating by which it was entered. The galley-slave commandant of the Temple was put at the head of their guard, which consisted of 600 men, cavalry and infantry, with two guns. The transit was miserable. The winter had set in with unusual inclemency. As if to add studied mortification to the natural evils of the conveyance and the exile, the escort took a round through the principal streets of Paris; first carried their wretched prisoners within sight of the Luxembourg palace, the seat of their masters, which they saw full of lights and apparent festivity, and then by the Theatre of the Odeon, which had been converted into a hall for the Council of Five Hundred, and where the Council were sitting even at that hour, several of whose members ran out to insult and triumph over them, stopped the escort, gave money and drink to the soldiers, made contemptuous offers of mercy, drank to their good voyage, and sneered at them to the last.

The scene was not unfitted for the closing act of that melodrama, a Frenchman's political life. The night was stormy, rain fell, and wind howled; the outside of the theatre, lighted by the usual French range of firepots, which tossed and flared at every blast, had a wild look, which suited the desperation of their fortunes; but a still wilder scene was in the multitude on whom that light fell, the refuse of even the Parisian rabble, the cut-throats and cut-purses of the low quarters of the capital—fellows neck-deep in all the horrors of the Revolution, and who looked upon the escape of a victim as a fraud upon their rights of massacre; all to a man *terrorists*, a name which singly implies every crime of hand and heart, under every pretence that the Revolution made common to every culprit in France. To this hideous multitude the opening of the cages, and the delivery of the prisoners to their knives, would have been the highest joy of *civisme*. But the order of the Directory had not reached to this consummation. The escort moved on; Paris and its populace, its midnight festivals, and its deliberations of blood, were left behind; and the cages rolled along the Rue d'Enfer, into which they should originally have turned at once, except for the purpose of making their inmates a wretched spectacle.

They had now to undergo a second course of torment along the road to Rochefort, the intended place of embarkation, from the intolerable bruising and

jolting of their rough carriages along the paved roads of France, which was peculiarly felt by those men, some of whom were in advanced life, all mature, and all accustomed, of late years at least, to something of luxury. The stages, too, were mercilessly long; generally from morning till night. The prisoners, on their arrival, were thrust into the vilest dungeon of the place, and the best in France is a horror to every sense. At the end of the first day's journey they were driven to the door of the prison of Arpajon, a miserable little town, where, however, patriotism flourished even in the jail. The Director Barthelemy, almost bruised to death, and afraid of being poisoned by the mephitic air that rushed up from the dungeon, stood *en attitude*, lifting his hands to heaven, the insulted Heaven in which not one in a hundred of fools like himself believed. Barbè Marbois, one of the prisoners, formerly an officer of the King, and Royal Intendant at St Domingo, but now a democrat, in like terror of being poisoned, made a speech to the galley-slave commandant, requesting "that he might be shot, rather than thus compelled to die by inches." The galley-slave did not condescend to give any other answer than a smile. But the jailer's wife was more affable. Indignant at the insult to her domicile, probably equally indignant at hearing a republican complain of any cruelty, she seized Barbè Marbois by the arm, and crying out, with an oath, "You pretend to be very nice, for-

sooth, but, let me tell you, many a man as good as you has been there, who made no work about it," she flung the ex-intendant from the top of the stairs to the bottom, shut the door upon the party, and left them to find out each other in the dark. The fall fractured the unhappy man's jaw, and left him covered with bruises and blood. His companions cried out for a surgeon to dress his wounds, or for water to wash them. They were as little listened to, as ever they had listened. This was the lesson to a deserter. The next was to a popular representative.

The town of Etampes had distinguished itself by its love of revolution, and had, of course, flourished in oratory and assassination. M. Troncon du Coudray, an orator after their own heart, had canvassed them on the merit of congenial feelings; and they had returned him by that criterion, of all things excellent in a republic, the voice of the multitude. He was now one of the prisoners, and the commandant of the escort took good care that his arrival should be thoroughly known to his constituents. He halted the cages in the square of the little town, and the populace, in consequence, had full leisure to declare those opinions which their representative had so often declared to be the perfection of human wisdom. They hooted at him and his companions, cursed him and them alike, surrounded the cages, insulted their living contents with every kind of offence con-

ceivable by an angry Frenchman—and few nations have more inventive faculties on such topics than his own—and pelted them with mire. Du Coudray was astonished above measure at this shift of the popular wind, merely from the difference between a prosperous republican and a fettered and felon one. He ought to have known the nature of liberty and equality better. Every face now flaming with patriotic wrath, had, but a short time before, been gazing on him with all the benevolence of a flattered rabble, huzzaing in the train of a popular haranguer. Du Coudray, still confident of his powers of persuasion, started up and made a speech through the bars of the cage in which he figured through the land, in the style of another Bajazet.

The speech was incomparably characteristic, a compound of egotism, nationalism, civisme, and utter fright.

"*'Tis I—'tis I myself,*" it began. "'Tis your *representative!* though perhaps you do not know me in this cage. I am dragged to punishment without a trial, or even an accusation. My crime is that of defending your liberties and properties," &c., &c. He then finished his commonplaces by charging them with the ingratitude of delivering him over "to his *executioners.*" But the ex-deputy's eloquence had no other effect than that of inflaming the wrath of his patriotic voters. They scoffed at him in all directions, pelted him with mud, renewed

their furious cries, and execrated the orator, his friends, and his party.

At Blois, a reception equally hostile, but on different principles, awaited the prisoners. The multitude in some of those provincial towns had been too far from the civic feasts and fêtes of Paris to know much more of the Revolution than that they were in beggary and despair, that their industry was broken up, their little trade extinguished, and their little property torn away by the republican extortioners. At Blois, the multitude ran together to kill the prisoners; for, in those days, the knife was the grand decider of all causes. But their cries must have wrung the spirits of the miserable men, whom justice ought to have seized long before.

"There they are," was the roar of the populace—"there they are, *the miscreants who killed the King!* There are the *King's murderers!* What have they done for us? They have loaded us with taxes; they have eaten up our bread; they have brought war upon us!"

The uproar continued, until the prisoners, apparently to save them from being torn in pieces, for the guard had been already attacked, were put into a small damp chapel, where all their bed was a little straw on the floor, and to sleep was impossible.

Here the wife of Barbè Marbois came to take leave of him. She had travelled from her estate at Metz, for this apostate was a man of fortune, to bid him

farewell. She saw him at last, but with great difficulty; the officer of the guard giving her but a quarter of an hour, during which he was present, holding his watch in his hand. Their departure from Blois was so unusually protracted, that it seemed to the prisoners to have been a contrivance, usual enough in the days of equality, to give them up to the mob. The firmness of the municipal officer who had charge of them, and who openly declared that the people were at the moment tampered with by the officers of the escort for the purpose, at length compelled the commandant to move. The procession was followed out of the town by the same retributive exclamations against them, as traitors stained with the blood of their King.

Their journey continued; a course of hunger, weariness, and insult. At Tours, they got each a loaf and half a bottle of wine, their first meal after a fast of thirty hours. The confinement of their cages cramped their limbs, and put them to the most miserable inconveniences; for, from the time when the iron grating was locked upon them in the morning, it was seldom opened again till night. The weather was stormy, wet, and cold, and the cages gave them the full benefit of the exposure. They were generally put into the town dungeon for the night; and in several instances, the poisoned air of those deplorable places made them swoon immediately on their entering. At Niort they passed the

night in peculiar wretchedness, in a dark damp hole under the castle, twenty-five feet under ground, which affected their limbs so much, that when they were ordered to the cages next morning they were scarcely able to move. Their last day's journey commenced at three in the morning, and brought them to Rochefort, at the end of nine leagues of the most wretched roads.

At Rochefort they expected to find a few days' rest; but they were alarmed by finding that they were led round the fortifications, with a rabble in their train fiercely crying out, "To the water—to the water!" which appears to have been the provincial substitute for "To the lamp-post" of the Parisian legislators, the usual mode of republican justice in the seaports being by drowning. The cry was reinforced by the workmen of the dockyards, the soldiers, and the crews of the ships, who flocked round the cages as they slowly passed along, shouting out, "Down with the tyrants; make them drink out of the *large cup!*" (the ocean). The French are picturesque, even in murder.

In Rochefort there was thus no "rest for the sole of unblest feet." They were immediately carried on board a little privateer moored in the river, and given into the hands of a guard of scoffing soldiers, who pushed them down under the decks, where they were nearly stifled by the smoke, the smells, and the want of fresh air.

They were now almost dying of hunger, for they had not eaten a regular meal for the last thirty-six hours. At length a couple of loaves and a pail of water were let down among them. They were, however, scarcely able to touch either from the disgust that rose from everything round them. A horrible feeling, too, took possession of them as the night fell. One of the customary instruments of republican justice was a prison-ship, with a trap-door in the hold, through which the victims were quietly dropped at midnight into the bottom of the river. The *noyades* at Nantz were the first displays of this compendious invention, which had the merit of saving all trouble, avoiding all public clamour, if such could have arisen on the side of humanity; cost neither powder nor ball, and cost not even the trouble of putting a new edge on the knife of the guillotine. The bed of the Charente was as deep as the Loire, and the little privateer was as likely to be the instrument as any other in the hands of the Republic. The situation was undoubtedly an embarrassing one. For some hours the prisoners expected every moment to be their last; they had wrought themselves into the conviction that they were to be drowned. Every step of the sailors above their heads, every word uttered, every rope handled, was actually taken as a direct preparation for their deaths. At length, after an unusual bustle above, the vessel weighed, and began to move. Terror con-

verts everything to its own substance, and the prisoners were now only the more certain that their hour was come.

But the morning dawned, and they perceived that the privateer was rapidly sailing down the river. This was fresh food for anxiety. The new conjecture was that, to avoid the *éclat* of an execution close to the city, they were to be conveyed to some remote corner of the river, and there drowned. At midnight, the vessel suddenly came to an anchor. The hour seemed now inevitable. They were leagues from the city. At this moment, an order was heard for six of the prisoners by name to come upon deck. This was looked on as clearly the commencement of the execution. The six took leave of their compatriots, as going to death. Six more were soon after called up. They looked round the deck for those who had preceded them; but they were not to be seen. The natural conclusion was drawn—"they were murdered!" The successive groups were ordered over the ship's side into boats, and the boats rowed towards the river's mouth. This was, of course, but another mode of the drowning system. The ocean was to be the depository of the secret. Suspense had exerted her last torture on them; when at length they reached a ship-of-war lying off the river. Here they found their fellow-prisoners; and the manners of the captain, which had more of the sailor, and less of the patriot, than they had

lately seen, gave them some hope that they were not to be so speedily sent to consummate the republican theory. Their journey had lasted from the 8th of September until the 22d, a continual progress of pain, famine, contumely, and terror.

But the severities of even their journey received but little relaxation on board. A French corvette is small; and the French, let their ships be large or small, have no habits of accommodation. The prisoners were divided, probably by the necessity of the case, twelve of them between decks, with the hatchways shut, and without room for motion—the other four in a hole, the boatswain's storeroom; a place of utter darkness, where they could neither move nor stand, and rendered pestilential by all the morbid effluvia of neglect, the refuse of the store, and the neighbourhood of the hold. The corvette set sail at four in the morning; and their breakfast was a biscuit a-piece, so impenetrable by the teeth of the old men, and so repulsive to the senses of the younger, that it produced a general remonstrance.

"The air," said Barbè de Marbois, "is infectious; if you do not suffer us to breathe the fresh air, we shall all be dead in a few days. And we shall not be the only sufferers; you will thus have the plague on board of your ship, and will lose your crew."

The last argument found its way, and the captain promised to let them breathe, *when* they were out of sight of France.

Their dinner this day was another biscuit, with a bucket of boiled beans, just as they were taken out of the ship's kettle, and this completed their bill of fare for the whole voyage. They had the usual visitation of sea-sickness to contend with in more than usual severity; for they put to sea in a storm, which blew them back into Rochelle. There their captain was changed; and their new captain, Laporte, began his career with a harangue to his crew in this style:—

"Soldiers, I order you to watch these great culprits closely. And you, sailors, I forbid you, on pain of death, to communicate in any manner whatever with these miscreants." His next address was to the prisoners. "Messieurs, *you* are very fortunate in being treated with so much *clemency*."

Their guard should not be forgotten. These were marines sent home from the Isles of France and Bourbon, where the Revolution had done its work in throwing the colonies into a state of havoc and misery. These fellows took delight in recounting their exploits in Europe and Asia. One boasted of having killed his captain by a stab in the back on a march, on suspicion of aristocracy. Another calculated the number of priests whom he had drowned in the Loire. Another mimicked the grimaces of the unfortunate people destroyed in the *Noyades*. Others boasted of their having knocked the drowning on the head as they attempted to swim from the trap-door. The Loire was a never-failing subject;

and the only regret was, that they had not the opportunity of placing the Isle of France *à la hauteur de la Revolution!* The pauses in those narratives were filled up with quarrels, abominable songs, and blasphemy.

The remainder of the voyage was only a repetition of wretchedness. As the sea-sickness subsided, hunger took its place. They were almost starved upon the narrow regimen of their jailer. Marbois, maddening with famine, and with his eye sparkling with fury, at last assailed the captain. "I am hungry—I am hungry," he howled out like a wolf; "I am hungry—give me some food, or throw me into the sea." This wild application produced its effect. Some food was given to him. Even the length of the voyage was an additional feature of their sufferings. It lasted fifty days. It was not till the 10th of October, 1797, that they came in sight of the town of Cayenne.

The governor of the colony was Jeannet, a nephew of the regicide Danton; he received the prisoners civilly. But within a few hours he changed his style altogether, and ordered them under strict *surveillance.* Collot d'Herbois and Billaud de Varrennes, both notorious actors in the hideous Reign of Terror, had come some years earlier to Cayenne for the express purpose of raising the colony *à la hauteur de la Revolution.* This they commenced by the usual harangues to the negroes, declaring them free

—harangues which were followed by the usual consequences, massacre and rebellion. But the insurrection being extinguished, after a frightful carnage of the unfortunate barbarians who had been thus stimulated to slaughter their masters, the two leaders were seized and thrown into prison at Sinamary, a dependency on Cayenne. There Collot d'Herbois died; but his colleague was still alive, and his partisans in the colony now demanded that the newly imported prisoners should be put on the same footing with the old. The governor, probably glad of an excuse to escape the trouble of watching them, availed himself of the clamour, and complimented the Jacobinism of Cayenne with the new transportation. An order was issued for their movement to Sinamary, ninety miles by sea from the town of Cayenne, where they arrived on the 23d of November.

They were met on the shore of this fearful wilderness by one of the few settlers, a Mr Rosmason, who greeted them with the ominous salutation—"Oh, gentlemen, you are come into a tomb." "We know it," answered old General de Murinais; "and the sooner the better." The sixteen were quartered in six miserable rooms of the miserable fort, with a hammock each for their sole furniture, and a portion of biscuit, a pound of salt meat, and a glass of rum to correct the noxious qualities of the water. These were the luxuries of men, some of whom had lived

in peace and honour under their good king, others had risen to high rank in the armies, and all had been accustomed to the better order of Parisian life. They might now have been glad to exchange situations with the most houseless pauper of Europe.

In the fort they were prisoners still. They were compelled to attend a muster twice a-day; and, with one or two exceptions, none of them passed without the gates but to the grave. All the minor miseries that belong to a tropical climate tormented them hourly. Their rooms were alive with venomous insects; they were devoured by mosquitoes, gnats, bugs, scorpions, and a whole host of others, equally disgusting. Serpents were frequent. Pichegru killed one thicker than his arm, which had made its way into the folds of his cloak, on which he lay as a pillow. All within view of the fort was forest—a howling wilderness, which constantly echoed with the screaming of monkeys, the groaning of millions of toads, and the melancholy shriek and roar of tigers. To fill up this concert, and prevent sleep to the sick or the well, the alarm was beaten every morning before the door, and no remonstrance was able to put a stop to this petty and peevish cruelty.

The prisoners began now to accomplish the purpose for which they were sent across the seas. They began to sink under the climate. Old De Murinais died first. He had been a general, had possessed a large fortune, and was the father of a numerous

family. His crime in embracing the Revolution met its punishment—exile and death by the tyranny of the Revolution. Barthelemy was next seized; but his disorder was more tardy, and there was time to make a representation to the governor, who ordered him to be conveyed to the hospital at Cayenne. But the miseries of confinement were not the only ones which these wretched men were to suffer. They added to them the miseries of politics. They were involved in perpetual disputes on public affairs; and having no fixed principles on those or any other subjects, their quarrels were equally vague, fruitless, and bitter.

They sometimes tried to vary those dubious amusements by having recourse to such little occupations as they could find. Marbois turned carpenter, made some attempts to furnish his hovel, and, Frenchman-like, finally made a violin, with which, Frenchman-like, he set the negroes dancing. Du Coudray, who had been one of the haranguers of the Council of Elders, occupied himself in writing endless memorials, which, of course, were never to see the light; in making orations to the winds; and in composing a funeral oration for old De Murinais. His audience, when he recited this effusion, were the soldiers and the negroes. The orator took for his theme—"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down, and wept when we remembered Zion;"—in all likelihood the only use that he ever made of his Bible. The soldiers

were powerfully affected by the appropriateness of the text; the poor negroes wept, we must suppose for the same reason. But fame, even at Sinamary, was not without its perils. The governor of Cayenne, not approving of these "powerful" emotions in his prison, sent down a notice that any orator who in future made either soldiers or negroes shed tears over the dust of the prisoners, should be shot without mercy. Demosthenes himself would have shrunk from the laurel at this price. Du Coudray was silenced for ever.

Laffond, formerly a man of commercial wealth, which was publicly thrown into a state of ruin by his arrest, employed himself talking to his wife's picture. Pichegru, the only individual of the party in whom it is possible to feel the slightest interest, employed his time like a man who disdained the despair of one portion of his fellow-exiles, and the childish pursuits of the other. He gave up his days to learning English, doubtless with a bold view to better times. His relaxation was singing, and his songs were by choice on bold and martial subjects. Throughout the whole period he retained peculiarly the bearing and habits of the great soldier. The ex-Director Barthelemy was just as congenially employed until his illness; he made war upon the insects, put the scorpions to the route, and was voted the general bug-destroyer by acclamation.

In January, Willot and Bourdon, two of the exiles,

died of violent fevers; application had been made to remove them to the hospital at Cayenne, but refused. Barthelemy was sent back to the fort. He brought the intelligence, received by an American vessel just arrived from Europe, that the Directory had accomplished a complete triumph over all other factions, and that military tribunals were to be formed to try all politicians of the opposite side. The exiles now probably congratulated themselves on their dungeon, but it promised to be for life.

In April their leisure was cheered by the sight of a popular election. About fifteen hundred negroes, and forty or fifty whites, were summoned to vote for a representative to the Council in Paris. But the negroes were saved from all trouble of thinking on the subject. The Directory *ordered* them to elect Citizen Mongé. He was then a commissary employed in collecting the plunder of the Italian works of art. The Citizen was chosen, and Mongé was announced to mankind as representative of the freemen of Cayenne!

In May, two more of the exiles, Laffond and Du Coudray, were suddenly taken ill at dinner. They were soon in great torture, and they seem to have been poisoned. Du Coudray, though swelled and apparently dying, wrote to the governor for permission to go to the hospital at Cayenne. The answer, returned by the commandant of the fort, an insolent Jacobin, who had been a lackey, was, "I know not

why those gentlemen are continually importuning me. They ought to know that they have not been sent to Sinamary to *live there to all eternity.*"

The advance of the year, the wretchedness of a confinement which would probably lay them all in the grave before another autumn, and probably offers of help from some of the settlers at Cayenne, who were of a different side in politics from the governor, at last suggested the idea of escape. Eight entered into the scheme. Of these Du Coudray was one. But it was soon evident that he would never leave the prison. Still he was anxious to share the attempt. He would say, "I do not flatter myself with the hope of living, but if you go, take me with you. I would breathe my last outside this horrid place. Take me with you, if possible."

But the increase of his disorder put the possibility out of the question. Towards the end of May, both he and Laffond died, after a horrible and protracted illness of nearly thirty days. Du Coudray, on the night before his death, desired to see Pichegru and the others who had agreed to make their escape, when he gave them some of the wisdom that agony and the deathbed force upon men. "Fly," said he, "fly from Sinamary. May Heaven favour your flight! I shall soon be no more. But should you ever see my friends, tell them my last sigh was for them and my country, and forget not my children. Should fortune ever smile on you again, oh, do not disturb

the peace of our country, but rather brave all the sufferings of human misery!" After this declaration of the repentant Jacobin, he pointed to the apartment of a profligate citizen-abbé, one of their number, for whose *civisme* they all seem to have had a peculiar aversion. "He talks," said the dying man, "of civil war. It is his wish. Ah, my friends, promise me you will prevent it, if it be in your power!" He died soon after, and this was the fate of a man of character and talent, who, if he had followed the natural career of ability and honour, and shrank from the abominations of rabble popularity and regicide politics, would probably have passed through a long life of enjoyment and honour, instead of finishing a course of the trembling wretchedness of ambition in France by the agonies of a premature and desolate death in an American wilderness.

Laffond died within two days, silent, but retaining his senses, and painfully to the last fixing his eyes on his wife's portrait. The fear of death now seized upon them all. The tossings of the revolutionary wave, on which they had calculated for flinging them back to France, had now subsided; the tide had even set the contrary way. The Directory was in full power. Death had already thinned their ranks. The mere victims of one of those unprincipled and fierce changes which constitute the lottery of Republicanism, and in which prosperity is as little the conscious triumph of virtue, as adversity brings the

consoling sense of martyrdom in the righteous cause, these men could have felt themselves merely as unlucky gamesters. In misery of mind and body they now saw no alternative but the grave, and a desperate attempt at escape through the wilderness. But the colony was in a region of which no man knew the limits. The whole horizon was a forest, utterly impassable from the swamps, the wild beasts, and the arrows of the Indian tribes. This idea was therefore abandoned. But the horrors of the rainy season were now at hand. If the hurricanes came, they would be a stronger guard than chains of iron. Their prison would be closed on them for six months, and their death was all but inevitable. The governor was evidently of the same opinion; for he confined his cares to merely keeping them fixed on the spot, and refusing the sick the chances of his hospital. Their deaths seem to have been even determined on; for on the occasional appearance of a ship in the river, which they might conceive to be an English one, and therefore likely to befriend them, their lackey commandant's usual speech was, "Ah, you reckon upon those English. You may think what you please, but they shall never take you away *alive!*"

At length a new idea suggested itself. Pichegru's name was well known among the Dutch settlers in Guiana, and some of them, in compassion to the sufferings of a man who, in the conquest of their

paternal country had exhibited fewer of the atrocities of the time than any of her conquering generals, and who had probably laid up some memories of personal kindness, for his nature was generous and noble, had sent him a present of beer and fresh provisions by a French coaster. The ruffian to whom it was intrusted, and who had evidently been an *élève* of the new school of rights and wrongs, disdained to carry such comfort to an *Aristocrat;* he therefore, with his crew, revelled on the beer and provisions, and then, that the vexation of the affair might not be lost to the unfortunate prisoners, came to the fort for the purpose of boasting how he had plundered them.

The provisions were gone, but this drunken knave's boast threw a sudden light on their operations. It was clear that they had friends at Surinam, and the only question now was how they were to reach them. Still the difficulties were enormous. None of the exiles knew anything of navigation. None of them knew anything of the vast extent of coast which lay between them and the Dutch settlements. The few schooners which approached the fort always anchored a league down the river. They had no boat to reach one of these vessels; no arms to take it, and no provisions to put on board. In this dilemma there was but one resource, a small canoe, which took the guard daily down the river to a redoubt at its mouth. But the canoe lay constantly under the eye of a sentinel; and a confidential person in the fort told them, that

though Surinam was the only place to which they could possibly go, it was altogether out of the question that they should go in the canoe; that it could not hold them, nor, if it could, could stand the sea; that the distance to the nearest point, Fort Orange, was at least a hundred leagues; and finally, that the Dutch governor had prohibited, under the severest penalties, all landings from Cayenne, in consequence of the notorious intentions of the Cayennese Frenchmen to revolutionise the Dutch settlements in the most revolutionary mode.

This last difficulty was in some degree met by the assistance of a friend in Cayenne, who procured eight passports in feigned names, Gallois, Picard, &c., signed by Jeannet, such as he was in the habit of giving to the occasional traders from Surinam to the French colonies. But the grand point was where to find a pilot. This essential instrument was soon curiously supplied.

The Directory, in the plenitude of their power, setting aside all law, and eager only for plunder, now issued an order for the seizure of neutral ships,—in other words, an act of general *piracy*. The opportunity was not lost by the Cayennese governor, nor by his subjects, for every row-boat in their possession was instantly sent to sea, with full privilege to rob everything. An American ship, with a cargo of flour, provisions, and wine, was steering for Cayenne, for which port her freight was actually intended.

One of the privateers met her on the way, and notwithstanding her destination, seized the ship and cargo at once, and brought the prize to the road of Sinamary, through the double fear of her being caught by the English frigates on the way to Cayenne, and of being compelled to give the lion's share to her rapacious governor.

The capture was a prodigious event in the dreary calendar of Sinamary. The commandant found that there were no less than 40,000 bottles of the French and Spanish vintages on board, and revelled in a long prospect of drunkenness. The soldiers and negroes found themselves more pleasantly employed in dragging the cargo on shore than in working in the fort or the fields. All was brawling and drinking, activity and bustle. In the midst of this tumult, the American captain, Tilly, paid a visit to the prisoners. The first glance of their hideous condition naturally struck him with astonishment,—the exiles say, made him burst into tears; but the French weep on all occasions, and Jonathan is not yet so far fallen from the manliness of his English ancestry as to play the sentimentalist with such facility. The captain did what was worth all the theatrical sorrows of all weepers of the land of melodrame: he determined to assist them to the best of his power, reduced as it was.

To their surprise, he told them privately, "that to assist them had been the *express object* of his voyage,

and that he had packets from their friends and families on board, hid in one of his barrels, which were now however beyond his reach, though undiscovered by their captors." He had no idea of being the object of any of the French privateers, and had suffered his ship to fall to leeward of Cayenne, in order to have an excuse for anchoring in the road of Sinamary, from which he might communicate with them, and enable them to escape. The captain further told them the European news: of the treaty of Campo Formio, and of the unprovoked invasion of Switzerland. This last piece of intelligence, perfectly *à la Republique* as it was, roused all their virtuous indignation; and Barthelemy, in particular, who had participated in the whole Republican game as long as he was allowed, was thrown into a paroxysm of attitude and oratory at the infamous novelty of robbing and slaughtering helpless nations.

They took the captain out upon the rampart, and showed him the canoe; the sailor shook his head at this diminutive object, and told them that "it would not do; that they must certainly go to the bottom if they attempted their exploit in that bark; that it could not hold them all, nor carry them to Surinam." They declared in turn that something or other they must do, and that speedily; and that, if they must go to the bottom, they would prefer it to the torturing and lingering death of Du Coudray and Laffond. The conference ended by the captain's promising to

give them the assistance of his pilot, a zealous and intelligent man of the name of Berwick.

But they were still to meet with difficulties. An order suddenly arrived from the governor to send the American captain and his people, without delay, to Cayenne. They were thus on the verge of seeing their whole design overthrown. The captain, however, gave them courage on this occasion. He offered to take their pilotage on himself, and for this purpose to escape and hide in the forest, and there be ready to join them by signal in seizing the canoe on the 3d of June, the day appointed for the attempt. But to this act of generosity the rational objection occurred, that the captain was too important a person not to be missed, when his crew were called over, and that the suspicion would be immediately visited upon the prisoners. Finally, Berwick was again appointed to the honour.

The third of June was fixed on, from its being the day for which the commandant was invited to dine on board of the American prize. The day commenced prosperously. The commandant was entertained on board with a handsome dinner, and as much wine as he liked. The friends of the prisoners —for even there, whether by hope, fear, or friendship, they had some allies—were active in the crisis. The privateer captain had given some common wine to the soldiers; in the course of the evening these bottles unaccountably swelled into a distribution

large enough to make every one of the garrison either drunk, sleepy, or blind. A female who had arrived a few days before from Cayenne, was the chief distributor, and she scattered her smiles and her bottles indiscriminately among the soldiers in their barracks, the negroes in their hovels, the workmen in their rooms, and the sentinels on guard. Even the prisoners had their share in this general shower of Bordeaux. The Hebe from Cayenne took good care that the wine should be swallowed on the spot, for she filled out the bumpers with her own fair hands, and plied the progress of the general intoxication with French and female zeal. All was freedom, gaiety, and Medoc.

In their festivity, the prisoners had a part to play; and they professed to quarrel. The wine circulated, and the politicians commenced a furious dispute. Aubry and Larue undertook the task of out-arguing Barthelemy; Dossouville and Pichegru threatened single combat; Millot and Ramel performed the part of pacificators, and, of course, more embroiled the fray. The dispute rapidly grew more ferocious, until glasses and plates flew about, and persons ran in to quell the uproar. The experiment was for the purpose of preventing any suspicion of agreement in any design, whatever it might be, and it was perfectly adapted to succeed.

Night, long looked for, fell at last, and the prisoners had sufficient evidence that the American's claret

had done its duty; they saw the commandant brought on shore dead drunk, like a corpse. The negroes and soldiers were lying everywhere on the ground, in the same condition. Complete stillness followed the riot, outrage, and atrocious songs of the day. All were silent, for all were drunk. The clock struck nine. The hour agreed on was come. Dossouville, who had been sent out to reconnoitre, gave them the glad intelligence that the whole garrison was thoroughly disqualified for military proceedings for that night.

They now attempted once more to persuade De Marbois to take his chance along with them. He was a disputer of the true species. They had frequently debated the point with him before. But this foolish old man answered them then, and now, with a French harangue on the glory of sacrifices for our country, and a flourish on the certainty of being hereafter avenged. He was evidently much more certain of being drowned. French as they were, they felt the absurdity of this verbiage, and left the old orator to find what justice he could from his fellow-regicides. Pichegru, Aubry, and Ramel now mounted the bastion, went towards the sentinel, and asked him "What it was o'clock?" The sentinel, as drunk as his commandant, had no words, but fixed his eyes upon the stars. He was instantly seized by the throat, Pichegru disarmed him, and the rest dragged him along, grasping his throat to prevent his giving the alarm. In this way they pulled him

up the parapet, and then he fell into the river, where it is to be presumed that this drunkard was drowned. At least they heard no more of him. He had been the drummer who beat the alarm at their doors in the morning, and who had provoked them by his constant insolence. They had retaliated handsomely.

After this performance they came down from the rampart, joined the other prisoners, and went noiselessly to see what was the state of the guard-house. The wine had operated perfectly. There was not a soul in the guard-house. Thus they had nothing to do but to take the muskets and cartridges at their leisure. They now went to the canoe. The drawbridge had not been raised, and the exit was easy. With the canoe they found the pilot. Barthelemy, who was old and weak in every sense of the word, fell into the river, but it was near the edge, and the pilot pulled him into the boat. They then cut the rope, and let themselves go down the stream.

No man knows the intenseness, variety, or agony of emotion of which the human heart is capable, who has not been in situations resembling this. Every step treading upon death,—a moment, the turning of a hair, a breath, making the difference between the bitterest suffering, and escape into light, and air, and freedom, and the prospect of long enjoyment. In leaving their dungeon, they might actually look upon themselves as rescued from their grave. Yet the bark of a dog, the alarm of a sentinel, a

single heavy step, the most trivial of all accidents, might have broken up their whole plan, and fixed them there for ever. Their sensations, as they found themselves gliding down the river of Sinamary, without a sound from the fort, without a symptom of pursuit, without a single ground for believing that they might not yet effect their entire object, and reach Europe and their friends and families, may have been among the keenest that man can bear on this side of insanity.

But another source of anxiety arose. The redoubt at the river's mouth. It had a garrison of eight soldiers, and a gun from its bastion would sink them in an instant. Luckily the Medoc had made its way there too. The garrison were all drunk, the canoe was not hailed, and no gun was fired.

They reached the river's mouth, the ocean spread before them; the moon rose, and her light, which seems to have been intended from the beginning to quiet or to elevate the heart of man, never looked so glorious to them. They felt the light, in this spot of rocks and shallows, as in some degree an interposition of Heaven; and, if they had not been Revolutionists, might at that time have been betrayed into gratitude, and even into prayer.

They had still an alarm. Two guns were heard from Sinamary, which were answered by one from the redoubt. But by this time they had gained two hours on the pursuit, and they had nothing to dread

but from another little fort, Iraconbo, and the ocean. At four in the morning, while they were struggling fearfully along in utter darkness, they were made aware of their passing close under Iraconbo by the discharge of two guns a-head, followed by another close to them. But they were not struck by the shot, they saw nothing from the extreme darkness, and when daylight at last came, Iraconbo, with all its terrors, was lying "far o' the lee."

The weather was fortunately serene, otherwise they must have been lost instantly, for the canoe was so small that every wave rolled into it. No voyagers could have put to sea in a more primitive condition. They had neither compass, nor quadrant, nor bread, nor meat, nor water. Their whole stock amounted to two bottles of rum! For three days they thus sailed along, until they were almost starved; on the third day they were totally becalmed. The air was fire, the very ocean scorched them, like a mirror reflecting the burning beams of the sun. They gave themselves up for lost. They had no expectation but that of festering in the spot where they were thus chained by the elements. It was at this time that they employed their leisure in making solemn vows never to avenge themselves on their country, and never to retaliate their injuries on individuals. All swore in the presence of Heaven never to take arms against France. This was perhaps one of the most characteristic displays of their whole captivity. The

vow may have been all that was wise and becoming; but it was made only *after* they had attained the full conviction that they were come to their last hour. An oath against public vengeance, made by a boatful of fugitives in the last extremities of famine on the ocean, and utterly in despair of life, was surely melodramatic and French. But, live or die, a Frenchman is always on the stage.

But a breeze came next day and swept them on, though much bewildered by the currents, and kept in continual terror by a whole host of sharks, which already marked them for their prey, and continued all day splashing and bounding round their canoe. On the fifth day they reached Fort Orange; but here they were put in a new peril, which might have extinguished them at once.

The vigilance of the Dutch artillerymen received their little vessel with a fire of heavy guns loaded with ball, any one of which would have sent ship and freight to the bottom in a moment. This display of hostility was scarcely necessary to a solitary canoe with a few half-naked and more than half-dying men. It drove off the invasion, however. The canoe put out, and sailed, in the hope that at Mont Krick, a settlement higher up the coast, the artillerymen would be less vigilant or less frightened. But Mont Krick they were not destined to reach so easily; the clouds suddenly lowered, the wind rose, the waves swelled, a storm came on, which, if it had found them in any

other part of their voyage, must have closed their history in this world. Berwick, their pilot, now turned his prow to the shore—it was repulsive, an interminable forest; but at sea they must perish. A huge billow rolled them in, upset their canoe, threw out their arms and themselves, and left them in the mire. It was only by main force that they held their vessel from going back again upon the billow. They were now on shore, but without arms or ammunition to protect them from the Indians, the tigers, or the Dutchmen. They were in rags, covered with mud, tortured by reptiles and insects innumerable, and without a morsel. The storm came on heavier still. The night was a dreadful conflict of the elements, with every intermission of the storm filled up by the roaring of the sea and the screams of tigers. The rain fell in a deluge, the wind tore through the forest with the force of cannon-balls; and during the whole storm they were compelled to remain knee-deep, or neck-deep, in the waves, holding fast their canoe, on which alone they depended for reaching any habitable spot, and which was continually on the point of being carried off by the surges. In addition, half-naked as they were, they found the cold piercing. Such was a night under the equator.

Morning dawned, and it never dawned more welcome. The storm subsided; and Pichegru, who had preserved his meerschaum and tinder-box, lighted a fire, which cheered their frozen bodies and dried their

clothes. Their only resource against the bites of the insects was to lie down on their faces in the sand.

After a second night of misery, storm, and perpetual terror of the tigers, which now bore down from the forest, and were to be prevented from eating the whole party only by incessant watching, and keeping up a large fire, morning came again, and Ramel crept out to examine the state of the weather. His mission was productive. He saw, some hundred yards off, the welcome sight of two men, and running back to tell the glad tidings, Berwick the pilot advanced alone, bidding the others hide themselves, that they might not alarm the strangers. On coming near them, they probably took him for a wild beast, for his appearance, from rags, hunger, and the frightful havoc that the insects had made of his features, was scarcely human. The two men immediately presented muskets at him ; but his gestures and supplications soon satisfied them that he was no very formidable assailant. The fugitives all now came forward, and Pichegru, entering into conversation with them in German, learned that they were two German soldiers of the garrison of Mont Krick, and that the fort was but three leagues distant. They were now going on duty to Fort Orange, and Barthelemy and Larue were sent along with them, to exhibit their passports, and without acknowledging who they were, obtain what assistance they could from the humanity of the Dutch. They reached the fort.

The governor was civil, but cautious. He sent them some workmen to repair their boat, and then ordered them to make their way to sea as fast as possible.

They next tried Mont Krick, where the governor had either less caution or more benevolence. They found a clear and spacious room opened for them at the water-side, and some fowls, bread, and rice, their first civilised meal for many a month, and were all delighted. They now appeared before the officer commanding the fort. It was sufficiently clear that he did not believe their story of their being ruined merchants. He even told them that he had a description of the persons of the French fugitives from Sinamary behind the mirror in his room, which Jeannet had actively spread through all the stations, and showed it to them, but without exhibiting any undue suspicion that they were the individuals. He made a vague inquiry for Pichegru, Barthelemy, and the "rest of those unfortunate persons," and was contented with the vague answer, that "they had been in great misery, but now hoped for a change of fortune." The Dutchman bore his office meekly.

This good-natured and sensible man, in the conversation which followed, assigned the cause of the severe vigilance which the government was forced to exert. "The French colonies had all been turned into scenes of massacre or bankruptcy, by the republican folly of telling the negroes that they were as good as their masters. The planters were butchered

or ruined, and the negroes were left to murder each other or starve, or be slaughtered in the attempt to put them down again. From all this sanguinary absurdity, the Dutch colonies had kept clear by shutting out the doctrine of negro equality. The slaves here," said the officer, "are better treated, more industrious, and more happy, than if they had received the fatal gift of liberty. But the French governor in Cayenne, through displeasure at our refusing some unreasonable demands for money or provisions, has declared that 'he will revenge himself on those aristocrats, and revolutionise Surinam;' and hence the commandants along the coast had orders to watch narrowly all the French who landed in the colony." They were still entertained by these hospitable people, when a Dutch officer of rank arrived from Paramaribo to lead them to the governor of the colony. The officer was shocked at their condition, for they were dreadfully disfigured by the insects, and were still almost without clothes or shoes. "In their own style he embraced them all, and further cheered them by the intelligence that the governor was well disposed towards them; that he was even anxious for their arrival, and that the whole colony sympathised in their misfortunes." On this all the Frenchmen burst into the national tribute of tears.

They now set out on their journey to the seat of government, having first enjoyed a regular dinner, and the still higher luxury of shirts, shoes, and sound

clothes. At this indulgence—which, undoubtedly, might have excited gratitude in any one—the Frenchmen were flung into absolute raptures. The raptures were increased, if possible, by their treatment on the road. They spent their first night at the plantation of a hospitable friend of the governor, who, though he was prevented by some business from being at home, gave them the freedom of his handsome house. They were enchanted. His "gardens, his large rooms, his verandahs, his table, his elegant furniture, and still more his comfortable beds," were topics for ever. All was magical. They exclaimed, "It was Elysium after Tartarus!" This day of festivity closed with a carousal of the negroes of the estate, who, oppressed as they were, danced merrily after the general supper.

All henceforth was a triumphal entry. They re-embarked in their two handsome gondolas, and dropped down the river towards Surinam, all astonishment at the "richness of the plantations on its banks, the neatness of the canals, the beauty of the gardens, and the stateliness of the buildings;" unvisited as they had been by the voice of universal liberty, and unstained by the blood of a king.

On their way still further down, they were met by a party of the principal planters, who gave them another feast; and, on resuming their voyage again, they met, just as the sun was plunging his golden visage deep down into the endless forests of the west,

a splendid gondola conveying the governor, who had come out to give them the more honourable reception. The Dutchman's speech was polite in the extreme. "Welcome, gentlemen, welcome all of you; forget, if possible, your misfortunes. I shall do everything in my power to efface them from your memories. We are all happy to see you; the whole colony, and myself in particular, are at your command." The speech was worthy of Amadis de Gaul himself. But wherever the honest Dutchman learned the tone, it had the better distinction of being followed up by active good-nature.

The colonists went hand in hand with their honest governor in hospitality, the town was illuminated, the garrison and the colonial militia were under arms, and the fugitives landed under the universal discharge of musketry and cannon from the town and the ships. All was huzzaing, embracing, and feasting. They were lodged in the governor's house, and from that time invited in all directions; carried from estate to estate, and fêted, fed, embraced, and congratulated everywhere. The governor made no troublesome inquiries. His guests were still ruined merchants, and he was merely exercising the common civilities due to everybody. But in the midst of this incurious life of pleasantness, news came from Cayenne. A vessel arrived with a letter from the governor, in the following terms. After stating the escape of the exiles: "If those gentlemen have not

been taken by the English privateers, or if they have not perished, as I *fear they have*, they must have taken refuge in your colony. In that case, it is my duty to *claim them*, in the name of the Directory, as prisoners of state. Should you be able to discover them, I request, and even require, you to put them under arrest. But I entreat you to use no violence towards them, and to grant them all the kindness due to their misfortunes."

The governor of Surinam had already obeyed the better part of the recommendation, and was not disposed to follow the Frenchman's flourish, by sending them back to him to die. He coolly answered that "he knew nothing of any state prisoners, but that eight shipwrecked merchants and a sailor, with passports signed by the governor of Cayenne, had arrived some days before; that when he should be acquainted with the arrival of the fugitives alluded to, he should be prepared to deal with them as was proper; and that he had the honour to enclose the passports for the inspection of the governor of Cayenne!" The captain of this vessel brought also the intelligence that republican freedom was going on from triumph to triumph in France; and in unanswerable proof, stated that a consignment of obnoxious politicians, to the amount of 193, found guilty of difference of opinion, had reached Cayenne in the frigate La Decade, three days after their escape.

But Jeannet was determined to have his prey, and

a second letter arrived within ten days, stating that though the passports, by some means or other, bore his own signature, yet that *no* merchants of the names of Gallois, Picard, &c., &c., had ever been in Cayenne; that he had certain knowledge that the fugitives were at that moment in Paramaribo; and that he insisted on their arrest, or would represent the whole affair to the government.

This was a formidable menace, and the exiles, in order to prevent embarrassment to their friend, offered to hide themselves until they could find a vessel going to St Thomas's. The Dutchman, however, manfully objected to this precaution, "which," he said, "he should consider as a weakness." Still, it was evidently the wiser plan to prevent national quarrels, if it could be done by leaving Surinam; and within a few days they embarked on board a commodious vessel, prodigally supplied with all good things by the honest colonists. Here they took leave of the pilot, who had served them to so much purpose, and who was loaded with donatives by the governor and the people. He returned immediately to Philadelphia. The next scene was the parting from their Dutch friends, who followed them down to the vessel's side. The singular kindness with which they had been treated, justified every expression of thanks; but the French disfigured the sincerity of the scene, as usual, by "bursting into tears." Their last sight of Surinam was on the 30th of June.

Their voyage was not without its alarms, for the seas swarmed with Victor Hugues's privateers; and, in his hands, they would have fallen into the hands of one of the most infamous tyrants that was ever shaped by the education of a negro overseer, still more envenomed by unbounded Republicanism. One of these privateers drove them, fortunately for themselves, under the guns of Berbice, then in possession of our troops. Here they were prisoners on parole, but received with much attention; conveyed by Colonel Hislop, since Sir Thomas, to Berbice, and there put on board of one of our frigates for Europe. The voyage gave them a new experimental knowledge of the life of a sailor. They were attacked by the yellow fever, were tossed through a dozen degrees of latitude by the equinoxial storms, in which some ships of the convoy were lost, and the passage lasted sixty-four days. But on the 20th of September, they were in the Channel, and saw the French coast. Of course they were all overflowing with sentiment; some gave themselves over to "melancholy"; there was an abundance of speeches, "serious reflections," and astonishment "that the land by which they were sailing could no longer be called their country."

On the passage they had been transferred to the Aimable frigate, Captain Granville Lobb, who with his officers treated them with the characteristic good-nature of British sailors. They were now ordered to London, where they had some interviews with Mr

Wickham, secretary in the Duke of Portland's office, relative to French affairs. On one of these occasions, a man who had been sitting in a dark corner of the apartment recognised and spoke to them. "You are saved," said he; "then all my misfortunes are forgotten." He was so much reduced by ill health that they could scarcely recollect their friend the American captain. "I am Tilly," said he, "and you, too, are so much altered, that I could not have known you, but from hearing your names." The alteration, it may be presumed, under the regimen of Dutch hospitality, reinforced by the English table, was of the more favourable kind.

Tilly's narrative still had some interest for them. Within three days after their escape, the frigate La Decade had brought her living freight of disappointed statesmanship to shore, a cargo of 193 popular members, liberal authors, citizen priests, and journalists. So prodigious an influx of politics at once, frightened Jeannet for the stability of his place; and, probably with the actual intention of providing for the future, he called the captain into his councils, and began a conversation with him on the purchase of his vessel for a flight to Philadelphia. The escape of the exiles happened to be mentioned; and the captain, in his hour of confidence, unwarily acknowledged at full length his share in the transaction, and even that he had the correspondence from France still barrelled up in his hold. A

new light seems to have flashed upon the governor; he may have thought that the seizure of this correspondence, which was connected with *Royalisme* in France, would establish him with the Directory for ever. He instantly started up, threw down the table between them, called to the guard, and ordered the unlucky confidant to be put in irons, preparatory to being shot next day. But cooler deliberation told him that the captain's death would not bring him so much advantage, as his shooting an American citizen must bring him trouble; a remonstrance to the Directory, which might vacate his government, and a frigate from the United States, which might carry himself off to be hanged by the populace at Philadelphia, would be consequences which it became the Frenchman's prudence to avoid. But he could still tyrannise, and the American was thrown into a dungeon, ironed hands and feet, and kept there on bread and water through the months of June and July, under the equator. Yet the tenuity of this regimen may have saved his life in this horrible confinement. He was at length sent on board the Decade on her return to France, to be dealt with according to the pleasure of the Directory, — a pleasure which would probably have sent him to perish in the ditch of some provincial fortress. But a better fate awaited him. The Decade was met on her way by an English frigate, which attacked and took her. Captain Pierepoint, the commander of

the English ship, immediately liberated the American, and sent him to London, where he was at this time receiving assistance from the government, which enabled him shortly after to reach his own country.

The whole adventure was now at an end. The exiles were received with great civility in London, and with peculiar attention by the government, who had rather hastily adopted the idea that they were the martyrs of their zeal to restore royalty in France. Some of them soon after returned to the continent. Some, among whom was Pichegru, the noblest and most sincere of them all, remained in London, fruitlessly involving themselves in the tortuous plots of the counter-revolutionists, and the equally zealous and often betrayed politics of the Bourbon Princes. Pichegru's fate is painfully known. A severe consciousness of the infinite crimes concealed under the name of Republic, gradually compelled him to become loyal. The very sound of freedom was heard no more in France; the Revolution had run its natural course, and, after plunging the land into bankruptcy and blood unexampled in the history of ages, and insulting alike the human heart and understanding by the hideous blasphemies of Atheism by Law, had delivered the wretched and guilty nation into the grasp of a man of craft and blood. No land within earthly record was ever so thoroughly enslaved. To break the chain became the manly ambition of Pichegru. But he was betrayed, seized, and assas-

sinated. No enemy of Napoleon, whose appearance might produce popular sympathy, was ever indulged with a trial. All were assassinated; Villeneuve, Wright, Toussaint, Pichegru, all perished by poison or the dagger, in prison. The time was to come when their murderer was to feel the miseries of a prison, and to perish by a more painful death, embittered by the consciousness that by his own guilt he was undone!

A BEAR ADVENTURE IN CEYLON.

[*MAGA.* JULY 1829.]

"Bewar the Bar."—*Waverley.*

THE following circumstance, which occurred some years ago at Ceylon, may not prove uninteresting, though we confess that we view it with an interest, which others may not feel, as one of the parties (not the bear) was, and is, a very dear friend of our own. Far removed from us, indeed, by some thousand miles, little does our friend think of the liberty we are now taking with him; for though the most forward among soldiers, he is the most modest among men, and we are aware would scarcely consent to be put in print; but as we shall carefully avoid mentioning names, we trust to be pardoned by him. The whole affair has lately been detailed to us by a mutual friend; and as we are at a loss how to improve it, we shall save ourselves all trouble by simply transcribing his letter.

"You have often asked me for the particulars of the adventure of our friend H., in the jungle of Ceylon, with the two bears; and having lately had the circumstances related to me by our friend himself, I shall endeavour to conquer my habitual dislike to writing, while I impart them to you. In doing so I shall adhere, as nearly as possible, to the very words he used in his narration; and, as the whole is interesting, I have no scruple in making him commence with you, as he did with me, from the day before his hairbreadth escape. To those who never were in the country where the scene is laid, it is necessary to explain that the southern coast of Ceylon, from Tangalle stretching eastward to the province of Batticaloa, is a desert, with the single exception of Hambantotte, where a civil servant is stationed, for the superintendence and collection of the salt spontaneously produced along the coast. The character of the country varies, being sometimes deep sand, at others jungle and forest, and frequently large grassy plains. The inhabitants of this tract of country, of nearly two hundred miles, are so few, that it may be said to be abandoned entirely to elephants, buffaloes, wild hogs, and last, not least, abundance of leopards, as well as bears of a most ferocious race. Occasionally, a few runners are stationed in huts, from fifteen to twenty miles apart, for the purpose of transmitting such letters as Government may send by that route; and there is,

moreover, an empty rest-house or two, merely sufficient to shelter the weary traveller from the rays of the sun.

"'I was proceeding,' said our friend, 'in the way of my duty, from Point de Galle to the post of Hambantotte, on the south-east coast of the island, and had sent forward my servants and baggage by land, while I myself embarked in a native boat, called a dhoney, at the small bay of Belligham, half-way between Point de Galle and Matura. I went on board between eleven and twelve o'clock of the day; and as it was the month of July, with the monsoon blowing in my favour with all its vigour, I had no doubt of reaching the place of my destination, though sixty miles off, before daylight of the following morning. With this idea, I had provided no sea-stock beyond a bottle of brandy, accidentally put into my hands, and a change of linen, with dressing utensils. You may judge of my disappointment, when day dawned between five and six o'clock, as it does in that country, to find that we had overshot our port. It was impossible to land amidst the tremendous surf on that coast in the south-west monsoon; and the Tandil, or master of the boat, who, by the way, was bound to Trincomalee, said that all he could do was to land me in a small bight or bay called Pootanie, which was still some hours' sail ahead, and between fifty and sixty miles beyond the breakfast awaiting me at Hambantotte. This was rather

serious to a man with a good appetite, who had tasted nothing from the day before at breakfast, in a part of the country quite uninhabited excepting by a couple of men posted here and there, for the purpose of carrying the tappaul. But I felt strong and vigorous; and the Kandyan campaign had taught me to fast. I thought, too, if I once got ashore, I should be able to find one or other of the tappaul huts I have mentioned, and come in for a share of the currie and rice of its inmates. At a station, moreover, by name Pallitopanie, about half-way between where I was to be put ashore and Hambantotte, there was an English corporal, with a few native soldiers, in charge of a depot of salt. But to proceed. I was landed in a small canoe from the larger vessel. I took with me a black man, who was proceeding to Trincomalee with some trifling articles of merchandise, who said he could show me the hut in the neighbourhood, where I could get one of the runners before mentioned to be my guide, as well as to carry a small leathern case with a change of linen and dressing utensils. We had no sooner stepped on the beach, than the men in the canoe treacherously pushed off for their vessel, and my black friend threw himself at my feet, imploring me to let him go also, and that I should proceed far enough not to be seen, otherwise the men in the canoe would not be prevailed on to return for him; and, separated from his property on board the dhoney,

he should be ruined. I granted his request; and, from a small distance, had the satisfaction of seeing him taken off by the people in the canoe, and of feeling myself alone in a desert, hungry, and without the means of procuring food, and even ignorant of the road, and, of course, with little chance of finding any of the letter-carriers or their huts. It was now drawing towards three o'clock, and with my little valise in one hand, and my brandy-bottle, about half full, in the other, I went in search of the hut. After fruitlessly spending an hour in endeavouring to find it, I deemed it better, as the sun was fast descending, to turn my face towards the west, and to endeavour to reach the next station, Yallé by name, about sixteen miles distant, and where there was a rest-house. The country was a number of open plains of different sizes, divided from each other by extensive low jungles, interspersed with the large forest-trees of the country. It was not without some difficulty that I could find the path; and my striking upon the right one I considered as particularly fortunate. I jogged on at a brisk pace, and all went well till about sunset, when I was aware of a herd of elephants in the jungle on each side of the path I had to pass. I could just see their backs occasionally above the bushes, and hear the small trees cracking and giving way on each side, as they walked through them, as a man would through a field of corn. These animals gave me but little un-

easiness, as I had frequently been a-shooting them; and though I had heard of instances of their attacking men, I had never on any occasion seen them, that they did not run away on raising a shout or firing a shot. When I came near, one of them perceived me, and gave that angry cry, which all who have been accustomed to elephants know so well. I shouted and ran forward, but instead of taking to flight, as I expected, the one who saw me made out of the jungle after me. I had got past the herd, and I fled on my way with all the swiftness of which I was capable. He was overtaking me fast, however, and was not many yards from me, when I turned round, and threw my portmanteau at him. By special good fortune this arrested his progress, and he stopped as if to examine my kit. When I had got forty or fifty yards from him, I stopped also. Perhaps you will scarcely credit me when I say, that even then I was not afraid; but so it was, and I looked upon the affair more in a ludicrous than in any other light. I was determined not to give up my packet so easily, and I again shouted and ran back a few paces towards my friend. Upon doing so, he renewed his attack, and charged me a second time. This time I should have had a poor chance for it, but fortunately a small inequality of ground intervened, when he was close upon me, and I started to one side, stooping down as much as possible, while he passed onwards. I saw him be-

wildered at having lost me, while I skulked away as quickly as I could, and regained my road by a circuitous route. I had not proceeded much farther when the sun set, and in the very short twilight which follows in that climate, I perceived two animals come out of the jungle into the path, about 100 yards before me. In the uncertain light I at first took them for the half-grown calves of wild buffaloes, an animal abounding in that part of the island, and they proceeded with their heads down towards a large tree by the side of the road I had to pass, where they began snuffing about the roots. I was now near enough to see that they were bears of a very large size. To turn aside was impossible, as the jungle was of a kind impenetrable to a man, being full of the very long thorn, called the buffalo thorn, from its toughness. To go back never entered my mind—indeed I had little time for thought, as I was now within thirty paces of them. They lifted up their heads and marked their anger by a short roar, which I returned by charging them till I found myself within three yards of them, without their offering to move away. They made a step towards me, the largest one, evidently the male, about its length before the other. I kept my face towards them, and edged round so as to get on that side of them by which I was to pursue my route. At this moment they made a short bound at me, which I escaped by springing backwards, but still fronting

them, and they missed me a second time in the same way. These were more like the consecutive bounds of a clumsy gallop than anything else, but the third I saw was to be my last. All that I remember is, uttering a sound of horror between a scream and a roar, and as the foremost animal rose at me, I struck him with all the force of my body in the nose and teeth with my brandy-bottle, the only thing in my hands. I need not say that the bottle broke into shivers; and whether it was the blow on the nose—a part, I have since heard, of great tenderness in bears—or that part of the brandy went into his eyes and mouth and astonished him, or both these things together, I know not; but he turned round and moved off, followed by his companion, down the path away from me, and so into the jungle. The female at no time had taken a decided part, keeping rather in the rear, and only backing her mate by encouraging grunts. The whole business, I may say, scarcely occupied a minute's time, during which I did not in the least lose my presence of mind, probably from the shortness of the time. I felt so conscious indeed of my own strength, that had there been but one bear, though I might have suffered much, I was confident I could have dislocated his jaw. But the two together quite discomfited me. I said that I never lost my presence of mind during the rencontre; but I own that I stood as if fixed to the spot while they moved off, and till

they were out of sight. My first impulse was then to run, which I continued to do for about three miles, when I reached the large plain, which I guessed to be that of Yallé. I then fell down quite exhausted, and lay on the ground for above half an hour, when I rose and moved slowly across the large open ground to the other side of it, where I knew the rest-house to be situated. The latter part of the way was through a path in the jungle for about 100 yards; and I confess I was so alarmed, that I could not face the risk of this, and therefore steered my course down towards the sea-coast. At last my way was happily stopped by the river which flows there, and I laid myself down on my face, and satisfied my thirst by drinking, as you may conceive, most inordinately. Quite dark as it was, there was little chance of my being able to find the solitary clay-built rest-house, which I knew to be thereabouts. So I stretched myself on the sand, and slept there till the moon rose soon after midnight, when I resumed my search successfully, and finished my sleep on its earthen floor. In the morning at the first dawn, I endeavoured to find the hut of the letter-carriers, but to no purpose, though I actually viewed one of them for a moment; but he, instead of obeying my loud summons to come to my assistance, fled and concealed himself. This, I am ashamed to say, is but too often the conduct of the natives under similar circumstances, knowing full well before-

hand that they are only required to act as guide, or to carry luggage, for either of which services they are frequently but inadequately rewarded. I again, therefore, started on my way to Pallitopanie, over twelve miles of deep sand, where I arrived with difficulty at three o'clock, almost dead from the scorching rays of the sun, fatigue, and hunger; having ate nothing from the morning of my embarkation till I reached this place, a space of time of about fifty-three hours. Luckily it had rained, and I occasionally found water to drink in the holes made by the feet of the wild elephants and buffaloes. The kind care of the only European at the post, an honest corporal of the 19th Regiment, soon brought me round, by preparing a hot bath for me, and a good currie, not to mention a share of his brandy-bottle, to compensate for the one which the bear had cost me. Next day he escorted me with his musket on his shoulder to Hambantotte, where my labour ended, as I got housed with my friend the Collector, and found my servants and baggage arrived. I must not finish without remarking on the brandy-bottle. It was actually forced upon me in spite of my refusal, by a gentleman who saw me embark on board of the dhoney, and it was nearly broken from want of a cork-screw to open it, in order to relieve the wife of a soldier who was on board going to join her husband, and who, being sea-sick, took a longing for this panacea. It was by the merest accident that

after this I retained it in my hand, when I gave up my portmanteau to the elephant, and it seems almost to have been so arranged by an interposition of Providence.'

"So much for our friend H——. To you, or indeed to any who know his gallant soldier-like bearing and perfect modesty, it is needless to say how thoroughly every word of his narrative may be relied upon. Though he never mentioned the circumstance beyond a few very particular friends, it is now well known to many in this country, particularly to the family of the late most worthy Governor of the colony, who was there when it happened."

Here ends our correspondent, and here ends our anecdote. We hope our readers won't find it tedious, and that such of them to whom it may ever happen to travel through so much jungle alone, will by no means neglect to carry a bottle of cognac, as the most efficient pocket-pistol with which they can be provided. We give this recommendation from brandy being more generally procurable than good Highland whisky, but where the latter is to be had, all good men and true will prefer it as a cordial; and, we venture to affirm, it will prove at least equal to the Frenchman as a weapon of defence.

A RIDE ACROSS THE PELOPONNESE.[1]

BY GEORGE A. MACMILLAN.

[*MAGA*. MAY 1878.]

I.

THE APPROACH TO GREECE.

"Come, let us go to the land where the gods in the old time wandered,
Where every breath even now changeth to ether divine!"
—CLOUGH.

WITH my mind full of such thoughts as Clough has suggested in the above lines, and with Eton days yet fresh in my memory, I went on board the Trinacria, which left Brindisi about 8.30 P.M. on Easter Sunday (April 1, 1877), bound for Corfu and Greece. Till ten we paced the deck, watching the stars come out and the coast of Italy fade from view. Then we turned in, knowing that the land on which our eyes would open in the morning would be Greek. The moon shining in through the cabin window woke

[1] I have thought it best to leave these first impressions as they stand, making no attempt to record the changes in fact and opinion inevitable after twelve years.—G. A. M.

me at 3.30; but though I looked out eagerly to catch a first sight of the wished-for shore, nothing was to be seen as yet but sea and sky. At five I awoke once more, and this time saw two small islands lying to our right—outposts of Hellas! No more sleep for me. Dressing hastily, I rushed on deck, and found we were passing on the left under a rugged range of mountains, snow-capped, and running down sheer into the sea. These I soon found to be the Acroceraunian mountains—rampart of Epirus. The sun was shining brightly behind them, and the gleam made it rather hard to make out the details; but one could see that they were rugged and barren. In front lay Corfu, its peaks quite buried in masses of white cloud. The sea was a rich greenish blue, broken up by a fresh breeze into innumerable white horses. As the sun rose higher, the peaks of the mainland were lighted up, and deep shadows thrown down the hillsides. Soon a low neck of land, with higher ridges in clouds behind, began to appear faintly before us, seeming to bar further progress. This was the north-eastern extremity of Corfu. The north-west end of the island was now quite distinct; and one could see that while the main ridge was bare, the lower slopes were covered with olives. By seven the scene was quite changed. We were in the quiet water—smooth as glass, and a brilliant pale green—between Corfu and the mainland. The sun was quite up, and the clouds had risen from the

heights of Corfu, though still clustered round the inner peaks of Epirus.

At about nine o'clock we came to anchor in front of the picturesque town of Corfu, with its row of white houses built along the shore, and the citadel, crowning a double-peaked height, in the midst.

Crowds of boats came round us, one of which conveyed us ashore amid a great bustle. There, to our delight, we saw actual Greek names and descriptions over the shop-doors, and heard—though as yet without understanding—the same tongue in the mouths of the people. The town, as we passed through to the hotel, was full of men in picturesque, albeit dirty, Albanian costume — rough sheepskin cloaks, white linen kilts or *fustanellæ*, leggings, and for the most part broad-brimmed straw hats—who had come across from the mainland to attend a festival on the day before.

The town bears evident traces of its frequent change of masters. A great gateway surmounted by the Lion of St Mark, and a fortress bearing the same emblem here and there on its massive walls, tell of Venetian occupation; while English influence is visible in many ways—most noticeably, perhaps, in the curiously-mixed jargon of the shopkeepers and loafers in the streets.

We drove out in the afternoon through the groves of oranges and lemons and olives, in which, as in vegetation of all kinds, this favoured spot abounds,

to a place from which we were shown a lovely little islet, set like a jewel in the glittering blue sea, and covered with white houses and dark cypresses. This, we were assured, was the very rock into which the ship of Alcinous was turned by angry Poseidon on its way back from Ithaca, after conveying Odysseus to his native shore! For Corfu, let it be remembered, is said by some to have been the seat of that wealthy Phæacian empire whose praises Homer sung in the olden time.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, on April 3, we took steamer for Zante. Between six and seven the sun began to sink behind Corfu, and colours both gorgeous and delicate were diffused over the whole scene. Above the sun the sky was a rich orange, the coast beneath a deep purple. The hills of Albania, massed behind us, showed a fainter colour, through a kind of haze of light, which yet left the outlines quite distinct. The mainland on our left was rosy pink; the sky above a pale blue; the sea a dark slaty blue, melting, as time went on, into blackness. By ten o'clock the sea had become perfectly calm, and looked like a great lake. The hills of Corfu grew black, the mainland and sea a dull grey, till at length, in the west, the light died away, leaving but a faint gleam to mark where the sun had gone down.

All this was very lovely, and quite fulfilled one's idea of what Greece and the Greek islands should

be; nevertheless it was difficult to suppress the feeling that, after all, we were not yet in true Greece. We were entering by the back-door. If we were overcome by a sense of too exquisite beauty now, what new emotion should we have left us to feel when we crossed the Saronic Gulf, when we stood upon the Acropolis of Athens, when our eyes beheld the Parthenon?

We passed Leucadia and Actium in the night; and when I got on deck next morning about seven o'clock, Kephallonia was close on our left hand, while Zante lay in front. It was pleasant to find, as we neared Zante, that Homer's epithet—"woody"—might still be applied with some truth. Compared with its huger neighbour it might certainly be called so, the lower parts of the island being covered with olives.

In an hour's time we began to see faintly in the east the mountains about Missolonghi, under whose shadow Byron died: by nine o'clock we could make out a dim outline of the Peloponnesian coast, above which towered the snowy range of Erymanthus, dividing Elis from Arcadia; while further south rose the mountains of Messenia.

Soon after nine we turned into the bay of Zante. The town is very picturesquely situated—a cluster of white houses set in a framework of rich vegetation, with a background of high bare peaks. Leaving the steamer to pursue her course up the Gulf of Corinth,

we pulled ashore, where, through the kindness of an American merchant, a sailing-boat was waiting to take us across to Katakolo—as also a fat, good-natured youth named Nicholas, to act as our dragoman in the interior. We were fortunate enough to fall in here with Dr Hirschfeld, the director of the German excavations at Olympia, who, with his party, joined us in our voyage to the mainland.

We set off at about half-past eleven. The sun was now quite high, and the day was glorious. At first, for lack of wind, we had to row along the shore, getting a very pretty view of Zante as we left it behind. The opposite coast, now quite distinct, had the sun full upon it. A haze hung about the lower part, but the bare snow-peaks of Erymanthus glittered against the sky, looking almost too brilliant to be real.

This curious and beautiful effect we had also observed when looking from Corfu at the Albanian coast. It is due, I believe, to radiation, favoured by an extremely clear atmosphere. One can hardly imagine that these are real mountains at all. They look as if freshly painted on the sky for a canvas, or as if hung from above, veritable "castles in the air."

As we reached the S.E. point of Zante a fresh breeze sprang up, before which we ran merrily along, and made good way towards the opposite shore. Nothing could be more delightful than was this gliding over a summer sea: the brilliant sunshine tempered by the wind which at once fanned our

faces, filled our sails, and called forth from the glassy surface of the water that ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα—that countless laughter—of which Greek poets never tired of singing.

How vividly did the words of these same poets come home to us as we gazed at the mountains, and coasts, and islands which lay around our path! Hardly one but had its story to tell. Behind us we were leaving woody Zacynthus, Kephallonia, and beyond this again Ithaca, home and kingdom of Odysseus. Far inland we could see Parnassus, loved dwelling-place of the Muses, a snowy ridge faintly pencilled against the sky. South of this, again, rose hoar Kyllene. Just opposite to us on the left stood our old friend of the morning, Erymanthus; while away down to the south glittered a fourth snow-peak —Lycaon—sacred to Pan, and, as some say, the nursing-place of Zeus himself.

Perhaps nothing in the whole of our journey made one realise so clearly, as did this panorama, the smallness of Greece. Who, for instance, would have supposed that Parnassus was visible from Zacynthus and Ithaca, when the map shows us that it is separated from either place by a distance of at least 100 miles?[1]

About half-past five we rowed into Katakolo Bay, and at last set foot in real Hellas. It was a lovely

[1] A similar surprise awaited us when we found that the Acrocorinthus could be seen from the Athenian Acropolis.

evening: the air soft, pure, and mellow with the radiance of the sinking sun; the sea a pale blue, with a shore of golden sand; green hills in the foreground, and the snowy range behind looking no higher than Ben Lomond, though it is 7000 feet. The whole scene was very peaceful and homelike.

II.

OLYMPIA.

Carriages had been sent to meet us from Pyrgos, about six miles inland, the first stage on our journey to Olympia.

Our road lay at first through a marshy plain, covered with asphodel, bracken, and rough grass. Later on the ground became more cultivated, and we passed fields planted with the currant-vine and with fig-trees, gardens full of orange and lemon trees, and rows of dark cypresses. By the time we reached Pyrgos it was dark. The town, which is of modern growth, consists mainly of one long straggling street, along which we rattled to our inn through crowds of people in all possible costumes, making as much noise as they knew how—an aim in which they were assisted mightily by the dogs, which abound in all parts of Greece. There were a great many soldiers about. A bugle blown about nine o'clock dispersed these, when the town became comparatively quiet.

We had been promised entertainment in the shape of a performance of "Hamlet" in Greek, at the Theatre Royal of Pyrgos. But unfortunately, it being Passion week, old style, we found the theatre closed.

About eight o'clock next morning (April 5) we set off on horseback for Olympia. At first the road lay through a richly-cultivated plain; then ascending a little, we passed through a picturesque break in a low range of hills, into the valley of the Alpheus, and were soon in sight of the famous plain of Olympia. It is a rich alluvial plain, covered with luxuriant vegetation, and watered by the Alpheus, which comes down loaded with soil from the Arcadian mountains, and receives, just below the point where in former times the temples stood and the games were held, the waters of the Cladeus, rushing down from the hills of Elis. Green hills, covered with trees, stand around the plain, broken only by these two river valleys. One low knoll, rising immediately to the northward of the Alpheus, is Mount Kronion. Greek legend tells us that here Kronos had his seat, and that in memory of his overthrow these Olympian games were instituted by Zeus, his son and vanquisher. At the foot of this hill was the Altis, the sacred grove, where stood statues and altars innumerable; while between this and the Alpheus stood the three great temples—of Olympian Zeus, of Hera his wife, and of the Mother of the Gods.

What a sight to see, when all this lovely plain was crowded with men in bright apparel, coming, some in chariots, some on foot, from the sea on the west, from the highlands of Elis on the north and of Arcadia in the east! How must the sun, which now sheds its radiance over the relics of departed glory, have then lighted up with triumphant gleam that wondrous mass of temples and altars and statues, glittering with red and blue and gold, in the days when the mighty temple of Olympian Zeus still stood in all its beauty, fit habitation for the masterpiece of Phidias!

"States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die."

No! We see the plain, no doubt, very much as Pericles, as Alexander, must have seen it. Still is the ground carpeted with gay flowers, with luxuriant shrubs and grasses. Man's work alone has wellnigh perished. Mere fragments of it are but now being unearthed and restored to the light of day. Should we seek the causes that have wrought this change, we should find that man and nature have been working together; that earthquake and river have carried on the work begun by the hand of the barbarian, till the German expedition which entered upon the labours of excavation two years ago, found nothing in this famous spot but an unbroken expanse of waving grass.

On reaching the scene of the diggings, we were

shown first a curious Byzantine basilica, which had lately been dug out, and which is attributed to early Christian times. We then passed on to the temple of Zeus. This has now been fully excavated, so that the plan is quite clear. Nothing remains actually *in situ* save the basement, a few of the bottom drums of the columns, and a piece of the wall of the cella. But as the earthquake which destroyed it must have burst in the middle of the temple, so that the columns, in many cases complete, lie outwards on all the four sides, it is not difficult to reconstruct it in imagination. It must be confessed, however, that for one who saw here his first Greek temple, this temple at Olympia in its present state was profoundly disappointing. Not because there is nothing standing; I was prepared for that. But even Pausanias's careful statement, that the temple was built of "porous stone from the neighbourhood," had not prepared me for the extreme coarseness of the material. One somehow had a notion, cherished even in the face of obvious facts, that no Greek architect would look at anything less attractive than Parian marble; and yet here you see drums and capitals of the roughest possible composite. Three or four of these huge members were entirely made of shells! No doubt stucco and colour concealed these defects in the days of old, but now they are painfully obvious.

If the temple, however, as it now is, did not quite fulfil one's hopes and wishes, the disappointment was

amply compensated for by the glorious fragments of the sculptures in Parian marble adorning its pediments, which have lately been discovered lying round about. Pausanias, who visited Greece in the second century A.D., has left us a very complete, and, as far as one can see, faithful picture of Olympia at that time. He tells us that these sculptures were intrusted to two pupils of Phidias: those of the eastern pediment to Paiônios, to whom also is attributed the very beautiful figure of Victory, found at this end of the temple in 1876; those of the western pediment, to Alkamenês. The figures of Paiônios, a Thracian artist, are very noble in conception and vigorous in treatment; but the work of Alkamenês, which the labours of 1877 brought to light, has more finish and grace. One could hardly imagine anything more perfectly adapted to the height (about 60 feet) at which they were to be seen, than is the style in which these figures are executed. The moulding of the limbs is of first-rate workmanship, the general lines of the figures are exquisitely graceful—the whole effect is one of simple majesty, unimpaired by the necessity of considering minute detail. The subject of the western pediment is a very favourite one with Greek sculptors—the battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ at the marriage-feast of Peirithous. The most noticeable, because the most perfect figures that remain, are (1) a reclining figure of a woman, leaning on her left elbow and gazing in that direction with

an eagerness of attitude rather than of expression, for the face is quite calm. Hardly even among the Elgin marbles is there anything nobler than this. It must have occupied the northern extremity of the pediment, and is supposed to represent a nymph watching the struggle. Next to this is (2) a magnificent fragment—a woman in the grasp of a centaur. The head and half the body of the woman are perfect, and much resemble the nymph in treatment. Both have their hair confined in a close-fitting cap. Of the centaur there only remains the right leg, which powerfully clutches the woman's waist. These, with the rest of the figures from the pediments, the Victory of Paiônios, and some beautiful fragments of metopes, representing the Labours of Hercules, were standing in a wooden shed, whence they will eventually be removed to the museum at Athens. In a smaller shed, among numerous fragments of mouldings, pottery, &c., we saw two grand heads, quite perfect —a female and a male. The latter is supposed to represent Apollo, and to have stood in the centre of the western pediment.

Of all these sculptures the Germans are taking casts and photographs. Those found in 1876 are already to be seen in the 'Ausgrabungen zu Olympia,' published at Berlin, which contains all the figures of Alkamenês. The importance of this find can hardly be exaggerated. Paiônios and Alkamenês were mere names to us. And yet of Alka-

menês, Pausanias says that he was second only to his contemporary Phidias, in the making of statues.

When we had seen the sculptures, we mounted again and rode up to Druva, the little village above, where we were to lodge for the night. There, in the little house which did duty for an inn, a lamb, roasted whole, was set before us. We had here, also, our first experience of resined wine, a liquor which we could only liken to furniture-polish! It was a relief to get a drink of new milk, which was brought to us in a huge wooden bowl, after Homeric fashion.

In the afternoon we again made our way down to the temple, and spent an hour or so wandering about amid its ruins. The day, which had hitherto been bright, had now clouded over, and the air was very oppressive. Somehow this gloomy atmosphere seemed more in keeping with the present desolation of the scene than the bright sunlight of the morning. There was something solemn in the stillness. In the morning workmen had been hurrying to and fro like ants, some with spades and pick-axes, others with wheelbarrows. Now these men, some 200 in number, had been paid off, and dismissed to keep the approaching feast of Easter. We were the only living beings in the place. Sitting there among the mighty fragments, one came to admire their rugged grandeur and to forget the hard thoughts which, at first sight, had come into one's mind, because they were not what they

had never claimed to be. There is something sublime in the simplicity of the Doric architecture, whatever the material in which it works. Then, too, the historic associations of the place began to assert themselves. Here was a piece of mosaic pavement, made of black and white pebbles, on which one could still make out a beautiful design. By how many of the greatest men of old Greece might this not have been trod? There, in the centre of the temple, stands an oblong block of stone, conjectured to be part of the base of Phidias's statue of Zeus in gold and ivory, a statue which the ancients were unanimous in pronouncing to be the greatest that the world had seen. Had it only been made of Parian marble, who knows that the labours of the past two years might not have brought back to the sight of men this masterpiece! But the material chosen for the work was too precious to last. The story goes that the statue was carried to Constantinople by one of the Greek emperors, and there destroyed in a conflagration.

The *stadium*, or race-course, seems to have been to the east of the temple of Zeus, running along at the foot of Mount Kronion. At present, however, this spot is covered with a tangled mass of luxuriant grass and shrubs, which puts accurate examination out of the question.

When we visited Olympia just a year ago, only the temple of Zeus had been dug out. Since that

time the temple of Hera has been found, and in it a beautiful statue of Hermes, which is attributed, on the authority of Pausanias, to Praxiteles. If this be so, it is the only genuine work of that master which has come down to us.

Between the temple of Zeus and Mount Kronion lay the *altis* or sacred grove, which, in old times, literally bristled with altars and statues. Pausanias's description of them—and he expressly tells us that he only notes the most conspicuous—occupies some hundred pages; and at the end of it one feels quite bewildered at the thought of one small spot of earth containing so rich an art-treasure. Though such a collection must have suffered greatly at the hands of time, of nature, and of man, it can hardly be that excavations in this spot should turn out quite fruitless. While from the unlooked-for success of the work hitherto, one is tempted to form high hopes for the future.

III.

BASSÆ.

The next point in our journey was to be the temple of Apollo Epikourios, at Bassæ, near Phigaleia, from whence Mr Cockerell brought the Phigaleian frieze, now in the British Museum. But Bassæ, perched high up in the mountains of southern Arcadia, was

too far away to be reached in a single day. Andritzena was to be our first stage. Thither, accordingly, we set out at eight o'clock next morning, riding along the left bank of the Alpheus over ground very much broken and rich in vegetation of all kinds. Anemones, scarlet, purple, and white, shone about our path; evergreen shrubs, bay-trees, mastic, and laurestinus abounded; and every now and again we passed a pear-tree loaded with white blossom, or a judas-tree clad in gorgeous pink. The scenery reminded me of the Trossachs, though softer in character and on a smaller scale. Up and down among hillocks picturesquely wooded with oak and fir and pine wound the path, now descending deep into some thick glade, fit ambush for the brigands one hears so much of, now climbing some height from which one got a grand view of the river winding through the valley below, and the green heights on the other side.

About eleven o'clock we came to a little village standing on a spur which ran out across our path, and round which the river takes a bend northward. As we went through the place, we passed a house from the balcony of which hung several gay-coloured rugs, shawls, and scarves. We learnt that this was a wedding *trousseau*. The bride herself, a pretty girl with black hair, rosy cheeks, and dark glancing eyes, shortly appeared, to whom we raised our hats and wished her, through our mouthpiece Nicholas, every happiness.

The path now led downwards into a green marshy plain, where vines and corn were growing. Fording first the Ladôn, which here joins the Alpheus, and then the Alpheus itself—no easy matter, for the river was full and the stream strong—we pulled up on a very inviting bank of grass, sheltered by a group of plane-trees.

After a delightful plunge in Alpheus's sacred stream, a rough-and-ready lunch, and a short siesta, we began to climb out of the valley up a very steep rocky path consisting here and there of paving-stones, smoothly laid, and as slippery as ice. It was a wonder that the horses ever found footing upon it at all, especially as in some places it was almost perpendicular! This paved way was, we were told, an old Turkish road. Turks may have their own views as to road-making, but to the ordinary observer it would be difficult to imagine any kind of road more totally unfit for the passage of men, horses, or carriages, through a mountainous country. We were now passing from sacred Elis into Arcadia, "rugged nurse of heroes."

After riding about three hours through the wildest scenery, through thick brushwood, with masses of grey limestone rising here and there—now descending to the bed of a stream, now climbing again to some sweep of moorland, covered with white heather six or seven feet high, and carpeted still with anemones, orchids, and gladioli—we came at last upon a real

Arcadian scene. The path suddenly led us right down into a green valley, where were sheep grazing, tended by shepherds in rough woollen cloaks with crooks in their hands. Through the midst ran a clear stream, spanned by a beautiful old bridge, sloping up and down like the roof of a house, and paved with limestone blocks, varied here and there by a slab of marble. This bridge is supposed to be of classical antiquity and to have been originally built of marble alone. In the long grass by the stream grew a cluster of white narcissus. The whole scene was in smiling contrast to the stern outlines of the mountains around.

In these cold modern days the gods and goddesses of the good old times no longer wander even in the wilds of Arcadia. The nymphs and dryads are no more. The Greek women of to-day do not fulfil that ideal of beauty with which, perhaps too sweepingly, their ancestors have been credited. It would be worse than ingratitude, however, not to mention a fair damsel who passed us on our way down to this valley, bending beneath a load of fagots. Her face, crowned with masses of dark hair, would not have disgraced Aphrodite herself, so perfect was it in form and colour, so bewitching in expression.

Andritzena could now be seen some three or four miles in front, perched up among the mountains. A very stiff climb brought us to the top of the ridge which leads up to the village. Looking back from

this height, we had a glorious view of the whole extent of country through which we had passed—mountain, valley, and river, stretching away to the sea, whose silver-grey level was broken in the far background by the faint outline of Zante. The northern horizon was bounded by Erymanthus and the snow-peaks of Achaia. The whole was bathed in the golden light of the setting sun.

Turning our backs at last upon this scene of beauty we rode rapidly into Andritzena, thoroughly tired after our long day's ride. The village makes a striking picture. The houses, built mostly of grey limestone, with red-tiled roofs, are perched in picturesque disorder on a steep hillside. Beneath lies a deep valley, whose sides are clad with olives, and figs, and corn, and vines. Behind rise the mountain-masses which divide Arcadia from Messenia. The village itself stands 3000 feet above the sea: and the keen purity of the air at this height is most exhilarating. Fortunately so for us, for our quarters in Andritzena were not of the best. The little room in which the four of us were to be boarded and lodged contained nothing but one whole chair, one with a broken back, and a few three-legged stools. And this after ten hours in the saddle!

Perhaps it may not be out of place to insert here a warning to the traveller in the interior of Greece not to expect too much in the way of food and lodging, especially if he falls, as we did, upon a season of

fasting. The more independent he can make himself, by carrying with him both provisions and bedding, the better it will be for his peace of mind and body. I would not recommend a too absolute reliance on the invigorating powers of Greek air; though I may myself gratefully admit that this divine ether stood to me in the stead of food and sleep to an extent in which nothing but personal experience could have made me believe.

Next morning (April 7) we started, in heavy rain, for Bassæ. Our way lay southwards, over the mountains behind Andritzena. The country was remarkable for its wild grandeur. The bare grey hillsides which surrounded us were streaked here and there with rich colour, either of newly-turned earth, or last year's bracken, or oak-trees with clumps of yellow-green misletoe shining amid their dead leaves. The rain, which fell in torrents, did not damp our spirits, but seemed rather to suit the character of the scenery, and to add a delicious freshness to the air. At last the path, which had been winding steadily up, became steeper and rougher as we climbed to the top of the ridge, our horses picking their way with difficulty among the loose boulders.

It had now begun to clear; and the sun shone brightly out as we came suddenly in sight of the temple of Apollo, standing on a rocky platform some fifty feet below.

No more striking site could be imagined. The

ledge on which the temple stands runs out from a grand amphitheatre of rugged mountains, all of the cold grey tone peculiar to a limestone formation. The barrenness of the hillsides is relieved by little or no vegetation. Only here and there stands a single stunted oak, whose gnarled branches and trunk are covered with dark-green moss or golden lichen. The last survivors these may be of some mighty forest, which in the days of old surrounded the temple. Now they look forlorn enough, the only representatives of life in a scene of utter desolation.

The view from the temple, looking southwards, is very magnificent. Immediately below, a precipitous descent leads down into the valley of the Neda, flowing westward into the Ionian Sea. Beyond this depression rise, on the right, the mountains of Messenia,—the cone of Mount Ithome, last stronghold of Messenian liberty, conspicuous among them. To the left are seen the grander mountains of Laconia, the jagged snow-peak of Taygetus towering above them all—Taygetus, at whose foot stood Sparta. In the far background a faint glimmer marks the sea in both the Messenian and Laconian gulfs.

Let us now turn to the temple itself,—one of the most perfect specimens of Doric architecture now existing. It was built, as Pausanias tells us, in the year 438 B.C., by the inhabitants of Phigaleia, and dedicated to Apollo Epikourios—the Helper—who had, at their prayer, stayed the course of a plague

which was wasting their city. The architect chosen for the work was none other than Iktinus, fresh from the execution of the greatest temple the world has seen — the Parthenon at Athens. Surely no architect ever had a more impressive site to work upon than this which I have attempted to describe. We might wonder how people should ever dream of putting a temple in such an inaccessible spot, were not history at our side to remind us that all early races—and the Greeks were no exception—delighted to worship their gods in "high places." So, then, Iktinus set to work, using the material that was ready to his hand—the grey limestone from the hills around—and his work has lasted, in some sense, to this day; for only two columns are wanting out of the thirty-six which composed its outer circumference. The roof, which was made of marble tiles, is gone; and one only of the row of Ionic columns which stood around the inner shrine is still in its place. The frieze, which ran round the top of the cella, is in the British Museum. But even as it now stands, the temple possesses that beauty which is "the fitness of things." The perfect harmony of its proportions—for which, and for the beauty of the stone, it was honoured, says Pausanias, above all Peloponnesian temples save that of Tegea—still fascinates the eye. The columns are scored in a remarkable way with horizontal wrinkles, which at once, by concealing the breaks between the drums, make them appear mono-

lithic, and also produce the effect of old age, as if, in the lapse of centuries, they had bent beneath the weight they have had to support. Another remarkable feature is the pink lichen, which grows so profusely over the building as here and there to give to it a distinct roseate tone. Lastly, from the fact of the temple being of the same grey hue as the hills around, one almost loses the sense of its artificiality, and comes to regard it rather as a natural growth, a strange and beautiful product of some geological disturbance.

To archæologists this temple presents three points of special interest. Firstly, it is placed north and south, instead of east and west. Secondly, there are traces of a doorway into the pronaos on the eastern side; and that, too, not in the middle, but nearer the southern end. This most unusual opening would seem to be accounted for by the desire, which the Greeks shared with other nations, that the first rays of the morning sun should find their way into the temple, and, if possible, fall upon the statue of the god. The third thing to be noticed is, that when Mr Cockerell visited this temple sixty years ago, he found a Corinthian capital lying among the *débris* inside. If this really formed a part of the original building, it is probably the earliest extant specimen of this style of architecture, which did not come into common use till late in the fourth century B.C.

Returning to Andritzena about four o'clock in the

afternoon, we found it was too late to get on to Megalopolis, the next point in our journey; so we were forced to pass another night in our old quarters.

We amused ourselves till dusk by wandering through the village. There was only one street worthy of the name, and this was narrow, steep, and winding. Over the shops were wooden pent-houses, protruding so far on each side as almost to cover the whole breadth of the street. The shops in question were merely a succession of general "stores," each containing the same endless variety of wares, from tallow candles to silk handkerchiefs — from knives and olives to cigarettes and clothing of all kinds. The man of fewest trades was the barber, who employed the moments he could spare from his trade and gossip in making boots.

We noticed that the people were all buying yellow tapers, and on inquiry, learnt that these were for the early Easter service next day (Easter Sunday, old style). To this we went out soon after two o'clock in the morning, picking our way along the rough streets by the feeble light of a lantern to the little church whose monotonous bell was summoning worshippers from all the houses round. I am afraid I cannot venture to describe the service. I remember only that the glare of tapers as we came in from the darkness almost blinded me for a time; and that before long the combined smell of these tapers and of incense, together with the monotonous drone of

the priests, was too much for us, and we had to come away. We had here our first and only sight of the women of Andritzena, some of whom were congregated in a closed cage, something like the ladies' gallery in our House of Commons.

IV.

MEGALOPOLIS, TRIPOLITZA, AND TEGEA.

About eight o'clock we started for Megalopolis. The morning was lovely, and the mountains around looked very grand, half veiled in masses of white cloud. After riding for some miles along a steep ridge, we descended through a wood gay with anemones and cyclamen, and came at mid-day to a stream at the mouth of a deeply-wooded glen. Here, under some mighty plane-trees, we bathed and lunched, and then climbed the heights once more. We soon came in sight, on the left hand, of Karytena, remarkable for its position on a lofty crag which, standing out from the opposite hills, commands the great plain of Megalopolis. The highest peak is crowned by the ruins of a Turkish fortress, with a picturesque square tower. Though I believe no mention is made of this spot by classical writers, it is hardly possible that so important a position was not at some time fortified by the old Greeks, who knew so well how to make the most of such natural

advantages. Epaminondas, when, after the battle of Leuctra in B.C. 371, he built Megalopolis at the lower end of the plain to act as a barrier against Sparta, can hardly have failed at the same time to see and occupy this obvious bulwark against inroad from the west.

Leaving Karytena behind us, we now descended into the plain, which extends for some thirty miles towards the S.E., and is covered with luxuriant vegetation. Great fields of vines and corn lay about our path, and here and there were clumps of olives, or figs, or mulberries. Where the ground was not cultivated grew long grasses and glorious wild flowers. We did not see many people working in the fields, doubtless because they were keeping the Easter festival in the villages round about. Of these we counted some seven or eight scattered over the plain, and on the lower slopes of the hills. Very picturesque they looked with their red roofs and white walls, and gardens of silver-grey olives. This rich plain is watered by the Helissôn, which, like the more famous Mæander in Asia Minor, owes its name to the extreme sinuosity of its course.

The peculiar temperament of Greek horse-drivers may be illustrated by an incident of our ride across this plain. The owner of our horses, who accompanied us on foot, objected, like the rest of his kind, to any pace more violent than the walk which is in many places rendered necessary by the nature of the

ground, but which becomes absurd when the path is level. This objection he based not on his own inability to keep up with us, but on the theory that rapid travelling was bad for his horses, whose natural pace was a walk! We, however, weary of this slow progress, persisted in urging our steeds to a trot or gallop when occasion offered. We had many disputes on the subject in the course of the day; but at last, when we were fairly on level ground, we would stand his tyranny no longer, but pushed on our horses to a gallop. The man, who was hot-tempered and obstinate, losing all control over himself, rushed after us, seized the bridle of one of the foremost horses, and drew his knife upon the rider. Luckily he had selected the only one of us who carried a revolver. The arrested rider, with great presence of mind, drew this weapon from his pocket, and pointed it at his assailant's breast. So for a few seconds they stood at a dead-lock. Then the Greek, with a sulky air, jerked the knife back into his girdle, and bared his breast in the most magnificently tragic way, courting destruction. To his disappointment, however, the revolver was quietly put back, and we all galloped past our tormentor, whom we saw no more till we were safe in Megalopolis.

Megalopolis—the great city—has now little claim to its high-sounding title. It is a mere village, hardly larger than its neighbours. The streets are very wide, the houses picturesque, the whole effect of the place

one of trimness. In the centre is a large square, like an English village-green, at one corner of which rises a tall cypress, soaring heavenwards like some dark campanile.

We were armed with a letter from a friendly doctor at Andritzena, to the *demarchus* or mayor of the village. For this dignitary we at once made inquiry of the crowd, who quickly surrounded us when we rode on to the "green" at about six o'clock. After some consultation, a fine young fellow, magnificently clad in native costume, strode up to us with a kingly air, beckoned us to follow him, and led the way to his father's house, where, in the absence of the *demarchus*, we were to be lodged. We were shown into a large reception-room, richly furnished, with fine rugs thrown about upon couches and on the floor. This room was placed at our disposal; and, after our late quarters at Andritzena, it seemed a very palace. Leaving here our baggage, we went out with our young host and various dignitaries to see all that was to be seen. A dance, which they asserted to be Pyrrhic, first attracted us to a corner of the green, where two concentric circles, women inside and men outside, were going round hand-in-hand, with a kind of swinging step, to the sound of two melancholy pipes and a drum. The women were not very striking in personal appearance, and their costume was decidedly uncomely. They wore ill-fitting silk dresses, of the shapeless cut which was

fashionable among ourselves some twenty years back, and of gaudy colours. On their heads was still the red fez with long black or gold tassel, which, picturesque in itself, was utterly incongruous with the rest of the dress. It seems a great pity that a really picturesque dress should thus be driven out by the desire of imitating Western fashions. But civilisation has a natural tendency to destroy national distinctions; and in this case the people themselves do not understand our feeling. A Greek lady, whom we met afterwards in Ægina, heard with scorn our complaint that the national costume was dying out. Perhaps this too is natural, though none the less a matter of regret.

The men at Megalopolis showed far better than the women both in looks and dress, the greater part wearing the *fustanella*, or kilt of white linen, gay leggings, handsome braided jackets, and on their heads a red fez. Here, as elsewhere in Greece, we were struck with the fine bearing of the men, which is partly to be explained by the use of stays and the natural restraint of the *fustanella* fastened tightly round the waist.

Soon growing tired of the monotony of the dance, we went out to see the remains of the old town, which was built on the banks of the river, whereas the present village is a mile or so from it. The most conspicuous object is the theatre, which Pausanias describes as one of the largest in Greece. It was

cut out of the side of an earthen mound, the seats and extremities being of stone. The seats are gone now; but the shell of the building, overgrown as it is with vegetation, is still clearly visible, and the stone facings remain. Between the theatre and the river the site of the various public buildings is marked only by a piece of masonry cropping up here and there through the young corn. In one place we made out the plan of a temple from fragments of the wall of the cella and a few broken columns lying about. The ground was profusely strewn with old pottery. It is quite possible that excavation might lead to some result here, for the soft alluvial soil may well have accumulated so as to leave the old level of the city far below the surface. A green mound on the other side of the river was pointed out to us as the tomb of Philopœmen, the greatest man that Megalopolis ever produced. That he was buried in great triumph in his native city, we know from Plutarch, who adds: "One of the Romans, to praise him, calls him the last of the Greeks; as if after him Greece had produced no great man, nor who deserved the name of Greek."

Megalopolis, which was founded as the capital of an Arcadian league, designed to counteract the influence of Sparta in the Peloponnese, never attained the importance anticipated for it by Epaminondas. The scale on which it was built was so much too large for its population, that a comic poet said of it, "the

great city is a great desert." It probably never had such influence as during Philopœmen's long generalship of the Achæan League, when it was more powerful than even Sparta.

We returned to the modern village amid the glow of a glorious sunset, which tinged plain and mountain and sky with every gradation of colour, from rosy pink to deepest purple.

At supper we were waited on by our host—a fine old man—and his two handsome sons, all dressed in the national costume. We had some talk with the father about the condition and prospects of Greece, of which he spoke very hopefully. He was the son of Kolokotrones, one of the heroes of the war of independence.

Next day (April 9) we started for Tripolitza (or Tripoli). The road, after winding up out of the plain in a north-easterly direction, led for some distance through a dull and barren table-land, gradually relieved, however, by patches of green corn, and then lighted up in a wonderful way by the sun, from whose beams the bare limestone hills caught a rosy glow. Looking back we could see the snowy peaks of Taygetus peeping out from behind the intervening ranges. The air was marvellously clear, and every outline of the landscape, even to the farthest horizon, sharp as if fresh from the chisel.

We were now, for the first time since Olympia, on a really good road, and our pace was proportionately

increased. After a short halt at about three o'clock, we crossed a very rocky ridge, and then came down into the plain, at the further end of which stands Tripoli, and where of old stood Mantinea and Tegea.

The sun was sinking as we drew near to the town; and we pulled up at the foot of a low ridge, which as yet hid it from view, to wait for one of our party who, with the baggage-horses and Nicholas, had attempted a short cut into the plain, with the not uncommon result of being left far behind by those who had kept to the road. After waiting for some time in vain, and failing, in the absence of an interpreter, to learn the cause of the delay from the drivers who had overtaken us, we determined to push on to Tripoli, and get a search-party sent out. For something, we thought, must have gone wrong. Either a band of brigands had been lurking in the crags, or our friend had perhaps met with a fall, and was so lying helpless. Five minutes' gallop brought us into the main street of the town, quite full of men walking about in handsome dresses, and little boys shouting. Fair faces smiled upon us from windows and balconies as we passed. A sunset glow touched the red roofs of the houses, set in a background of purple mountains. But our minds were far too uneasy to appreciate the picturesque. As we rode slowly along, little boys came round us, eager to point out τὸ Ξενοδοχεῖον—the hotel. Gradually men joined the throng; and at last we stopped in the

midst of a large crowd, upon whom we gazed, hardly able to repress a smile at the absurd helplessness of our position. After many vain inquiries, we found a man who spoke some little French. To him we told our tale, and through him we learnt from the drivers that the missing party was close behind us. Going back to test the truth of this statement, we met the cavalcade in question just entering the town. What was our surprise to find that the delay which we, in our anxiety, had attributed to an onslaught of brigands or a broken limb, was due to nothing more serious than the loss of a greatcoat and rug! These had fallen from one of the horses as they clambered down the crags; and it was believed they had been picked up by a party of peasants who had been passing at the time. At any rate, an hour's search had failed to recover them. The incident gave us some insight into the ways of Greek provincial justice. Having given information to the police, we were waited upon in our inn by an official who demanded our full names, addresses, and occupations in life, and an accurate description of the missing articles and the circumstances of their loss. One of the drivers further deposed to the names and dwelling-places of the suspected peasants. So much for the method of justice, which seemed intelligent enough. The more the pity that it should have failed in its end. But neither greatcoat nor rug was heard of more.

We had brought an introduction to the doctor of the town, who came to see us. By his advice we put ourselves, during our short stay, into the hands of the *astynómos* or head policeman, by whom, or by one of his subordinates, we were attended in all our walks about Tripoli. This was to guard us—and, as we found, not without reason—against the natural desire of the natives to make the most of the few strangers that fall into their hands.

Early next morning we rode out to see Tegea, which lies about eight miles S.W. of Tripoli. The visible remains of this ancient and at one time powerful city are very scanty. In front of the little church of the modern village lie a few broken columns, conjectured to belong to the temple of Athene Alea, which was built by Scopas about B.C. 390, and is described by Pausanias as the largest and most magnificent temple in the Peloponnesus. We were shown, also, a few fragments of inscriptions and bas-reliefs built into the walls of the houses; and in a small room, which did duty for a museum, were collected some more precious relics. Among these were two bas-reliefs of really fine work, though much mutilated. One represented a banqueting scene, in which men and women were arranged in alternate pairs, the men reclining, while the women sat upright. We had some difficulty in seeing these properly, and still more in deciphering a long inscription setting forth the terms of a treaty with some neigh-

bouring State, because the Tegeans of to-day would persist in blocking up the doorway behind us; while faces of every age and description peered in at the one little window which gave light to the room. One of these faces, however, was worth looking at,—a beautifully clear-cut profile, the nose slightly aquiline, full dark eyes, an olive complexion, overshadowed by a rich waving mass of dark-brown hair. No cameo was ever finer than this face of flesh and blood. Thinking that here at last was the fair Greek maiden we had pictured in our dreams, we looked eagerly round, as we came out of the cottage, to find the owner of the face among the crowd. Greatly to our surprise we traced it to an awkward half-grown lad, of some fourteen or fifteen years, who slunk about among his companions as if half ashamed of his beauty. It was a disappointment; for the character of the face was undoubtedly feminine—and one felt that in a boy its perfect beauty was marred by the lack of strength and firmness. Nevertheless it was a face not easily to be forgotten.

The history of Tegea was long and eventful, reaching from heroic times to the days of Alaric, by whom, towards the end of the fourth century A.D., it was utterly destroyed. Its people were brave and warlike. It was long before they yielded to the supremacy of Sparta; and the support they accorded to that State during the Peloponnesian war was rather that of an ally than a subject. In the Persian wars,

Tegea, almost alone of the Peloponnesian States, bore a noble part in the struggle for the liberty of Greece, sending 500 men to Thermopylæ and 3000 to Platæa.

Here again, as at Megalopolis and at Olympia, there has been an accumulation of alluvial soil, beneath which, very probably, lie buried many remains of the city, which Pausanias visited and described in the second century of our era.

We got back to Tripoli by nine o'clock, and as we could not get a carriage to take us on to Argos till three, we employed our time in inspecting the town. Though the shops were shut for Easter, the people were glad enough to open some of them for our benefit; and we went into a silk manufactory, where we saw some beautiful work. The whole place has a thriving air. The people look comfortable and happy. New houses are springing up in the outskirts of the town; and in the fine square in the centre, a cathedral of some pretensions is being built.

The services of our guardian were really needed when the time came to settle with our host. The bill was so enormous—120 francs for one night's lodging—two small rooms for the four of us, and just three meals—that we could not pay it without appeal. We handed it, therefore, to the *astynómos*, who sat down, pen in hand, and proceeded to go through the items one by one, reducing each by about one-third, till the whole stood at the rather more reasonable figure of 80 francs. Our host,

meanwhile (for whose splendid dress of red and gold we could not help thinking that an extra charge must have been made), looked on with folded arms, and a most contemptuous expression on his face. Poor innocent Nicholas, who had seen very little of life outside his native and well-beloved Zante, was quite astounded at the impudence of his fellow-countryman. One item of this bill he never quite got over —25 francs for four oranges and some salad! He was always vowing he would write on the subject to the Greek papers—as we, too, were quite resolved, for the benefit of future travellers, to write to the 'Times.' I know not whether he kept his word. Our wrath subsided without ever seeking utterance in the columns of the great redresser of grievances.

As we got at last into our carriage we were surrounded by a busy murmuring crowd, whose sympathies, so far as they had any, went rather with their townsman than with the strangers; and as we drove away, ourselves somewhat ruffled in temper, we left, I fear, no friend behind us in Tripoli but the faithful *astynómos*, who had stuck to us in our difficulties with a firmness and good temper worthy of all praise. I only hope that he was not torn in pieces afterwards by the disappointed innkeeper. This is not likely, however. The Greeks seem to take things very much as they come. If they can get round a stranger, they think it no great harm to trade on their superior sharpness. If they are

outwitted or thwarted in any way, they bear the disappointment with an easy half-amused indifference. This same easiness of temper is the cause of another characteristic which the inland Greeks at least share with most oriental nations. They have no idea of the value of time. You order your horses at six in the morning, and the drivers turn up at seven or half-past, and are quite offended if you venture to suggest that they are behind time; their theory being, apparently, that nothing is of very much consequence, and therefore that "any time will do" for most things.

V.

ARGOS AND MYCENÆ.

A long down-hill drive, along a good road, through wild barren country, with rugged mountains frowning upon us till it was too dark to see them, brought us to Argos, at about half-past twelve.

Our host, the doctor and ex-mayor of the town, took us in the morning to see all the sights of the place. Modern Argos is a very picturesque little town, built mostly round a large square, which boasts a cathedral and public offices of some pretensions, not to mention a carriage-stand. The shops are sheltered as in Andritzena, with wooden penthouses. In the town itself, and in the suburbs,

are a good many gay villas, set in gardens full of oranges and lemons and mulberries, from which delicious whiffs of fragrance greet the passer-by. Hanging above the town, at the height of some 500 feet, rises the rock of the citadel—the old Larissa—crowned now with the ruins of a Turkish fortress. Fragments of the old Greek walls are said to be visible about the foundation of the building. Other ruins, including a very fine piece of polygonal masonry, which probably formed part of the wall of the lower city, are to be seen at the foot of the ridge. Near this spot, and cut out of the living rock, is the theatre, one of the finest in all Greece. Though much overgrown with grass and flowers, the rows of seats are still quite distinct. From the top one gets a glorious view of the rich Argolic plain, bounded on the east by the blue waters of the Gulf, at whose head stands Nauplia, its grand rocky citadel looking down with paternal dignity upon the busy port beneath. Inland, on every side, the plain is set about with mountains. On the west, the ridge of Parthenium, between which and Artemisium our road had lain on the previous night; to the south, the ridge on which we were standing, sweeping away to our right to join the mountain-masses of Laconia; on the north, range rose above range, till the farthest was hid in the clouds. At the foot of the foremost range of northern mountains a low height was

pointed out to us as Mycenæ, and a small knoll nearer to the sea as Tiryns.

Considering the very prominent part played by Argos in Greek history, from the days when King Diomede joined his neighbour Agamemnon in his expedition against Troy, up to the latest period of Greek freedom, it is disappointing to find so few remains of pristine greatness. Save the theatre, which stands proof against the ravages of time, and the scanty ruins of the walls to which we have referred, nothing remains to tell that Argos was once a great city. Time seems, in some sort, to have punished Argos for her cruel treatment of her rival Mycenæ. Mycenæ was destroyed in 468 B.C., and, so far as we know, has never been inhabited since. Argos, on the other hand, has lasted till this day, but it has outlived its greatness. The town is so modern, so busy and full of life, that even what few relics of the past remain are almost forgotten in the stir of the present. At Mycenæ no disturbing element comes in to break the contemplation of its mighty past. The massive walls, the curiously-wrought vaults, the newly-found treasure, are silent witnesses to days of power, of skill, and of wealth which must have been, to whatever period we may assign them. Of the after-time nothing reminds us. The desolation of centuries has preserved to us, dim but unbroken, the image of Mycenæ as it was two thousand years ago.

Before starting for Mycenæ, we had a most interesting and amusing interview with the uncle and mother of our host, the former of whom had fought in the war of independence. He was a fine grizzled old man, clad in Greek dress, and somewhat bowed with age. He was quite delighted to be reminded of the good old times, and at once began to "fight his battles o'er again" for our benefit, illustrating his narrative most graphically with the stick which supported his tottering footsteps. The torrent of eloquence and invective which poured forth as he hobbled up and down the room in his excitement, nearly convulsed us with laughter. Though we could not understand him thoroughly, we managed to catch a word here and there, and Nicholas imparted to us the gist of his meaning. The chief exploit he had taken part in was an attack on some Turkish gunboats at Nauplia, which had been attended with complete success. Turning to present politics, we asked him if he would be willing to fight again should occasion require it. I need hardly say that he expressed perfect readiness, and did not seem to mind whether it were against Turks or Russians. His sister, one of the most wonderful and energetic old women I ever saw, seemed equally desirous to join in the struggle, and to bury her nails in the face of any foe that might come!

Bidding farewell at last to this heroic couple, we set off to Mycenæ. A drive of about an hour, through

fields of waving corn alternated with great stretches of newly-ploughed land, brought us to the foot of the ridge on which the city of Agamemnon was built.

Leaving the carriage in the village below, we took the path upward. Having gained the first height, we came at once, on the left, upon the famous Treasury or Tomb of Atreus. Its wonderful hive-like structure is too well known to need more than a passing mention here. The immense size of the stones with which it is cased inside, and the extreme nicety of their cutting and fitting, testify to an age whose mechanical appliances must have been of great efficiency. The rude ornamentation over the doorway shows, however, that art was in its infancy when the mason's craft had reached a high point of excellence.

Climbing a little higher we came upon a second tomb of similar though less perfect structure. It has fallen in from about half-way up, and the interior is blocked with a great pile of masonry, which was cleared aside to some extent by Dr Schliemann. Nothing of any importance, however, was found here.

A steep footpath led us up from this point to the famous Gateway of the Lions. The wall on the left-hand side of the gateway, both inside and outside, is of very fine rectangular masonry. The gateway itself is on a larger scale than I had anticipated. The entrance must be some twelve feet high, and the lions carved on the huge stone which forms the lintel are about five feet in height.

Passing through the gateway, we came, on the right hand, upon the scene of Dr Schliemann's labours. The plot of ground excavated is about forty yards long by twenty wide, surrounded on the three sides which overlook the plain by the outer wall of the citadel, while the fourth is bounded by the road, beyond which rises the huge inner wall. The space in which the principal tombs were found is shut in by a double circle of upright slabs of stone. Their contents, into the discussion of which I do not propose to enter here, have long ago been transferred to Athens, so we saw nothing but the fragments of pottery with which the ground was thickly strewn.

A climb of about 150 feet brought us from this point to the top of the hill on which Mycenæ was built. Its position is striking, whether from a military or picturesque point of view. It is on a spur running out from a steep range of barren hills lying about N.W. and S.E. There is a break in the range just behind the city, and it is to the northernmost of the two ridges thus formed that the Mycenæan spur belongs. Looking S.W. from the citadel the whole plain of Argos lies spread before you. Indeed the view from this point was even finer than that which we had enjoyed in the morning from the theatre of Argos. The sun, trying hard to force its way through the heavy masses of cloud which hung above the opposite range of Parthenium, shot gleams, alternated with belts of dark shadow, across the plain at our

feet. On our right, a green slope led away to the pass through which lies the road to Nemea and Corinth. Beyond this in the far background Kyllene lifted its snow-crowned head. On our left a bare limestone ridge, glittering in the radiant air, led the eye to where the sea sparkled, a pale blue overhung with a soft haze. Beyond this again the mountain-masses which divide Argolis from Laconia swept round till they joined Parthenium, in unbroken line save where the citadel of Argos stood boldly out into the plain.

On the hill of Mycenæ can still be traced three lines of wall. In the lower one, on the north side, is a remarkable postern-gate, made of three huge blocks of stone—two serving for posts, while the third lies across them. The masonry is all on a large scale, partly polygonal, and partly of square-cut blocks.

As we drove back across the plain to Argos a rich evening glow came over the whole scene, gradually fading into dusk as we re-entered the town. We did not stay longer than to pick up our baggage and say farewell to our kind host, for Nauplia was to be our resting-place that night.

VI.

TIRYNS AND NAUPLIA.

We left Argos at half-past six, and about seven we passed Tiryns, which lies only fifty yards from the

road. Dark though it was, we could not miss seeing this famous fortress, which dates from the very earliest days of Greece. "Wally Tiryns," Homer calls it; and "wally" indeed it is. It is a low mound, some 250 yards long by 50 broad, and not 100 feet in height, surrounded by walls, whose makers might well have passed for more than mortal among the men of old. Huge uncut blocks, such as only a waggon with a strong yoke of oxen could lift, are piled one upon the other in a sort of rude order. Though no tool has been used, and no mortar binds the blocks together, the surface presented to outside view is yet wonderfully regular and unbroken. This wall, which is from 12 to 15 feet in height, and 25 feet thick, runs right round the mound with hardly a break. Clambering up in one place where several blocks had fallen, we gained the interior of the fortress, which is mostly overgrown with nettles and other rough herbage. On the north side access to the centre is given by a curious subterraneous passage, its roof arched with slabs leaning over against each other, and pierced here and there with loop-holes. There are other galleries of a like nature, though we saw only this one. The weird grandeur of this giant's fortress, whose characteristic features lost nothing by the dim light in which we saw them, filled one with irrepressible awe. We puny mortals of to-day could but vaguely wonder how, at a time when, as far as we know, the crane and the pulley were unheard of,

these great blocks had been brought hither, and poised one upon the other with such perfect nicety that the wall which they compose has lasted now probably for nearly three thousand years, and seems likely to last as long as the world itself.

The name of Tiryns is linked with that of Perseus, and of Hercules, who is often called the "hero of Tiryns," and who slew the Hydra in the Lernæan marshes hard by. Men of Tiryns took part long afterwards in the battle of Platæa; and it was then destroyed, like its neighbour Mycenæ, and probably about the same time, by jealous Argos.

Returning to the carriage, we drove rapidly on to Nauplia, passing, as we neared the town, through a grand avenue of white poplars, the tree sacred to Hercules, and by gardens sweet with the perfume of orange-blossom. It was about eight o'clock when we entered the big gate of the town, and rattled along under the shadow of the citadel rock into the square around which the hotels are built.

Nauplia was, with the single exception of Athens, the most modern-looking town we saw in Greece. The streets are wide, the houses high and roomy, and the whole place gives one the idea of a town which has seen better days. This indeed is the case. It has, from its position, always been a flourishing seaport, and after the Greeks had won their independence from Turkish rule, it was, under its then name of Napoli di Roumania (relic of Venetian occupation),

made the capital of the new kingdom, and had a population of some 12,000. But since the removal of the Government to Athens, it has sunk in importance, though still one of the most active ports on the east coast of the Peloponnese.

Pausanias tells us that Nauplia was first inhabited by a colony of Egyptians brought by Danaus to Argos; and from its position it seems likely that this would be one of the first spots to attract immigrants from the east. In Greek history, it appears chiefly as the seaport of Argos. In the middle ages it was held and fought for in succession by Franks, Venetians, and Turks. The ancient tradition which attributed its name to Nauplius, son of Poseidon, and father of Palamedes, has left its trace in the name Mount Palamidhi, still borne by the grand rock of the citadel.

The next day (April 12) being the anniversary of the Epanastasis, or national "uprising" against Turkish tyranny, we were aroused as early as five o'clock by the sound of bugles, summoning the soldiers, and, I suppose, the people generally, to take part in a triumphal march round the town. The musical accompaniment to this demonstration broke in upon our dreams, and lasted so long that further sleep was out of the question. The blare of trumpets was followed by cries of γάλα, γάλα ("milk," "milk"): when we got out into the square below we found that these proceeded from various boys and girls who

walked up and down with leathern bags of milk under their left arm. At a signal, one of these, a rosy-cheeked maiden—who alone, we noticed, was correct enough to use the definite article in her cry (τὸ γάλα)—came running up to us, and tilting up her bag poured out a glass of delicious fresh milk, holding herself overpaid with a couple of *lepta* (=1d.)

We had intended to start for Epidaurus at six o'clock, but our horses did not appear till after seven, and it was not till half-past that we at last rode out of Nauplia.

Passing again through the Venetian gateway, by which we had come in the night before, we turned sharp to the right and began to ascend the mountain pass behind the town. The road was very stony, and the country, when once we had got out of the plain, exceedingly wild and barren. The dry chalky soil seemed to produce nothing but rough grass and a few stinted shrubs. When, however, we had reached the summit of the pass and began to descend on the other side, we seemed to have come into a totally different zone of vegetation. The rich brown earth produced in luxuriant abundance laurestinus, oleanders, figs, vines, and olives. Here and there stretched fields of waving barley, while about our feet the ground was gay with flowers. The most conspicuous was a splendid red poppy with a black cross in the centre, which seems on the east side of Greece to take the place of the scarlet anemone which

abounds on the west coast. The cistus, a low shrub with a white flower rather like a dog-rose, was also very plentiful, and a small kind of holly with coloured leaves.

About two o'clock we came suddenly in sight of the sea, with Ægina in the distance, and the low hills of Attica beyond. The scene was lovely beyond description. We were riding through a thick olive-wood, whose silver-grey foliage made a fine contrast with the bright blue of sea and sky. The sun shone brilliantly, and masses of white cloud cast their shadows down the steep hillsides. The air was full of the breath of spring, and of the joyous song of birds. An hour's ride through this very paradise brought us down to the little harbour of Epidaurus, where we soon found a sailing-boat to carry us across to the Piræus.

And so our ride across the Peloponnese was over. A week, not free from discomfort—a traveller must make up his mind to that—but also full of intense delight, had shown us some of the beauties of Greek landscape, had revealed to us some of the glories of Greek art, had brought us face to face with places long familiar to our minds in Greek legend and history. The greatest was yet to come. Not many miles across the blue waters at our feet we can see the hills of Attica, locked in whose embrace lies Athens.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM HERAT TO ORENBURG, ON THE CASPIAN, IN 1840.

BY CAPTAIN SIR RICHMOND SHAKESPEAR.

[*MAGA.* JUNE 1842.]

[THIS is a narrative consisting of the journal taken by the author upon his route in 1840. Being a subaltern in the army of the Indus after the taking of Ghuznee, he was employed upon an important diplomatic mission, the object of which was to obtain the withdrawal of the Russian army, which was at that period advancing upon, and within three days' march of, the city of Khiva. Sir R. Shakespear, having marched from Herat to Khiva, was successful in the arrangement of a treaty between the Khan of Khiva and the Russian General, the prominent conditions of which were, on the part of the latter, that he should withdraw the Russian army within the limits of the Russian empire; on the part of the former, that the Khivans should restore to the Russians all the Russian prisoners who had been taken and held

in slavery by the Muscovan subjects of the Khan of Khiva. The detention of these prisoners had always formed the pretext of Russia for its advance against the Khan's dominions; and in order to destroy this effectually for the future, Sir R. S. guaranteed to the Russians the restoration of *all* the prisoners within the Khan's dominions, and for this purpose personally undertook to collect and march them in safety into Russia. He accordingly liberated and took charge of these prisoners, upwards of 500, and with the whole number crossed from Khiva to the Caspian. He left the prisoners at Orenburg, passed through Russia, being everywhere received with enthusiasm by the countrymen of the prisoners, and on his arrival at St Petersburg obtained a ratification of the treaty from the Emperor, and had the honour of receiving his thanks publicly.

On his arrival in England he received promotion and rank for his services, and was appointed Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief of the Bengal army. In the second Afghan war his bravery and dash contributed greatly to the safe release of the English prisoners in the hands of Akbar Khan. Under Lord Canning's government he was appointed to the Chief Commissionership of Mysore, but died before entering on his duties, in October 1861.]

ON the 11th of May 1840, a packet arrived at Herat, from Sir W. H. Macnaghten, with important instructions for Captain Abbott. As this

officer was absent from Khiva, Major Todd considered it advisable to depute me to carry out the wishes of Government, and on the evening of the 13th I made my farewell call on the Vizier, Yar Mahomed Khan, who insisted on accompanying me to my halting-place, a village about two miles from the city. This is certainly a delightful part of the world to one fond of excitement. A fortnight ago I was thinking of putting coloured glass in my windows, and making other alterations in my quarters, as there appeared every prospect of my remaining at Herat for many a day; it was then decided that I should go with despatches to Cabul, and, just as my arrangements were completed for this trip, I received instructions to move towards Khiva! If I fail in getting to Khiva before the Russians drive the Khan Huzarut from that city, I have every chance of being carried away in the uproar; the whole country will be in confusion, and, though my party is a respectable one, it is anything but invincible. The chances, however, are in my favour, as all the chiefs through whose country I pass are in friendly correspondence with us, and each of them knows that civility to me is sure to be profitable to him. In short, the chances of distinction are so great, and the hazard so slight, that the heart of even a wren would be gladdened by the prospect. I halted until the evening of the 14th to take leave of all my native friends, and the party of Englishmen with whom I have been so long and so intimately associated. The farewell of the Afghans

is full of ceremony; prayer follows prayer, and one unacquainted with their character could not believe that the man who in the most solemn manner calls upon God to bless you—to take you into His keeping—who prays that your journey may be propitious, —it is difficult for an Englishman to believe that, while so doing, a native of this country, if he does not mean anything worse, means only the performance of a mere ceremony. But such is the custom of the country, and in sooth, on every occasion they have the name of God on their lips, though their hearts are far from Him. How different was the parting with my English friends and companions! Ah, well! good-luck to them, and may I again fall amongst such worthy and gentlemanly men. An old Persian gentleman was, I think, sincere in his good wishes—an old Hadji, who, one way or another, has received some favours at my hands. He appeared much distressed, and talked about the dangers of the road. Wishing to cheer my old friend, I told him I should study the art of mule-driving on the journey, so that, when sold to the Turkomans, I might be able to make myself useful. He was much horrified, and when he had finished his hurried exclamations of "God forbid!" &c., he said he hoped better things, though he confessed that the hour of my departure was far from favourable, and much similar to the one on which Colonel Stoddart started for Bokhara! I urged that though there was much sense

in his remark, still I hoped we had outwitted the evil fates by leaving the city by the Maleck instead of the Kootubchak gate, which would have been the direct road. His reply was made in a solemn voice: "Colonel Stoddart, though going in the same direction as yourself, made a much greater circuit than you, for he left the city by the Kandáhar gate, and yet you see the result." This was a very pleasing and gratifying remark of the old gentleman; but not wishing for any more such *consolation*, I turned the subject on his own affairs, and then bade him good-bye.

My party consists of the Kazi, Moollah Mahomed Hassan, who, from his being somewhat of a conspirator, we have been in the habit of calling "Brutus"; his son, Mahomed Daood, an active young fellow, who is so fond of adventure that he cheerfully leaves his young wife to come with us; Khoda Woordee Khan, a man of old but ruined family, who ought to be faithful, if there is such a thing as gratitude in this part of the world; and lastly, Fazil Khan, a fine specimen of the troopers of the irregular horse of India, true as steel, fearing neither man nor devil, and obeying the orders of his immediate superior to the very letter. Brutus, I should say, is about sixty years old; he is a man of considerable rank, a Moollah and Kazi, whose family in former years possessed great influence and wealth in the valley of Herat; he is passionate and violent, but of unflinching courage, and has much influence with the

tribes I shall have to pass through; his opinion of his own rank and consequence is very great. His son is invaluable; he looks after the horses, loads the mules, ties my turban, helps to cook the dinner, and appears at that meal in a good dress, humour, and appetite. Khoda Woordee proceeds more leisurely about his work; he is a quiet gentlemanly man, blessed with a most luxuriant beard, and whether doctoring a mule or eating his food, he is always sedate, and seems to think a good deal, but never speaks if he can help it. Fazil Khan is simply the most faithful, single-hearted creature I have ever met with. With the above party I am to dine, breakfast, and associate for an unknown time, and I would not change any of them. In addition to the above, I have seven Demauk Kipchak troopers from the Vizier, who look as if they were good men for work. One of them is called "the Wolf," from a curious habit which he is said to possess of rushing into danger. I daresay we shall have occasion to put his vaunted courage to the test.

I am writing this at 9 A.M. on the 15th May, not having had time, in the multiplicity of arrangements previous to my departure, to keep a journal. I took leave at sunset yesterday of my brother officers, at about five miles from the city. All the mules had passed us, and the only absentees were Mahomed Daood and Khoda Woordee. Brutus explained the absence of the former by saying he had sent him on

duty to the city; but Khoda Woordee's absence could only be imagined by supposing he was thinking of something which everybody else had forgotten. The march was to Purwana, about six and a half miles through the range of hills north of Herat—a capital road, fine moonlight, and only one false alarm on the route. Just as I had taken off my boots and called for a pipe, Khoda Woordee galloped into the court, saying that when close to the halting-place he had been chased; that a poor wretch, who was on foot in his company, had been seized, he feared, by the seven horsemen from whom he had thought it judicious to flee. He begged that I would allow him to take some of the Kipchak troopers and go to the rescue of his companion. I consented, and had some idea of going myself; but I am glad I did not, for while Brutus was groaning and praying for his son Mahomed Daood, who, he feared, must have fallen into the hands of Khoda Woordee's pursuers, in came young Daood in convulsions of laughter, saying that seeing some one riding ahead of him, and wishing to have a chat, he put his horse to a canter, and that the person ahead of him increasing his pace, he (Mahomed Daood) called lustily to him, in the name of the Prophet, to pull in his horse, but the louder he cried the quicker fled the leading horseman, who, I need hardly say, was Khoda Woordee, who for once thought too much, inasmuch as he mistook a young stripling for "seven Turkomans on a *chupas*."

Some time afterwards, when my convulsions of laughter had somewhat subsided, I saw Khoda Woordee sneaking about the door of the ruin, which was my halting-place, and asked why he had remained behind the party? But I could not find it in me to quiz him, particularly as he gave an excellent reason for stopping behind. Old Brutus and I had a good cup of tea, and sweetmeats, before going to bed, and the "lovely moon smiled on our slumbers." We have just eaten a capital breakfast, without feeling the want of knives and forks, or tables and chairs. I have been advised to adopt the Afghan dress on this trip, and find it far from an unpleasant costume, and—shall I confess it?—becoming. The most objectionable part is the nether garment, which, in direct opposition to an Englishman's ideas of fashion, is so preposterously wide as to be inconvenient; those made for me (I begged for small ones) have nearly a circumference of six feet for each leg; in fact, as a facetious friend of mine observes, "the thing is not a pair of breeches, but a divided petticoat." Mine are of a bright red colour, and my shirt is of the same blushing hue; my coat is something like a long surtout without a collar. It is made of a light blue chintz, and trimmed with cashmere shawl. The cloak is made very full, with long sleeves, and of a light brown colour. The turban is of white muslin, and arranged with great skill by Mahomed Daood, in large folds. The waist-

band is a light striped shawl, and the boots much like those of the Horse Guards, but with pointed toes. At Herat I always found, when conversing with a native of the country who had never before seen the European costume, that he was so absorbed by astonishment at the difference of dress that he could think of nothing else, and that instead of listening to my arguments he was counting my buttons. I have nearly 300 ducats tied round my waist under my clothes; and Brutus, Fazil Khan, and two private servants are similarly loaded in different amounts, making a total of 1500 ducats, or about £900. Our party consists of thirty, and we have thirty-five horses and mules.

May 16th.—Koosh Robat—Made a very pleasant march yesterday of twelve and a half miles. The road generally excellent and the weather delightful. Crossed a pretty little stream, where are the remains of an old bridge. The Koosh is a small stream; the caravanserai here is magnificent, large enough to quarter a brigade of infantry; the roof is still in good order; I could not get any tradition concerning it. About half-way we passed a reservoir of water. These buildings prove the wealth and generosity of former kings, who little thought that their works would last longer than their own fames.

May 17th.—Killa-i-Juppat, forty-five and a half miles. I am ashamed to say quite knocked up. I rode an Arab horse, who could not walk with the

Turkomans, and shook me dreadfully. We stopped at two places on the road, one for a cup of tea and the other for a few hours' sleep. The first seventeen miles of the road are truly beautiful; you cross over the crest of the hills, which must be, I should say, at an elevation of 7000 feet. There are hundreds of hills sloping off in all directions, and covered with the most luxuriant grass; every variety of colour was to be found in the weeds, and every little valley had its own peculiar stream of the purest water. The Heratees may well boast of the beauties of Budghis (as this part of the country is called) in spring. The remainder of the road is in some places destitute of water. Saw several *khails* with large flocks of cattle. When we passed the *khails* old Brutus was very anxious to make some little show, so the troopers fell into something like order, the mules got an extra hint to step out, and my running footman was requested to dismount and place himself ahead of his master. This was all very grand, as the little boy's book has it; but, alas! all the men of the *khails* were absent, and the women and children hardly deigned to come out of their black tents to look at us. Brutus, however, had the satisfaction of passing in state a considerable *kafilah* bound for Herat. A rather amusing conversation took place between Brutus and an old Turkoman who had joined our party. The latter ventured to hint that the nether garment of the Afghans was a *little* too large, and by this remark

brought down a torrent of ridicule from the old conspirator, according to whom Turkomans are mere savages, who dip a bit of bread into a melted sheep's tail, and pronounce a long and solemn grace over this *meal*. The old Turkoman was very wroth, and as the dispute appeared to get too warm, I came to the Tartar's rescue, saying that the best soldiers were those who cared least for their food and comforts; and that as for the Afghans, they required one mule for their turban and another for their nether garments. Old Brutus is a surprising old gentleman for work; when every one of the party but he and the Wolf wished to stop, he persisted in pushing on, and I could only get a little rest by throwing myself off my horse and calling for my servants. The cause of all this haste is to get out of the country of the Jumsheedees Demauks, who are said to be notorious and expert thieves. This place is on the banks of the Kooskh river. Plenty of grass.

May 18*th*.—Yesterday evening I made the acquaintance of a patriarch amongst the Jumsheedees, a very pleasing old gentleman of mild and winning manner. He took us to his *khail* near the road, and gave us butter-milk, and sent his son to show us the road. His *khail* was a large one; the *khurgahs*, of which there were about twenty, were arranged in lines, and the calves and lambs inside the square. The females seemed very busy at their domestic arrangements, and the children fat and happy. My

old friend said he had suffered very much from the Persian force which, during the late siege of Herat, was sent to this valley: he and all his tribe, with every movable thing, retreated to the hills; but they fled so precipitately, and to so great a distance, that they lost several hundred cattle. We marched eighteen miles during the night: the first half of the road is through the different little valleys close to the banks of the Kooskh; the remaining distance is along the bed of the river, which you cross at a tolerable ford.

At sunrise started again, and moved twelve miles along the banks of the Kooskh. Our place of rest during the heat of the day was ill chosen; heat great, flies troublesome, grass indifferent, and water distant. Total distance thirty miles.

May 19*th.*—Travelled six and three-quarter hours last night; road generally good, but many quicksands in crossing the Kooskh. In one of them the Wolf got a most effectual ducking, and lost his gun, which, however, we found again after some search. The sleeping-place was in a damp grassy spot; but if it had been in the bed of the river, I don't think I should have objected, being most completely tired. At sunrise loaded and mounted again, and marched five and a quarter hours: total distance, forty-four miles to the Murghab—a muddy, rapid stream, the banks of which are thickly fringed with tamarisk jungle. Here we found a *kafilah* of grain bound for

Herat, and a man with a note from the Kazi of Yellatoon to Major Todd, in which I found it written that Captain Abbott had not only succeeded in stopping the advance of the Russian army, but had reached St Petersburg and procured an order for the return of the force and the destruction of the forts. I don't believe this, though what on earth could make this Kazi of Yellatoon write such a falsehood is difficult to imagine. At any rate, I shall go on to Khiva. I have decided on sending the Wolf back with this letter; he promises to reach Herat in two days, and to return to me at Merv on the sixth day from this date.

May 20th.—Before starting yesterday, the Kazi came to my tent and said that three Turkomans were carrying away some natives of Herat as slaves. On coming out, I found young Daood had seized the bridle of the leading Turkoman, and was bringing the party to our camp. There were ten slaves, two females, and the rest boys—mere children. I am ashamed to say that I was silly enough to let my anger lead me into the absurdity of expressing the disgust and horror which I felt, and was guilty of the folly of lecturing Turkomans on the evil of their ways. The poor children seemed thin and harassed, but not the least frightened, nor very anxious for their release; though it is possible that fear of the three Turkomans prevented their speaking out on this subject. I asked Brutus to sit by me

and write the names of the slaves, of their relatives, and the people who sold them. They had been sold, it appeared, by the Jumsheedees and Hazarehs. I had no power to release these poor creatures; and, had I taken upon myself to do so, I should most probably have defeated the object of my mission, which will amongst other things, I hope, lead to the cessation *in toto* of this most detestable traffic. Had I turned the poor children loose, they would soon have been retaken. We let the party therefore go, and passed them again about three miles from the river. Both the females and the smallest of the boys were mounted on the camels. I trust that this humane arrangement was not made merely while I was passing. My party could not be restrained from showering curses on the Turkomans, and Fazil Khan begged me with moist eyes to release the slaves. We moved this night twenty-two miles; plenty of wood and grass along the road, which is generally good, though there are some steep sandy ascents. The valley of the Murghab, along which we are now moving, is narrow, and bounded by sandhills, which are covered with bushes of camel-thorn and other stunted herbs. The valley itself has a fine soil, and has been highly cultivated in former years, but it is now deserted. Stopped to sleep and feed the cattle for a few hours, and started a little after sunrise. Passed a place called Sundook Koochan. Connected with this spot is a tradition—viz., "That once upon

a time a box fell to the ground here." (The ark?) This is all I could get from the Turkomans, who grinned and said, "Yes, a box fell there, and therefore it is called Sundook Koochan."

May 21*st*.—Started before sunset and marched twenty-two miles. This particular spot is much dreaded by travellers and *kafilahs*, as the Turka Turkomans often cross it when on plundering excursions. Very heavy jungle on this part of the road, which is still along the Murghab; slept and fed the cattle at about two miles from the Bund-i-Yellatoon, or bank which throws the water of the Murghab into the canal of Yellatoon. The flood this year has been so great as completely to destroy this bank, and the canal is consequently dry. At sunrise started again, and moved ten miles; heat oppressive; total distance thirty-two miles.

May 22*d*.—Marched nineteen miles to the camp of a friendly Turkoman, who did his "little possible" to make me comfortable, and brought me his son and a colt, both of which, he said, were my property. I of course thanked him, but I told him that I only received one kind of *peshkush* (present)—viz., slaves. At sunrise moved eight miles to Yellatoon, where there is a governor and kazi. Old Brutus was very anxious, when we came near this place, to see whether these worthies would come out to meet us, and at one time he fondly hoped they had done us that honour; for, being short-sighted, and seeing

some troopers coming towards us, a complacent smile crossed his coarse features, and stroking his beard, he muttered, "After all, they are Mussulmen;" but Daood soon dispelled the charming illusion, saying, "Oh, father! these are dogs and sons of dogs, and have sent *servants* to meet us." Great was the old man's ire, and deeply he vowed not to enter their tents; but seeing several people collected a little distance off, I made up to them, and, on dismounting, found they were the authorities of Yellatoon. They gave me a hearty though rough welcome, and led me to a tent which had been pitched for the occasion. One or two words of prayer, and a stroke of the beard, took place immediately we were seated, and raisins and bread were brought in and devoured. The Turkomans have not the slightest pretensions to politeness; they do exactly whatever suits their fancy, and expect their guest to please himself in every way. They have one custom which I found sufficiently troublesome: they consider it unpolite to leave their guest alone; and unless you keep the door shut, you have a constant flood of visitors, who enter, sit down, stroke their beards, and exit. Last year the governor of Yellatoon stole Mahomed Daood's cloak,—at least so saith Brutus. This governor is of the same tribe as the Khan Huzarut, upon whom he is entirely dependent. He is much interested in making it believed that the Russians have retreated, and seems much vexed if any one doubts this cir-

cumstance. This advance of the Russians on one side, and our own in Afghanistan on the other, have greatly alarmed the more intelligent among the Asiatics, who say, "Do you think we are such dolts as not to perceive what will be the end of all this? You and the Russians will meet and shake hands, and we shall be crushed in the operation." Just as I was leaving Yellatoon, the governor brought me two superb hawks, which he begged me to accept. I pleaded the impossibility of carrying them with me; upon this he immediately *gave* me an old man to take care of them, and the only way of escape was to give the old man a couple of ducats and tell him to look after the hawks until my return. Brutus says that the birds are celebrated for their speed, and worth at least four slaves each.

May 23*d*.—Marched last night about ten miles; good road; and this morning came to Merv, about twelve more. There is a small shell of a fort here, and a considerable bazaar. We are shut up in a small enclosure, and no one allowed to come and see us. The authorities of this place were very anxious that Brutus should halt at some other spot, but he has refused most stoutly to leave me. He is so enraged at the treatment which I have received, that he has done nothing since our arrival but abuse the fathers, grandfathers, and relations of *all* Turkomans, and he now appears to be much relieved. For my part, I am heartily glad of the

arrangement, and trust the exclusion of visitors will be continued, though officially I have remonstrated against it. The governor, in reply to my question, "Whether the Khan Huzarut of Khiva wished me to be treated as a prisoner during my stay at Merv?" has sent a very humble answer, saying that he feared some of my property would be stolen and my rest disturbed by visitors, and that therefore he prevented any Turkomans from entering the square assigned for my residence.

May 24th.—Brutus very anxious for the visit of the governor, but I feel confident he will not do us that honour. To-morrow is the grand market-day, and horses, camels, grain, and slaves may be had in great abundance. I must buy camels, as I have to carry water and grain for ten days for my party.

May 25th.—The governor sent his servant to say he could not call, as he was in mourning for his brother, who, by the way, died eight months back; he wants me to call on him, but this I have not agreed to. I said, if he had made the excuse the first day I would have called; but as he was a servant of the Khan Huzarut, who was our friend, I thought it due to the latter to make the customary present before leaving, so I sent a Cashmere shawl. He is a dog, but it is as well to throw him a bone, as I am compelled to pass through his kennel. The Wolf returned to me before sunset. He reached Herat from the Murghab, a distance of 140 miles, in 36

hours; at Herat he got a fresh horse, and rejoined me at Merv, a distance of 260 miles, in 105 hours! He has brought me an English newspaper dated 4th March, eighty-two days from London to Merv! Before his arrival I was talking over with Brutus the chance of his getting safely through the perils of the journey. "Why," said Brutus, "fatigue can't kill him, and no one in this country *will* kill him, for it is more profitable to sell him; and as the Wolf has already been three times sold to the Turkomans, a fourth will make no great difference." The horse he has ridden here from Herat is ruined; if he survives, he can never be of service during this journey, his back being dreadfully wounded by the saddle. It may be as well to describe here the *khurgah* (literally donkey-house), which is the dwelling of the Turkoman tribes. I am now living in one which is eighteen feet high. The wall is five feet high, and is formed of dried willow boughs, crossing each other diagonally. At each cross a leather thong is passed through both the pieces of willow, so that the whole can be shut up and placed on a camel. This wall is first pitched, and a broad strap of carpeting passed round it, binding it to a doorway. The roof is formed of a ring of willow boughs, having holes in it for the insertion of other willow boughs, covered at one end, which radiate from the ring, and slope down to the wall, to the top of which they are firmly fixed. Over this framework thick felts are bound, and, with good

carpets on the floor, a dwelling is formed, which keeps out heat, cold, and rain, and is easily removed to any other spot. It is certainly better than any tent, and has the advantage of excluding thieves. The camels are bought, the leather bags for water ready, all supplies laid in, and off we go to-morrow.

May 26th.—Called after all on the governor. The fact is, I could not omit this attention without appearing to slight the Khan Huzarut. I found a very old gentleman, with a very white beard, sitting under an awning. He did not move one inch to receive me (served me right for calling, and yet I think I was right, and the old fellow wrong, in spite of his grey beard). I fear I must bring this insult to the Khan Huzarut's notice. Called immediately afterwards on the Khalifa, another greybeard, but a very different character; he received me like a patriarch. This old gentleman has very great influence with all Turkomans, by whom he is much respected and trusted; he is considered almost a saint, and the Turkomans are only too glad to make him the distributor of their charitable donations. I believe he is well worthy of the trust, though they say that some of his *attachés* eat an unconscionable share of the poor-rates. The Khalifa is a very small man, of very quiet and retiring manners—a *rara avis*—a bashful Turkoman. His face is pleasing, notwithstanding the loss of the bridge of his nose, which was caused by frost. From the Khalifa's I returned to

my own quarters—loaded, and started; heat very great; total distance, twelve miles. The regular road crosses the river Murghab close to the town, but the boat is injured, and we have followed the river in hope of finding a ford. I am the guest of a jolly-looking Turkoman, whose *khail* is very extensive. My host speaks nothing but Turkee, and I know nothing of that language; but I fancy we both feel alike, for he brought me a bowl of butter-milk directly I arrived, and this was exactly what I wanted. We have left the Salor Turkomans, and fallen amongst the Sariks; the former are said to have 10,000, the latter 15,000 families. They appear very similar, except that the women here all wear red head-dresses of a curious shape. Brutus is much scandalised at their wearing no veils. I have seen one or two tolerable beauties amongst them; their morals are not spoken highly of, but they appear to me to be quiet, careful housewives. There are several Jews at Merv, and, to my surprise, I found one located here, who astonished me by offering me 100 ducats for a bill on Herat. True to his caste, he asked exorbitant interest. He is now busy getting the fair sex of this *khail* to make up covers for my horses' ears and bellies,—a precaution necessary, owing to the number of venomous flies on the road we are taking. There are two roads from Merv to Khiva, or, as it is more generally called here, Corgunj. One is called the Rah-i-tukht, the other the Rah-i-chush-

mah; we take the former, as it has more water. It is said, however, to be the longer by two or three stages. Brutus thinks the governor of Merv means to play us false. The man he has sent with us has suddenly decided that it is impossible to take the Rah-i-tukht, as the river is not fordable. Brutus says that the other road is often dangerous; and, at any rate, the camels we have with us are only sufficient to carry water and grain for our party with the assistance of wells, and I have ascertained that for four days I should find no water whatever on the Rah-i-chushmah; so sending for the guide, and hearing all the *pros* and *cons* which he could urge, I told him that I had made up my mind either to return to Merv or to go by the Rah-i-tukht. He talked a good deal about impossibilities, &c., and went to make some inquiries. I hope, by the assistance of the Jew, to turn his flank, by getting a guide from this *khail*. I had secured one at Merv, but the governor sent for him, and told him not to come with me. The Jew has succeeded in getting a guide for me, who agrees to take me half-way to Khiva, on condition that I give him his food while with me, and eight *tillahs* for his trouble. The demand is most exorbitant, but I see no other way of avoiding returning to Merv.

May 27th.—After many intrigues, on the part of the governor's servant, to detain me and to prevent the guide I procured yesterday from coming with me, I at last got away from the *khail*, and marched

sixteen miles; water and grass abundant, camel-thorn most luxuriant, wood rather scarce; stopped during the heat of the day. It now appears that the guide, who is to receive eight *tillahs* from me, only knows *one* road, and that *that* road is impassable; he has, however, he says, found a Turkoman who has just come across the desert from his *khail* on the Khiva road. In the evening we moved seventeen miles and a quarter to the river Murghab; grass scarce, wood plentiful.

May 28*th.*—Marched in the morning fifteen miles along the banks of the Murghab, which we crossed at an excellent ford—the stream about thirty yards wide, three and a half feet deep, and bottom hard. The river is, however, full of quicksands, and the greatest care must be taken in searching for a good ford. There is but little grass on its banks, wood abundant, the air cool and pleasant. In the evening started again, intending to make a long march, but at five miles came on another stream; very foolishly tried to find the ford myself, and got into a bad quicksand in which I nearly lost my horse. The mules and camels crossed lower down without any accident. The Wolf this day showed his carnivorous nature by killing and dividing one of my two remaining sheep without leave asked or given. I rather think he will in future see the necessity of controlling his appetite within the rules of propriety. Amongst other things, he had to walk the march

through the heavy sand and under a hot sun in his large riding-boots.

May 29th, Friday.—The Turkoman who is to receive eight *tillahs* from me is missing; his mare trotted into our camp last night, covered with mud and water, and we fear the poor wretch must have been drowned, as it is known that he could not swim. I have now only the guide whom he had provided for me to trust to. Moved this morning four miles, when we came to a third stream of the Murghab, where we had difficulty in finding a good ford. We are halting on the bank while the people go to search for the body of the unfortunate Turkoman. At one P.M., no light being thrown on the Turkoman's fate, we started, and moved fifteen miles, when we came to a fourth stream, nearly as large as the first, which detained us two hours. We then moved four miles into the desert. I sent for the governor of Merv's servant and my only remaining guide, and cross-questioned them as to where they intended to take me. The governor's servant acknowledged that he had no idea whatever of the road. The guide said he knew of two reservoirs of water in the desert, and that he would stake his life on taking me to them before twelve o'clock the next day; he confessed he was much surprised at coming on the last stream, as he thought we had been clear of the river, but that he had crossed much higher up. He is a very intelligent-looking young fellow, and I

will trust him. I take with me water sufficient for one day, and have told this young guide that he shall have the eight *tillahs* promised to the deceased Turkoman, whose family I will try to provide for. He says that he is confident of finding the water, and that "my sword is on his neck if he fails."

May 30th.—Started last night at half-past one, and moved eleven miles and a quarter. When the first dawn of day appeared, it was fine to see the young Turkoman gazing like a startled antelope from side to side, scampering up to every mound and peering over every sandhill. He saw me using a telescope, and begged to be allowed to look. Upon my giving him the glass he seemed a little frightened, suspecting infernal agency; but summoning up his courage he shouted, "In the name of God!" and applied the glass to his eye, prepared for the worst that might happen. It was long before he could arrange the focus to suit his eye; but at length an exclamation of "God is great!" showed that he began to see the use of the instrument. He had been most anxious, during the last two miles, for a certain mark which, he said, he must be near. At length he pulled up, and said that if I would give him a trooper to go with him, he would find the water and return to me. I complied, and lay down in the meantime for a nap. My dream was a confusion of drowning Turkomans, telescopes, streams of water, and the horrors of dying of thirst. In an hour and a half these dreams were

disturbed by shouts and yells, and on getting up I saw the Turkoman with his cap in his hand, screaming, and urging his horse towards us. Long before he reached us his shouts of "Water! I have found the water! There is plenty of it!" were to be heard, and after five miles we reached it. The reservoirs were mere pools dug in the bed of a small ravine; the water was muddy, but of good flavour; and the coarse grass on the edges of the banks proved a *bonne bouche* to the horses. Having reached this water, the difficulty is to hit upon the road from Merv to Khiva. The Turkoman says he hopes before night to hit upon a road from Meshed to Bokhara which crosses the road to Khiva. Started again in the evening, and marched fifteen miles, until it was so dark that we feared the camels might lose our track. No signs of the road as yet, but my guide says he can go as well by the stars as by daylight: he says we must move all night, and warns us that we shall not reach water until late to-morrow.

May 31*st.*—Moved last night thirteen miles at the tails of the camels: it is dreadful work, crawling along at two and a half miles an hour—particularly without any road. At last, by the greatest good luck, in the middle of the night, and without a moon, the road was discovered. It was pointed out to me, and though I dismounted and tried hard to distinguish it, I failed. The Turkomans of the party, however, were very positive, and took the greatest

trouble in tracing it. After marching some hours they begged me to halt until the morning, lest the track should be lost. We slept two hours, and then started again. By daylight even it was difficult to trace the road, the soil being nothing but loose sand, which drifts with every breeze. The only good marks are the bones of dead camels and other animals, of which there are great quantities. Some public-spirited people have been at the trouble of occasionally putting the skeleton of a camel's head on a bush near the road, and this is considered an infallible sign. At one or two places branches of trees are also heaped together as a mark, but these are few and far between. This desert is very uneven. I have seen one very like it in India, which extends along the eastern bank of the Indus near Bhawulpur. There are innumerable bushes of a dwarf description, and in places the ground is almost hard; but some of the sandhills are of great height and of the finest red sand. We came on twenty-seven miles this morning; the heat was dreadful, and the loose sand and the fatigues of the previous night added much to our thirst; all the water we had in the leather bottles with the riding-horses was consumed, the camels were far in the rear, and there was no appearance of a well. The Turkoman guide, however, was positive as to the vicinity of a well, and in reply to my question of "Whether my sword was on his neck if he failed?" he laughingly said,

"Yes, I will find the well if you'll find the *tillahs*;" and on we plodded, a fiery hot wind blowing. At length I almost despaired, and Brutus wanted to lie down; but I thought on the Turkoman's former successes, and pushing up the sandhill over which he had gone, had the happiness to see him dismounted and leaning down peering into the long-sought well. My panting steed got an extra kick from my heels, and I was soon by the guide's side pulling up a bucket of water, which, alas! was so very offensive in smell and taste, that I could not drink it. The servants, however, and the horses drank it most greedily. The Turkomans say that there is nothing injurious in this water; on the contrary, that it is cooling to the blood. It is strongly impregnated with saltpetre, is perfectly clear, but of so unpleasant a flavour and so offensive to the nostrils that, notwithstanding the heat and my excessive thirst, I could not swallow it; and with parched lips I waited four long hours until the camels arrived. I derived some little advantage from making the servants pour quantities of this nasty water over me while I held my nose. I was so nervous lest the camels should lose the road, that I could not sleep. Late in the evening a man arrived, saying the camels were near. Fazil Khan mounted immediately, and shortly returned with two leather bags of good water, and Brutus and I drank large draughts. They may talk of nectar, &c., but I never enjoyed anything so much as this

water—of which, by the way, we had some capital tea made in a short time. It was fortunate that I kept Khoda Woordee with the camels; for the Kipckak *sowars*, headed by the Wolf, suffered so much from the excessive heat that they lost all sense of discipline, and tried to detain the camels until the cool of the evening, helping themselves in the meantime from the water-bags; but Khoda Woordee behaved with great firmness, and succeeded at last in frightening even the Wolf, who, being an opium-eater, felt the heat so much that at one time he threw himself from his horse, vowing *his hour* had arrived. When I look back and think how unlikely it was that even with the Turkoman I should find the reservoirs of yesterday and the well of to-day, and when I reflect that, had anything happened to the guide, or had he been less intelligent—had we, in short, by any accident missed these watering-places, the destruction of all the party was inevitable;—I say, when I think of all these things, I acknowledge I have great cause for gratitude to Him who has guided me through this and many other dangers. We are now on the highroad to Khiva, the "Rah-i-tukht"; twelve hours' travelling will carry us to another well which contains sweet water, and in three days all the difficulties of the road will be overcome. Total distance, forty miles.

June 1*st*.—We halted until late this evening, to allow the cattle to recover in some measure from the fatigues

of yesterday. Moved in the evening six miles; the same broken, sandy ground, and the same ugly dwarf bushes.

June 2d.—Moved during the night thirty miles. At daylight I was pushing on ahead with the young Turkoman, when he suddenly reined up the old mare and listened attentively, crying, after a pause, "Inshallah, we'll have a sheep to-day;" and before I could make inquiries as to the why and wherefore, off went my friend at a gallop, leaving me to follow as I best might. In about five minutes I heard the bark of a dog; a shout was then raised for the shepherd, and in due time a creature appeared much like the drawings of Robinson Crusoe. The young Turkoman and the shepherd were old friends, and their meeting was very animated. The shepherd hoisted himself about, leaning on his staff; and the young Turkoman, throwing his left leg over the pommel of the saddle, appeared to be giving an amusing account of our party, for they both grinned and now and then laughed loudly. In a few minutes we reached the well, which proved to contain most delicious water, and near it we found a camp of Turkomans with large flocks of cattle; they are about to move to the river Oxus, finding it impossible to feed their cattle any longer in the desert. The water for their sheep was drawn up by slaves. Our party have been very busy this day, drinking butter-milk and water, and praising the young Turkoman guide. Total distance, thirty miles.

June 3d.—Moved during the night twelve miles, and then slept till near daylight, after which, came on six miles to the much-talked-of Tukht. This is rather a large sandhill, nothing else. The Turkomans believe that Solomon paid it a visit. If he came here on business, he was, of course, not to blame, but if he came here for pleasure, he must have been much disappointed, and showed no great proof of wisdom. The river Oxus is said, in former years, to have flowed near this spot. That wretch of a guide who was sent with me by the governor of Merv lost the road last night, and went back with the camels towards Merv. He was found this morning by young Daood, close to the last watering-place. Some travellers from Khiva are here, who confirm the report of the Russian retreat. Total distance, eighteen miles.

June 4th, Thursday.—Came on last night eighteen and three-quarter miles, then slept for two hours, and this morning came on twenty-two miles to the river Oxus; the heat was very great. We are pitched on the edge of a small stream from the river, and the half-starved cattle are enjoying themselves among luxuriant grass and pure water. I have not yet seen the river. The last twenty miles of this road was generally hard, and the sound of the horses' hoofs was pleasant, after having waded through so much deep sand. The name of this place is Ruppa Kalla; there is the ruin of an old fort here. Total distance, forty and three-quarter miles.

June 5th.—Delayed until three o'clock this morning by the non-arrival of the camels. At four miles from Ruppa Kalla we passed a fort called Koosh Gullah; the road is along the banks of the Oxus, which is a magnificent stream with rather high banks. I should estimate the distance between the high banks at three miles. Through this channel the body of the water takes a serpentine course, now on one side and now on the other, leaving large portions of dry ground, which are invariably covered with most luxuriant jungle. Immediately you ascend the high bank you are on the desert, and, I think, the same would be found on the other side. This noble stream flows on its stately course without deigning to hold any connection with the barren wilderness on its banks; a fine image for one poetically disposed—vanity of vanities. If I have not been guilty of the presumption of comparing my wretched little *dribble* of a course to this noble stream, perhaps I may derive some little hope by thinking, that after its long uninteresting route through barren uncongenial wastes, it at length reaches its long-sought ocean. God grant that my wanderings may bring me to old England! About half-way, I should say the stream was five hundred yards in breadth. At the halting-place I don't think it was quite three hundred yards, and there was a small sandbank near our side.

June 6th.—Last night came on eighteen miles. At

three miles passed a ruined fort, the gate of which has some slight pretensions to architectural ornament. Slept until daylight, and came on this morning eleven miles to a high mound. Here we marched off into the bed of the river for water, and passed, before we reached it, through four miles of ground that has been highly cultivated, but is now neglected.

June 7th.—Last night came on sixteen miles. At four miles passed a spot which is sacred in the eyes of Turkomans, as having been the tomb of "Huzuruti-Maduri-Baba-Adam," literally *Adam's mother!* They made offerings here, by turning loose a mare and horse; their progeny are said to be numerous, though I cannot say that I saw any of them. At nine miles came to the separation of two roads, one leading inland, and the other following the river; we took the latter,—it is said to be the longer of the two, but we are sure of water and grass. Total distance, thirty miles.

June 8th.—Came on seventeen miles, a good road, through heavy jungle, in immediate vicinity of the river, and sandy ground on the high bank. Brutus was taken ill with dysentery during the night. I should pity the old man more if he did not groan so much; we are now halting on his account.

June 9th.—Last night came on twenty-five miles. After the first eleven miles left the river and turned inland. Slept until daylight, and this morning came on ten miles. At two miles from sleeping-place we came to a small village, with a few trees and some

cultivation, in a hollow, the ascent from which was rather precipitous; these are the first fixed habitations we have seen since leaving Merv. About one mile from this passed another village, still smaller, and soon afterwards came in sight of this village, "Pitnak," which is very extensive, thickly populated, and appears to be highly cultivated; large trees in every direction, and many carts. Total distance, thirty-five miles.

June 10*th*, *Wednesday.*—Came on this morning thirteen miles, about a mile of which was through the village of Pitnak, and then eight miles across rather high barren ground, and the remainder through a cultivated country. Round this place, "Hazar Asp" (thousand horses), there is a fort of some size, but no strength. The Inak's garden seems a fine one, and the wealth and prosperity of the inhabitants, and the fertility of the soil, have surprised me greatly. From all accounts which I have ever read of Turkistan, the whole of the country is described as a desert, and the people as a miserable race, living in tents and possessing a few flocks of cattle; but from Merv I marched through thirty miles of cultivation watered by the Murghab. This cultivation appeared to extend for many miles inland, the *khails* being very numerous; and here the whole face of the country is a garden, and each family appears to have its own farmhouse. The carts of the country meet you at every corner; they are invariably drawn by a stout pony. Their

construction is coarse in the extreme; the wheels are of an enormous height, and the fellies absurdly deep; there is no tire, but the breadth of the wheel is not more than that of a common cart; the naves are exactly double the thickness necessary, and with all this wood the body of the cart is not larger than a good-sized wheelbarrow. The whole affair looks like the "grandpapa" of the carts of the present century in England. Iron is too precious a metal at Khiva to be used if any substitute can be found, and consequently the carts here have hardly a single nail in them, and roll along screeching ludicrously on wooden axles. Instead of using iron bolts for the different fastenings, they fix them by a very strong glue which they procure from Russia, and which does not separate by immersing the parts so joined in water. This is the seat of the Inak, the brother of the Khan Huzarut of Khiva, and a very powerful and influential person in all affairs of government. He received me very kindly, assigning me quarters in the house of his Vizier, who is the brother of the Khan Huzarut's minister.

June 11*th*, *Thursday.*—Came on this day thirty-eight miles, the road very circuitous, and through the cultivation, which is divided alone by small ranges of sandhills. I have never in India seen the ground more carefully cultivated nor more densely populated—the whole country is beautifully wooded.

June 12*th*, *Friday.*—Entered the city of Khiva.

There is a fort of some size here, but of no strength. All the houses are made of mud, the outer walls being solid and the inner partitions supported by wooden framework; they are of a considerable size, and the rooms are lofty, but unornamented, and without windows; if sufficient light cannot be procured from the doorway, a hole is knocked in the roof. Water is so near the surface that it is necessary to lay a foundation of wood or stone for all the walls. The gardens in the neighbourhood of the town are very numerous, and appear to be kept with much care. The bazaar was crowded, the streets narrow and dirty: the climate is delicious. In the evening I was summoned to the Khan Huzarut's presence. His highness received me very graciously. There is no pomp or show about his Court, no guards whatever, and I did not see a jewel of any sort. The Court robes are the same as those of the working people—a cotton stuffed cloak, and a high black lambskin cap. I was informed that it would be "out of order" if I appeared before the Khan without my boots. It was in vain to point to my Wellingtons—*these* were pronounced as *nothing;* so, rather than be suspected of disrespect, I pulled on a large pair of Afghan riding-boots over my gold-laced pantaloons: these, with my beard, made rather curious additions to the undress uniform of the gallant Bengal artillery. I fancy by appearing booted it is meant to show that you are ready to obey the Khan's orders at a moment's notice.

June 13*th.* — Summoned again to the Khan Huzarut's presence. I was taken to a garden seat, a favourite spot. I passed through a long gallery, with a flat roof supported by beams, and, after one or two zigzags, entered a court surrounded by buildings, containing a large pond of water, on the edge of which there were many fine trees. From this court we made one or two zigzags to another similar court, and from thence to a third, the zigzags from which led to the Khan's dwelling. After ascending two or three flights of narrow steep steps, I found myself in a large verandah, and in the presence of Khan Huzarut. The interview passed off very pleasantly, and the Khan was pleased to give me access to his presence at any hour.

June 14*th.* — This evening I waited on Khan Huzarut on business at the garden seat. I have omitted to mention that the eldest son of Kazi Moollah, Mahomed Hassan, who had been sent several months previously with money and letters for Captain Abbott, returned to Khiva on the day of my arrival. It appeared that he reached Khiva after Captain Abbott's departure, and followed him to Mungishlauk on the Caspian sea. There he heard that Abbott had moved along the Caspian to Nova Alexandroff, a Russian fort; and following his traces, he at length found Abbott a prisoner and wounded among the Cossacks. It appears that fifty Cossacks at night attacked Abbott's small party, and soon

overpowered them. Abbott was four times beaten to the ground, and in protecting himself from sabre cuts, lost the fore and middle fingers of his right hand, and received several other wounds. He was found by the Kazi's son in a wretched state, seventeen days after the attack; three of his servants had been distributed as slaves, and he himself had been allowed but little food, and deprived of all his property. The presence of the Kazi's son, and some of the Khan Huzarut's *sowars* who accompanied him, frightened the Cossacks, and Abbott was allowed to move to the camp of a neighbouring Turkoman, who received him very hospitably. After a short time the Kazi's son accompanied him to the vicinity of Nova Alexandroff, where they parted, Captain Abbott telling him to wait three days, and if in that time no letter arrived, to return to Khiva.

On the fourth day, no news having arrived, the Kazi's son came back to this city; but before he left, he heard that Captain Abbott had been received by the Russian authorities at Nova Alexandroff, by whom he had been placed on board a ship which was to carry him across the Caspian. Brutus's head is in the skies in consequence of his son's valour and perseverance; and he may well be proud of him, for there are few men who would have entered upon the journey which he undertook, and but very few who would have succeeded in reaching Abbott. I have done my best to bring the young man's conduct to

the notice of Government, and have given him a handsome red Cashmere shawl, to let the Turkomans see that we can appreciate such good service. I was much surprised a few days after my arrival at Khiva, by seeing a person in a European costume enter my *khurgah*. I saluted him in Persian, but I soon found that he spoke French. His story was sufficiently amusing. It appears that he was a native of Italy, and had there earned his bread by making plaster-of-Paris statues; but owing to the immense number of competitors in this branch of industry, he found it difficult to procure even a bare subsistence, and being of an adventurous spirit, he resolved to try to penetrate to some spot where he might manufacture statues without a rival. Urged on by this laudable ambition, he worked his way on board a ship to Petersburg; but here, to his horror, he found hundreds of his countrymen, each with such a stock of statues as at once convinced him of the hopelessness of success in that city; but still undaunted, he made his way through Russia, and ultimately arrived at Tiflis, where, to his extreme delight, he found himself the sole and unrivalled artist in his profession. Here then he fondly hoped his wanderings would cease, and he commenced his operations with great vigour, and at first with much success; but just as he had set agoing a thriving trade, the priests discovered that the making of

images was forbidden in the Book, and they therefore strictly forbade the Faithful purchasing his manufactures. Still undaunted, he determined to try some other line of business, and put himself as apprentice to a German watchmaker at Tiflis, and in the prosecution of his studies in this branch he ultimately found his way to Teheran. Here an ambassador arrived on his road to Kokaun (near the Chinese frontier), and delighted my poor friend beyond measure by offering to take him to Kokaun; "for," said he, "though perhaps the bigoted fools may refuse my images, still they will eagerly purchase my clocks; and, thank God, at any rate I can hardly fear to find a rival at Kokaun in either branch."

The man cannot read, but he is shrewd, and has promised me to keep a list of his bearings and distances on this journey, which has never before been travelled by a European. He says that though he cannot write any known language, still he has invented a system of hieroglyphics of his own, so that, "if I ever get back to you, I shall be able to explain my notes."

It may be as well, now that this journey from Herat is over, to make a few remarks respecting it. The fatigue was certainly very great, but I know not whether the climate of Herat has improved my constitution, or whether habit has made me indifferent to many little comforts — but I did not

suffer. I had only a small tent of two cloths, through which I might have taken altitudes of the sun, and at night I never dreamt of pitching this apology for a tent. I am convinced that when marching for months together, and independent of supplies at the places where you halt, the native plan of dividing the distance to be crossed in the twenty-four hours into two stages is a good one; and should another army of the Indus leave India, I think they would find this plan answer. Your camels and your cattle have the cool of the morning and evening for work, and the middle of the day to feed, and they have a good night's rest, instead of being loaded or harnessed in the middle of the night. The last five or six miles of a sixteen-mile march ruined our gun-cattle on the Afghan campaign; when the same sixteen-mile march, if divided into two portions, morning and evening, would have given no fatigue to the beasts. As for the trouble to the men of pitching their tents, I think the natives seldom pitched theirs, and the Europeans only when the heat was very great. The men have the trouble of twice loading, but they ought not to grudge this, seeing that the baggage-cattle will last them longer. They certainly take as little care of their horses as any people in the world. One groom is considered sufficient for three, and the only grass the animal gets is what he can pick up within the range of his tether: three *cosseers* (six lb.) of barley

is considered ample in the twenty-four hours. Immediately you dismount, the girths of the saddle are a little loosened and a blanket thrown over. In about an hour, when he has somewhat cooled, the saddle is taken off his back, and a blanket and all the thick felts you have are clapped on, and there the poor beast stands (however hot the sun may be) until about an hour before you load again, when the one groom takes the clothing off his three horses, and with the bare palm of his hand goes through a process which he is pleased to call cleaning the three horses. He never dreams of washing or cleaning the hoofs, and his chief aim seems to be to clean the tail carefully; this he drenches with abundance of cold water, and if the flies are not very troublesome, he ties a knot about half-way; the saddle is then clapped on his back, with heaven only knows how many pads under it to prevent its galling. When all is ready, you are requested to mount, which is an affair of much ceremony, at which all hands attend. One man takes hold of the off stirrup—a precaution necessary to prevent the saddle coming round with your weight—a second gives you the near stirrup, a third puts his right hand under your left arm, and all the lookers-on, as you rise, exclaim in chorus, "O God! may it be propitious!" and when the whole party is mounted, a hearty ejaculation of "In the name of God!" is given, and off you start. The result of this neglect of the cattle is, that of

the whole number which came with me, every one, horse, yaboo, or mule, except the horse I rode, of whom more anon, arrived dreadfully pulled down, and there was only one baggage-pony out of the whole of the cattle that had not a sore back; some of the saddle-horses in particular were dreadfully galled. But if the Afghans have the knack of causing sores, they certainly know how to cure them. One poor beast in particular, a saddle-horse (the one ridden by the Wolf from Herat to Merv), had on the march an enormous wound on his back, from which a most offensive smell exhaled. I had little hope of this beast surviving, but they brought him to me to-day in almost tolerable condition, his wounds had healed up, and he looked healthy. They never poultice to extract matter, but stuff loose cotton into the sores, and change this cotton frequently. When the sore has filled up, they rub henna over the part, which they believe makes the hair grow and hardens the skin. We have heard much of Turkoman horses and Turkoman horsemanship—I confess my opinion of both is, that they are alike contemptible. I had for my own riding a horse called Choorlie, which had been bought of the Turka Turkomans by the chief of the tribe of Hazarah Demauks, by whom it was presented to Government. This horse's speed and powers of endurance were so famous amongst the Turkomans that every man I met had heard of him, and the importance of my mission was considerably enhanced by

the possession of this animal; and yet I would not give, in India, 400 rupees for him. He has a great deal of Arab blood, yet his head and neck run out exactly on a prolongation of his backbone, and with his nose stuck out he shuffles along more like a cow than a horse. His mouth is dreadful—I would not undertake to turn him round in much less than an acre of ground; and he is of so sluggish a disposition that I was obliged to keep the whip constantly playing against his side. As for leaping, he has not the most remote idea of it, and I don't think it possible he could get over a four-foot ditch without having a tumble: so much for his faults. Now for his virtues: he keeps his flesh well under long marches, eats anything that comes in his way, is as quiet as a lamb, walks fast, and ambles nearly eight miles an hour. I timed this horse at a race, over very bad ground indeed, and when he was not in the least pressed by other horses; the distance was one mile, five furlongs, and 170 yards, measured by a perambulator, and this distance was done in three minutes and forty-five seconds. I am no judge of such matters, but whether this was a good or bad time, it must be borne in mind that the ground was covered by small ravines and loose stones. He is a perfect horse in the eyes of the Turkomans, and whenever he is taken to water the people collect to look at him. He is a dark bay, strongly formed about the hind-quarters, with a long high-ridged backbone, rather heavy shoulders, and

stands about fourteen-three. His name, "Choorlie," was given by the Turkomans in consequence of a large scar which he has over the knee of his near fore-leg; but in general their celebrated horses take the name of their owners. The price of one of these known and tried horses is about 1200 Company's rupees (£120), though of course there are some that are not to be bought at any price. The Turkoman mode of training is very different from that followed by our racing characters. At one year and a half old the tuition of the infant Childers commences;—a child is placed on his back, who walks him about slowly, at first a very short distance; and when he can masticate grain they give him a little barley or *jowari;* the clothing is always very warm; a great deal of food is given in the twenty-four hours, but very little at any one time, and but little water, but the pace is never increased beyond a walk; and when not taking exercise he is either in the tent or close to it, so that he becomes from his earliest days perfectly domesticated and docile. At about three years and a half old they commence training him for a trial, which is but little different from his former training; the distances are gradually increased, but the pace does not alter for many days. At length the poor beast, not being able to walk over sufficient ground in the day, is led about at night until his flesh is brought to a consistency. If melons are procurable, he gets large quantities of these in addition to his other food; and at

this stage of the training he is allowed to eat as much grain as he pleases, but never much at any one time, and he is never allowed much water. A system of sweating is then gone through, and gradually the pace is increased into his best gallop, at which he is at last kept for ten or twelve miles, and then he challenges all the world! without having received one ball or seen a drenching-horn. Think of that, ye knowing ones! The only advantage, unless you are a racing character, in purchasing one of these tried horses, is, that you get a beast whose constitution and sinews are hardened by constant exercise, which has been so gradually increased that the animal is not strained or injured, and is able to go through the severest exercise for days together without loss of condition. But if you are fond of scampering across country, or twisting and twirling your horse about, you must not come to this market, for all people will decide that both horse and man are mad; and a compact little Arab for hunting, or a pleasant canter, is worth all the Turkomans' horses I have yet seen. All the best Turkoman horses have a cross of the Arab blood. I brought with me a handsome compact Arab as a present to the Khan Huzarut. This horse was seldom ridden on the march, and taken more care of than the other horses; but he had been accustomed to two grooms scrubbing his back for hours morning and evening, and to more grass and grain than I could give him, and he fell off sadly on the road, arriving

here in such wretched condition that I wished to keep him for a fortnight; but on the second day I was requested to send him to the palace. I urged the miserable state of the nag, but they told me that a Turkoman liked to judge of a horse when he had little flesh; and on my sending the horse, all the spectators were loud in praise of his form and strength. The head of the Turkoman horse is long, his neck is light and long, and he has seldom any crest; his shoulder is heavy, his pasterns are short and straight, hoofs good, hind-quarters and loins very broad and strong, but his hocks not sufficiently curved, and his fore-legs covered with splints, which are occasioned by the peculiar mode of shoeing; in short, he is exactly adapted to the work required of him—to march twenty or thirty days, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles per diem, with his nose straight before him, never once turning round, and never breaking out of a walk or amble. So much for their horses; now for their horsemanship. Any man who has crossed a Turkoman saddle *must* feel that though it is difficult for him to tumble off, still it is morally and physically impossible for him to govern his horse. In one of our saddles a man is part and parcel of his horse, and the animal *must* obey the rational being; but seated on one of these affairs called saddles here, a man feels that he is at the horse's mercy. He has the consolation of knowing that the beast is perfectly quiet, and will walk straight along the road; but

being yourself raised at least five inches from the backbone of the horse, and your knees being forced out from his sides by the pad on which the saddle-tree is placed, you feel at once the utter impossibility of governing your horse; and to one accustomed to a light-mouthed Arab, well on his haunches, the first touch of the mouth of a Turkoman horse is sickening. You feel at once that the case is hopeless, and that you *must* progress in a straight line. Now, as this peculiarity of mouth and saddle is universal, the result may be imagined when a body of men on such saddles, and horses with such mouths, charge. It is impossible, as a friend of mine observes, to change "the direction of the headlong impetus;" and if the flank is turned, the whole are thrown into deplorable confusion. I should say that one of Skinner's Horse, with sword and spear, would master three Turkomans similarly armed; and I will answer for it that H.M. 4th Dragoons cut up 5000 Turkoman horse, *if* the latter presumes to charge, or will venture to wait for a charge. A good deal is said in neighbouring states of Turkoman valour; but I cannot hear that they ever attack parties of equal numerical strength, and in a fair open plain. Their assaults are something like those of the *valorous* cat on the feeble mouse. If a road has not been *chapowed* (plundered) for a year, and caravans are constantly passing on it, twenty or thirty of the Turka Turkomans, or some other tribe perhaps 300 miles distant, will train their

horses for a couple of months, and make a descent on the road along which they sweep off the caravans, killing or carrying into slavery all the human beings. Now, let us see the opposition they have met with. They have first of all what to other people and horses would be a most harassing march, but they, man and beast, are trained and hardened to it. The first string of camels they come upon will be most probably of twenty-one in number, carrying grain. If this is the case, it is most likely that there will not be more than three human beings with them, each mounted on a donkey, and carrying a thick stick to thrash the camels with. One rides ahead, holding the nose-string of the leading camel; another rides by the side of the string of camels, thrashing any particularly lazy beast; and the third brings up the rear. They have plodded through the sand all night; it is just daylight, and all three are half asleep as they ride along. Suddenly a cry is raised from the rear, and, brandishing their swords and spears, down come the Turkomans, shouting as if they were going to do an act of valour which should immortalise them and their nation. On the first cry, the three unfortunate wretches with the camels have thrown themselves on the ground, and, with foreheads in the dust, are muttering prayers to God for protection and to man for mercy. They are seized and bound, and one or two Turkomans are told off to conduct them and their cattle to the *khail* of the tribe. The camels and

donkeys, immediately after their drivers throw themselves on the ground, commence munching the thorns and grass by the roadside, and when all is ready are led off from the direct road. The three poor wretches, fatigued by the night's march, without water or shoes, and with their hands tied behind their backs, are driven by blows and menaces, screaming, after the camels which they so lately governed. Well may they shed tears of anguish, for well they know their fate. Never in their surliest mood did they inflict such cruel treatment on their cattle as they themselves are now doomed to undergo from their fellow-creatures; and all hopes of home, of wife, children, and kindred, have vanished like the dreams of the previous night! The rest of their life is doomed to be passed in slavery, amongst a people indifferent to human sufferings and unacquainted with mercy. This deed of infamy performed, the Turkomans move on to the well, or lie in wait for another *kafilah*. Perhaps the next may consist of travellers: an old man, his wife, and only son, have been persecuted in one city, and, to save their little remaining property, are flying to another town, where they have friends, to the daughter of one of whom the son has been long betrothed. The old man's wife and the slave girl of the family (most probably called Fatima) are seated in panniers on the leading camel's back; two more camels carry the wealth of the family, and perhaps they have two servants riding on the top of the

loads of wretched ponies, one of whom will have the old man's pipe, and both carry leather bags of water: the rest of the party consist of poor *moollahs* (priests) and tradespeople, wretchedly armed. It is but a few hours since the party left the well, after what they consider a comfortable meal. The old man and his spouse are chatting sociably about past misfortunes, and drawing bright pictures for the future; the beardless boy has a good gun swung over his back, he is riding a handsome horse, is well clothed, fancies himself a hero, and is perhaps thinking of those bright eyes which for so many years he has heard so highly praised. Fatima is dosing in her pannier, holding her master's gun, which, owing to its weight and the old man's infirmities, has been committed to her care; the two servants are somewhat in the rear, screaming in chorus some national song; the rest of the travellers are some distance ahead, when suddenly a shout is raised, and in a moment the Turkomans are on them. Willingly would the old man or his son risk their lives to save the females. The old man shouts to Fatima for the gun, but she, at the first shout of the Turkomans, has gone off into hysterics, and is clinging fast by the gun, screaming to her mistress, who has fainted. The old man then bethinks him of his pistols: these are loaded but not primed—they are tied in a bag and in his holsters. Before he can extricate them from the bag, and prime, a spear is passed through his body. The son is per-

haps willing enough to fight, but he has not been much in the habit of using his firearms; his gun is loaded but not primed, and before he can bring it round, and remember in which of his numerous pouches he will find the priming powder, he is thrown from his horse and disarmed. The two servants have been seized without opposition, and the other travellers have fled in all directions. The camel carrying the women is now made to sit down, the unfortunate wretches are dragged brutally to the ground and their veils torn off; their cries for mercy and attempts to screen their faces are alike food for mirth to these accursed savages, who, curling their scanty moustaches and shaking their spears, loudly boast of their invincible valour, and ask, "Who was Rustum whom they talk so much of?" The old man's lot is by far the most preferable; for while muttering prayers his eyes are closed for ever, and he will no more feel oppression or grief for the sufferings of his wife and son. The poor women, if possessing any beauty, are allowed to ride on the camels and have food given to them, lest hardship and suffering should reduce their value when produced for sale. The men of the party have the same fate as the three camel-drivers, and another tale of blood and barbarity is registered against the race of Turkestan. The last booty and captives are sent on the track of the first, and, if satisfied with the plunder gained, the Turkomans proceed to their *khail*, where they are received

as heroes returning from victory; or if they have hopes of more plunder, they make one or two forced marches in search of travellers equally helpless. But they never attack a formidable party, nor have they ever been known to make a second assault when foiled in their first; and it stands to reason that so puny a race—so sunk in vice—can have no chance against anything like an equality of numbers, where brave and determined men are the parties attacked. What they depend upon is the first surprise, and if they fail in this, they scatter like the sand of their desert from the slightest breeze. It is generally believed that the Turkomans are a race of miserable creatures, without wealth. I am of opinion, on the contrary, that there are few nations amongst whom abundance is so generally diffused. They have all very large flocks of cattle and numerous slaves; the latter cultivate as much land as will produce grain sufficient for the family, or as much as there is any hope of selling. Thirty *tillahs*, or £21 sterling, is a common price in the market here for a stout man of middle age. Five *tillahs*, or £4, is the price of a tolerable pony; a good camel fetches seven *tillahs*, or £5, 12s.; and sheep are sold for one *tillah*, or 14s. each. A great deal of *jowari* (which here is the only food of the horses) is sold at about 40 lb. for one shilling, and the only tax levied by the Government is one-fortieth of the grain produced. Each family is bound, if called on, to find one horseman. The

Khan crossed the desert from Khiva to the Murghab with 50,000 horse thus collected; but on an emergency he could easily assemble double that number, and these troops could traverse a country where Europeans would perish. To the honour of the Khan Huzarut be it said, that he has put an end to all plundering excursions, excepting on the countries or *kafilahs* of nations with whom he is at war. The hospitality of the Turkomans is more in proverb than reality. I have been the guest of several, and always gave my host in coin more than double the value of everything I received; and I never knew any scruple made as to accepting the money, though I have had complaints as to the smallness of the amount given; and they have often refused to sell me sheep at less than three times the proper price. This nation is very bigoted in its religious faith—much more so than the Afghans. Brutus and my party are much abused for eating with me, as I am considered a *kafir* or infidel. Brutus gets very wroth on these occasions; he refers them to the Koran, which bears witness to the truth of the New Testament, and he asks indignantly whether in the Koran it is written that man shall smoke intoxicating drugs, eat opium, drink wine, and commit other vices too horrible to mention, and (continues he to the gaping Turks) "If these things are not permitted, how dare *you* presume to call yourselves Mussulmen?" Any other man speaking out so plainly would most assuredly be put to death;

but, as a Kazi and Moollah of known family, Brutus is here considered almost a saint; and as he has a great command of language, he frightens these people by volleys of Arabic, which he lets fall in merciless showers on their devoted heads. These scenes never take place in my presence; but I often see Brutus in a fury, and it relieves him much to abuse these sons of burnt fathers—this race of dogs, as he always calls the Turkomans.

But this essay on Turkoman horses, horsemanship, and valour is merely *en passant;* and now *revenons à nos moutons*—the review of the march from Herat to this. I would divide the distance thus: from Herat to Merv, 265 miles; from Merv to Khiva, 432½; total distance, 697½ miles, which we crossed (not including the halt at Merv) in twenty-five days (I count to Khoosh Robat, only one stage from Herat), or an average of twenty-eight miles a-day. We should have done it in shorter time, but the fording of the Murghab and the sickness of Brutus detained us. The only part of the road which was trying to man and beast was the 170 miles across the desert from the Murghab to the Oxus, and this portion was very fatiguing, uninteresting, and disagreeable. The heat during the six days we were in the desert was very great, and the doubt as to finding water was harassing. During every other part of the road, particularly in the cool of the evening, it was pleasant enough pushing along with the mules. On these occasions

all the Kipchak horsemen, except the Wolf, took the lead. The Wolf's duty seemed, by his own choice and general approval, to be confined to looking after the loads of the mules while on the road; and he was most active in the execution of this duty—jumping off, jerking a box to one side, tightening a rope, and mounting again in a moment. After the mules came our baggage-ponies, and the man who rode the last always held the rope of the led horse—the Arab which I have already mentioned. Immediately after the led horse Brutus and I followed, and then my two private servants — one carrying leather bottles of water, tea apparatus, and bread and sweetmeats, and the other my pipe: for this he had large holsters and a pan of burning charcoal swinging from his saddle. Under his pony he had also a leather bottle of water, so that, without stopping, I could have a *kullian* at a moment's warning. After three or four pulls, the pipe was handed round to any one disposed for a whiff, and old Brutus was *then* a constant smoker; but since his arrival here he has requested my man not to bring the pipe to him, as he says his character as a Kazi will suffer in the estimation of these hounds (the Turkomans) if he is seen smoking. But to proceed regarding our procession. After the servants came Brutus's servant and Mahomed Daood; Khoda Woordee and Fazil Khan brought up the rear. We generally shuffled along at four miles an hour, and Brutus would tell me some

anecdotes of his very eventful life, interrupted every now and then by an admonition to the muleteers of "Push on, ye rascals! Step out, ye lazy knaves!" while I in turn gave him stories of "Yankee Doneah," as people of this part of the world invariably call America. Khoda Woordee, for the express benefit of Mahomed Daood, would tell some tale of years gone by, in a sort of chant, with a strong nasal twang; and Fazil Khan would think on his *bhae* (brother) and the last order he received from me—these two, I firmly believe, being the only ideas that ever entered his head. Thus we would while away the time until eleven or twelve at night, when a good place for grass was selected, the loads unpacked, the tea cooked, and then for "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Before daylight some one would awake and shout to Mahomed Daood to commence loading; he, thoroughly tired with his exertions and the last day's march, would turn round, muttering, "Barley, muleteers—give barley." But here "his exposition of sleep," as sweet Bully Button hath it, would be too much for him; and another shout being raised to load, up he jumps, shouting, "Up, ye muleteers! Sons of burnt fathers arise, will ye? Oh may your houses be ruined! Will you sleep all day?" and a hearty kick or two makes the grumbling tired mule-drivers rub their eyes and growl out a sulky *beekushum* of obedience. Another cup of tea before starting, and on we go until about 10 A.M.,

when we pull up at a convenient spot for the cattle. About two in the day something or other was brought for dinner. If we had killed a sheep the day before, I always liked to have Brutus, his son, Khoda Woordee, Fazil Khan, and the commander of the Kipchak *sowars* at dinner; but these were feast-days, and rice and a few raisins was often our only food. I was most fortunate in the selection of my party, with one exception, of whom more by-and-by. Never did men behave better, and it was impossible for men to be more attentive to their duty. I should like few things better than to take a three months' trip in any direction in the cold weather with just the same party. The exception to the good men and true to whom I have alluded was a Moollah whom my people brought to me at Herat, saying that his son was a slave at Khiva, and he wished to go with me to endeavour to effect his release. Now as there are in the city of Khiva nearly 12,000 slaves of the inhabitants of the valley of Herat, I could not promise to effect the release of this stranger's son more than that of any other of the 12,000. This I explained to the man, but told him if he could effect his son's release he might accompany us, and I would find food for himself and his horse on the road. The man was profuse in thanks for my liberality, as he called it, and prayed loudly for my health, wealth, and prosperity. At Merv this man's horse died, and I purchased another for him; and he came

on here eating his own dinner and feeding his own horse at my expense. Here he found a high tone of Mahomedanism prevailed, and, like a cur as he was, he determined to try and effect the release of his son by joining in the cry against us; and he actually went and fabricated a lie, which he took some trouble to spread, saying that Brutus had desired him not to say his prayers on the road—at least to avoid doing so in my presence. Now this lie, if it had been believed, might have caused the death of myself and party. I can't say that I was not angry when I heard of the creature's baseness, but I am happy to say I did not show my anger; but sending for all the party, I asked them one by one whether they had been in the habit of praying when I was present, and whether Brutus had prohibited their doing so? The fact is, that at the usual hours the men dismounted and prayed as a matter of course, whether I was present or absent. I then quietly asked the creature whether I had fed him on the road—whether I had given him a horse when he must otherwise have remained behind, and then asked why he told such lies—concluding by telling him that I washed my hands of him for the future. He has since been busy spreading this report, but he is not believed. The country from Herat to the crest of the hills is mountainous and picturesque, but it has the defect (common to all Afghanistan) of being destitute of foliage. From the crest of the

hills you gradually descend to a plain which extends, with little variation, from the river Murghab to the mountains. When, with the army of the Indus, we ascended the Bolan Pass, I little thought that I should penetrate through the whole of the hilly range of Kohistan, and at length descend on a plain equal in flatness and in extent to the plains of Hindostan. I crossed the river Murghab a few miles above the spot where it is lost in the desert, and before the floods, caused by the melting of the snow in the mountains, had subsided. The road along the Oxus is travelled by the carts of the country, and grass and wood are very abundant. The river is navigated by boats of considerable size, and appears to be admirably adapted for steam navigation. In the wood and grass on its banks I saw several pheasants, and one wild ass. Being anxious to endeavour to fix the latitude of Khiva, I commenced taking an observation of the altitude of the moon, but soon found that I excited much suspicion. Having occasion to see the Khan that evening, I put my box sextant into my pocket, and the conversation as usual turning on the skill of Europeans in manufactures, I produced my instrument as a sample, and made the Khan himself, much to his surprise, bring down the sun and move the image of one of his courtiers about from right to left. The whole court was in raptures, and I was asked in plain terms to make an offering of the toy to the Khan. This I promised to do

before leaving, but in the meantime I can amuse myself without any suspicion of sorcery.

June 30*th*.—I was this day summoned to one of the Khan's summer houses, to be present at one of the feasts which he is in the habit of giving at this season of the year. We were shown into a large court, in one corner of which there was a *khurgah* pitched: in this was his highness invisible to vulgar eyes. Sixty moollahs (priests) extended in one line down one side of the court, and sixty of his highness's relations and the nobles of his Court down the other side. We (Brutus and I) were taken to the right side, and seated next the princes. When we arrived, the moollahs were loud in the discussion of some theological question, which they tore to pieces at a sad rate, without (in my eyes) a proper respect for the presence of royalty. The Koran was then brought and a passage read, one of the moollahs attempting to expound; but he never could get through a sentence without meeting with interruption from some opponent: three or four would join in on either side, and both parties were equally positive. I saw something very like jostling, and his majesty was more than once compelled to send his Vizier to call the parties to order. Three long hours did these theological discussions last: they were carried on in Turkee, and explanatory of a book in Arabic. The sitting with the knees doubled on the bare ground was painful, and I was much rejoiced to see prepara-

tions making for the feast. At length long slips of chintz were brought in, and laid in front of the lines of visitors—these were our tablecloths. On these were placed cakes of bread, which were brought in by thirty slaves, marching round in procession. Taking the time from the senior officer of the household, we tore up these cakes and ate them. The thirty slaves again entered in procession, each carrying two small china plates, which contained preserved fruits. After this another procession: the thirty slaves entered, carrying each a large bowl which contained a sort of national soup, which had such a very objectionable appearance that I did not touch it. The next procession of slaves brought in dishes of *pillaw*, which was not well cooked; and on their being removed, a great number of slaves entered bearing raisins and dried plums, which they deposited in front of the spot where his majesty was supposed to be still sitting, meaning by this to show that those who received them should understand that they came direct from the hands of majesty. On some of these being handed to us, Brutus whispered to me to take a large handful and pocket them, which of course I did. A great number of loaves of sugar were now brought in, and placed in the centre of the square. About a dozen of these were split into two equal portions, but all the rest were broken into small pieces: the half is only given to men of rank, and Brutus appeared gratified at our receiving this distinction, and begged me to

pocket mine. Luckily I wore an Afghan dress with large *pockets*, or I know not what I should have done with the spoils. After the sugar had been pocketed, all hands rose and moved towards the door, and so ended this festival. I was so cramped that I could hardly walk; and the idea of 120 human beings marching out, each with one pocket full of sugar and the other full of raisins, was trying to one's risible faculties; but I followed the customs of the Court, and carried off my spoils as grave as a judge.

The town of Khiva consists of a few streets of mud houses: there is one covered bazaar, which, though small, is a handsome and substantial building. The colleges are showy buildings, ornamented with coloured tiles, which have a gay effect; but the water is so near the surface, that it is hardly possible to give a sufficient foundation in it. Owing to this cause the minarets all slope from the perpendicular, and the walls are in general separated at the corners of the buildings. The chief beauty of Khiva consists in the luxuriant growth of the trees, and in the number and extent of the gardens. These are invariably surrounded by a thick wall of twenty or even thirty feet high. The buttresses are formed something like bastions, so that at first these gardens may easily be mistaken for forts. Long rows of poplar-trees, branching off from a pool of water in the centre, is the usual plan of the gardens, and the house is generally built in one of the sides, and commands a full view of the garden. I

arrived at Khiva on the 12th of June, and remained there fifty-two days. This season is sometimes unhealthy, owing to the rice crops, which, as usual, cause much malaria, and consequently fever and ague; but we were exceedingly fortunate, and I heard of very few cases. The climate is very healthy, and the seasons much similar to those in England, except the winter, which is intensely severe. The fruits are very delicious, particularly the melon, than which nothing can be of more exquisite flavour. They boast a hundred different sorts. There is one of a long oval shape, which is of a light green colour, and delicate as new-fallen snow. A child may eat any quantity of this fruit without suffering.

The grapes are most abundant, but I have not tasted any equal in flavour to those grown on the banks of the Furrah Rood, a river in Afghanistan. Here the vine is supported on sticks, and in winter, after pruning, they bury the main branches under the earth to protect them from the frost. Apples, pears, plums, &c., are all found in great abundance.

The Khan is a good-natured, unaffected person of about forty-five years of age; he has invariably treated me with much kindness, and appears very anxious to gain information regarding England, and Europe generally. He is much respected by his subjects, with whom he bears a high character for justice. He has a very large hawking establishment, and is very partial to this sport, for which he is in the habit of

making frequent excursions on the opposite banks of the river, where game is said to be very abundant. He also moves out annually in the spring, to superintend the opening of the canals for irrigation. The whole of the cultivation is dependent on the supply of water drawn from the river by these canals, as the showers of rain are very slight. The fish in the Oxus are very abundant, of excellent quality; and lower down the river, at Kurrakulpauk, the natives subsist entirely on them. The trade is chiefly with Russia, from whence the sugar and broadcloth are sent in caravans. The teeth of the sea-horse, from the polar regions, is also an article of commerce. From Mungishlauk to Khiva, a camel can carry his load in twenty-two days; and from Petersburg to Mungishlauk there is one uninterrupted communication by water. Peter the Great formed the canal communication between Petersburg and the Volga, and thus won from Cowper the memorable line—

"The astonished Caspian hears the distant Baltic roar."

With such advantages, it is unnecessary to say that we can hardly hope to compete with Russian merchants in the Khivan market. Owing to the late war with Russia, no merchandise reached Khiva, except through Bokhara, from Orenburg; but a glance at the map will show that the proper outlet for merchandise from Eastern Russia into Northern Asia is not from Orenburg but from Astrakhan, from whence sailing

vessels cross in two days to Mungishlauk; so that, in twenty-four days, the Russian goods can be sent from one of their large towns directly to the capital of Turkistan. If the Khan of Khiva and his successors consult their own interest by giving protection to merchants, I think there is very little doubt of their having the whole of the Russian trade with Northern Asia carried through their city.

August 3d.—I have been too busy with office matters to resume this rambling journal up to this date; in the meantime, the following occurrences have taken place: Brutus has returned to Herat; the Khan Huzarut has made over to me all the Russian prisoners, and I am to take them to a Russian fort on the eastern shore of the Caspian. The announcement of this determination put the mettle of my establishment to a severe test. The sufferings of Captain Abbott and his party among the Cossacks have not been forgotten; and as I gave out that I should take ship at Nova Alexandroff, it is hardly surprising that some of the muleteers and understrappers should have begged to be excused sharing my fortunes any further. Old Brutus seemed to consider it a matter of course that I should take him; and on my first breaking to him my determination to send him back to Herat, he was loud in his exclamations of the impossibility of returning without me—"He might live a thousand years, but he never would return to Herat unless in my company. How could he? would not his face be blackened to all

eternity? Heaven be praised! neither his father nor grandfather had eaten the salt of ingratitude; and as for himself, what petition should he make? Was it not evident to all people that he lived but in the favour of the gentleman," &c., &c. The old man, I really believe, had I wished it, would have accompanied me with the best grace in his power; but his age and infirmities prevented my ever dreaming of such a thing. He has a young son and an old wife to look after; young Daood had been purchasing some presents for his young wife, to whom he had been married about a month previous to our leaving Herat, but his only remark was, with a sigh, "Well, father, you must take these Russian boxes to *my* house;" and he has been invaluable in superintending all the thousand preparations for this long and harassing march. Khoda Woordee considered it a matter of course that he should accompany me; and Fazil, "the faithful," said he, "of course, should not return to Hindostan except in my company;" and he has been about a fortnight endeavouring to explain the purport of a letter which he wishes to have sent to his *bhae* (brother), to the effect that a certain young damsel in Rajputana may be released from her betrothal to him, as he is going to accompany the gentleman to *Petersporkh*. Brutus is much horrified at my expressing a determination to shave off my beard when I arrive in Russia. At first he thought I was joking; but finding that I was serious, he

begged me to reflect that the beard was given to man as an ornament; that, according to the Book, damages might be recovered from any one who deprived you of this appendage; that to lose it was the most serious disgrace and misfortune that could befall a man; but that knowingly, and from forethought, to deprive one's self of such an ornament was, he begged to submit to my superior judgment, not the act of a wise man; and here followed some flattering remarks on the promising appearance of *the* beard that was in danger. I humbly urged that the custom of Feringhistan was such, and that surely the dust was an argument in favour of the razor; but my remarks made no impression on the old conspirator, who remained stroking his own thin beard with a very serious, thoughtful countenance. After some time, I asked him what would Khoda Woordee do in Russia? This was too much for the old gentleman's gravity: we had a hearty laugh at the idea of any barber being rash enough to think he could remove the forest of a beard which flows from Khoda Woordee's chin. The Kipchaks did not relish the trip, and I was not anxious to take them. They have accompanied Brutus on his return to Herat.

Old Brutus was very anxious to grace his return by taking away several Herat slaves with him, amongst the rest, the daughter of the Kutub. Long and often did he dwell upon the latter woman's sufferings. She, the daughter of the "Sayer of Prayers," be-

hind whom the king and nobles of Herat prayed! Shame on him if he left her here! I could only assist him in my good wishes, but these were of little value. At length he determined on making a representation to the Khan Hazarut on the subject, and the result was that the woman was promised to him. The next day he rushed into my room in a perfect fury; it was some time before he could collect his breath enough to tell me the cause. At length, amongst curses on those sons of burnt fathers, this race of dogs! he told me that, instead of the Kutub's daughter, they had released and sent to him a female relation of the notorious plunderer, Bi Bood! one of the greatest villains that an age of misrule ever produced. "And now," said Brutus, "if I do not return this woman there is no hope of the Kutub's daughter, as in the eyes of this race all women are alike. They have given me one woman, and *that* was their promise, and if I send back this woman, Bi Bood will never rest until he has ruined me and my house. Upon what calamity have I fallen, that it should be my lot to release one of Bi Bood's house?"

I was very sorry indeed to part with Brutus; he has decidedly more heart than any of the Heratees of my acquaintance, and some of his peculiarities were most amusing, to say nothing of his being valuable to me in negotiations with these bigoted Mahomedans. I think the tears on his cheek were genuine,

and I wish him all luck and happiness. I have exalted his head by having a *tukti rowan*, or travelling litter, made for him. The affair is painted green, with two golden balls, and carried by two ponies in shafts; it has much the appearance of a meat-safe, but in the eyes of all people here it is considered a very elegant travelling carriage, and Brutus is delighted at the prospect of this passage through the *chartoo*, or centre market-place of Herat!

I moved out to Zaca, a village about nine miles N.W. of Khiva, the first five miles being through very rich cultivation, and the remainder across a spur of the sandhills. I am pitched in a garden belonging to H.M., and am to receive charge of the prisoners to-morrow.

August 4th.—Busy all day paying the unfortunate prisoners. There are as yet 325 males, eighteen females, and eleven children; the latter were all born here. The average number of years of slavery of Turkistan is thus: males, ten years and a half; females, nearly seventeen. One of the males has been sixty years in slavery, and some of them only six months. With one exception they were all in fine health, and appear to be strong, stout men. They are all Christians of the Greek Church. The poor women are small and plain; their husbands and children are with the party. The women were all seized near Orenburg. The men were seized thus: 256 males fishing on the eastern shores of the

Caspian, thirty-eight near Orenburg, and thirty-one bought or seized from the Persians. The last-mentioned chiefly belonged to the regiment of Russian deserters which was in the Persian army under Samson. I gave each man a ducat, and have hired a camel for every two. They all seemed, poor people, very grateful, and altogether it was one of the pleasantest duties I have ever executed. This evening one of the Russian women came to me in great distress, saying that her two children were still detained in Khiva. I have promised to secure their release. The other Russian prisoners have told me of several of their countrymen who are still in captivity, and the collecting them will cause much delay. The minister came out here to see me this morning, which is considered a very high honour. I took the opportunity of speaking to him regarding the two children and the other slaves still detained, and he has promised to have them sent to me.

August 5th. — Started at sunrise and marched fifteen miles, nearly the whole of the road through rich cultivation. Gardens are to be seen on every hand; small villages and detached farmhouses are very numerous. At nine miles passed a large village called Caizabad, where there is a considerable bazaar, one mile from which crossed a very fine canal about thirty-five yards in breadth. The halting-place was at one of the numerous formal gardens. Before sun-

set started again, and marched twenty miles during the night, chiefly along the edge of sandhills. This was merely a slip of sand, the cultivation being on either side of it. The river is said to be only a short day's march from this—about, I suppose, twenty miles; it is said to have encroached very much of late, and on this account the estates here have been much neglected. This place is called Dusht Houz: total distance this day, thirty-five miles. Caruley Yuz Bashe, the commandant of cavalry accompanying me, is a handsome active man, and I am well pleased with him. He is much in favour with the Khan, and has received orders never to appear again at Court unless he can give a good account of me. I was repeatedly asked by the Khan, before leaving, to fix the number of troopers I would like to have with me; but this I always refused, saying I was his guest, and would go with one or two horsemen, or with a thousand; but until I reached the Russian frontier I trusted to his majesty for protection, with whom the disgrace must rest if any misfortune happened to me, as he could alone take the necessary precautions. Caruley was one of the party sent by the Khan to oppose the Russian advance under the Koosh Beggie. This party succeeded in surprising and carrying off 200 camels belonging to the Russian army; but as no blood had been spilt, they decided on attacking a small Russian detachment which had taken up a position behind a slight intrenchment.

Their mode of attack, after mature deliberation, was to drive on the camels which they had just seized, and to advance in their rear; the result was, as might have been anticipated, that the camels being wounded and frightened by the fire opened on them from the Russian intrenchment, turned on the Turkomans, throwing the latter into hopeless confusion—taking advantage of which, the Russians succeeded in securing such of the camels as had not been shot. This Russian force did not exceed 10,000 fighting men and forty pieces of artillery. The reports so industriously spread in India of an intended invasion on our provinces were altogether without foundation, as no idea of an immediate advance beyond Khiva could have been entertained. The expedition failed from the excessive severity of the winter, which destroyed all the camels; but apart from this, when it is remembered that from Orenburg to the mouth of the Oxus is a distance of 800 miles, and that in the whole extent there is not one fixed dwelling, that no supplies whatever could be procured, and that even fuel was not to be found—I say, when these obstacles are taken into consideration, we can hardly be surprised at the failure of the expedition. There are two men appointed to collect and superintend the hired camels, of which I find we require 220. One of these is a Cossack, by name Niaz, an enormously fat creature without any beard, but of a pleasing, good-humoured expression of face; the other is a haggard,

dissipated-looking Chowdoor Turkoman, from whose face I have no hopes. To add to my annoyances, they have given the power of collecting the Russian prisoners to this man, whose name is Khojah Mahomed. Now the Chowdoors are the chief dealers in Russian slaves; they are settled about Mungishlauk, and have seized at different times several fishing-boats; in these they embark, and capture the unfortunate Russian fishermen on the Caspian. It is not likely that any of this tribe should assist me in collecting the Russian prisoners, especially as it is known that one of the objects of my journey to the Caspian is to put a stop to their piracy. Accordingly, Khojah Mahomed made great protestations of his zeal and promises of activity, but did nothing whatever. The Russian prisoners released themselves occasionally and came to me, but none were brought by him. At last two Russian prisoners, with chains on their feet, escaped from Khojah Mahomed's own house, and came to me. This was too much for my patience, and I declared my determination of bringing his rascality to the Khan Huzarut's notice; but Caruley and Niaz begged me to overlook the man's offence, saying that the Khan Huzarut would certainly have put him to death if I complained of him. The creature, too, humbled himself before me, and said he had eaten dirt, and begged me to forgive him, binding himself by all possible oaths to behave better in future. He had the collecting of half the camels, and it would be difficult

to get away without him, so I consented at last to spare him; but there is no hope of the man—villain is written too legibly on his face, and he will be a "calamity" during the whole march. I have a Yamoot with me, by name Beerdee, an ugly little fellow, but invaluable; he has been once or twice to Herat, and been treated very kindly by Major Todd. The minister wrote to me saying that the two children concerning whom I spoke a few days back were in the hands of a very influential person, a lady in the palace; that after much negotiation he had succeeded in procuring the release of the youngest, a boy, whom he sent to me, but that it was impossible to effect the liberation of the other child, a girl nine years of age. The mother on hearing this became frantic, vowing that nothing should tear her from her child, and that she would prefer remaining in slavery with her darling Shureefa to freedom without her. She then taunted me with the promise I had made to effect the child's release; and, to make a long story short, I at last ordered my horse and rode that night into Khiva, arriving about ten in the morning. My arrival occasioned some alarm to the minister, who was exceedingly anxious to know the cause of my sudden visit; but I considered it advisable to lead him astray on this point, saying I wished to see the Khan on various subjects, and hoped to be admitted that evening. This request was complied with, and after discussing many points, I was at length told that I might retire. There

is a Turkoman superstition regarding a petition made by a person on the eve of departure, and to refuse this request is supposed to bring ill-luck on the journey. Taking advantage of this, I urged that his majesty had given me all the prisoners, but that there was in his own palace a child detained. The Khan urged that she did not wish to go; I pleaded her not being of age. He was silent for some time; at length, turning to the minister, he muttered, "Give him the child." Shortly afterwards a beautiful little girl was brought to me. It was very dark, so, taking a lamp, I advanced to have a closer view of my hardly-earned prize, when the little puss screamed out lustily, vowing nothing should make her go to "that *Russian slave-dealer!*" The Turkomans were greatly amused. Luckily, I had brought Beerdee Yamoot with me, and the little Shureefa made no objection to going with him, jumping up behind his pony, and looking much alarmed when I approached. She was about nine years old, and I think I have seldom seen a more beautiful child. We rode the whole of the night on our return to our camp, and Shureefa gave Beerdee an account of her separation from her mother, which he translated to me. "She was torn from me, and, striking me on the forehead, exclaimed, Oh, luckless one, would that thou hadst never been born!" On reaching our camp, the Russians gave a shout at the sight of Shureefa; and the next morning she and her little brother were brought by their mother to make

their bow to me. But still the little rogue feared my Persian robes, and appeared much alarmed.

August 12*th*.—That rascal, Khojah Mohamed, still fails in bringing in any of the Russian prisoners, and I fear I shall be detained here for some days. Fortunately, the Khan is coming here on his road to a shooting excursion, and I shall be able to see him if necessary.

August 14*th*.—The Khan arrived this morning, and I obtained an audience. After pointing out the exertions I had made to recover the prisoners, I showed the Khan a list of those whom I knew to be still detained, and said in plain terms that unless assisted by him, I must beg to decline the share in the transaction which had been assigned me; that it was quite useless to go to the Russian frontier unless I could take *all* the prisoners, and that my "head was confused" with the trouble I had already taken in this matter. His majesty was astounded at my plain speaking, and gave his minister an order in a tone which made him *shake*. I have been advised to move one stage farther, and have been promised all and every one of the prisoners, and have received an order threatening death to any one who shall detain them.

August 15*th*.—Left Dusht Houz this day, and was delighted to find one of the officers of the household waiting with seventeen of the Russian prisoners. I have cross-questioned all the prisoners, and find there is the son of one of them still a prisoner on this side.

The head of the village where he is detained has been sent for. The only others of whom I can hear are three on the other side of the river, and Caruley has sent troopers to fetch them. On the 18th, the head of the village came to camp, and swore on *the* Book that the lad concerning whom I had sent was dead; but the next day the father saying that he had positive intelligence of his son being concealed, and still alive, Caruley sent three troopers to the spot, and after much difficulty they succeeded in digging him out from a vault in the granary. From Dusht Houz to Arbogue, we marched a distance of 125½ miles, along the alluvial soil near the river Oxus. There were frequently several *khails* of Turkomans in sight in all directions, but the only fixed village is Old Ooregunge, which is 109 miles from Khiva. It is on the site of the ancient city, which is said to have existed in the time of the Fire-worshippers. For many years it has been altogether deserted, the river having changed its course. A prophecy has descended from generation to generation, that in the latter days Ooregunge shall be again inhabited; and within the last five years the river has returned to this side and filled the bed of a considerable stream, from which canals have been cut for irrigation, and people are fast collecting, there being now about 1000 families resident here, and a considerable market twice a-week. I tell the Turkomans that the sooner they repent of their slave-dealing and other sins the better, for the fulfilment of the

prophecy evidently approaches. There is a tower, or rather pillar, here, about 120 feet high, which has been formerly handsomely ornamented; there are also the ruins of four tombs, the roofs of which have been gaily decorated with coloured tiles. Treasure has been found here, and some mummies. Altogether, it is a fine field for the antiquary. At Arbogue we arrived on the 26th, and here we halted for two days, to lay in water and to make all arrangements for crossing the barren steppe which separates us from the Caspian. The horizon is much similar to that at sea, and of all uninteresting marches this is the most tiresome. The wells are from seventy to thirty miles apart, and in many instances the water is five paces from the surface, and nearly always of bad flavour. This enormous plain is inhabited by Cossacks, who feed large flocks of cattle on a small herb which is most abundant, and wander from well to well. These Kirghis never cultivate land, and the greater number never taste flour during the whole of their lives. The men and women of this tribe whom I have seen are very ugly, small, and emaciated; but I am assured that many tribes of Kirghis Cossacks are celebrated for their great size and strength. Their food is invariably soup and meat, neither rice nor bread forming part of their meals. The different descriptions of meat are thus estimated by them — 1st, mutton; 2d, horse-flesh; 3d, beef; and 4th, camel-flesh. The flesh of the horse is said to be very nutritious, and I hear that

several of the grandees of Khiva eat it on principle. Niaz (my fat guide) is a poet, and at my request sung me a song of his own composing. It commences with a loud and long holloa, and ends in a volley of words shot off with the greatest volubility: a good pair of lungs seem to be the chief thing necessary. This is all I can make of Beerdee's Persian translation of the words of the song, which is addressed to some fair damsel: "Oh, h—h—oh! I am mounted on an ambling pony, clothed in velvet and *khincobs*, and have eight yards of gold!" To which proud boast the fair one answers, "Oh—h—h—h—h, oh! I care not for your ambling pony, your velvet *khincobs*, and your eight yards of gold. I care alone for you." These Cossacks have no *horses*, but hundreds of ponies, which generally amble well. This ambling is natural to them, and is not acquired by instruction. When a colt has obtained a certain age he is tried, and if he is found to possess the hoped-for amble, his ears are split, to mark his superiority over the less gifted, who are, I fancy, generally devoured. This amble seems to be the Cossack's idea of perfection, and *yokshee yoorgab*, a good ambler, is the greatest commendation. The women ride over the country as constantly as the men, and are said to have considerable privileges. My fat guide has been once or twice to Orenburg with letters. I asked him to give me some account of the governor of Orenburg, General Perofsky. "He is a man of a *snakish* appearance, complexion

black, eyes yellow, and coat covered with ducats." All the audience shook their heads, and said such a man *must* be dangerous.

The Russian prisoners amounted to 416 souls, and as my own party was considerable, it was decided by the united wisdom of "They the Tutor," Caruley, Niaz, and Beerdee, that half the Russian prisoners should march the first day under Niaz; that Caruley and his *sowars* should accompany me on the second day; and that Khojah Mahomed should bring up the rear with the remaining half of the prisoners. I took the precaution of leaving ten of Caruley's *sowars* as spies on Khojah Mahomed. This arrangement was found to answer very well; and, thanks be to God! not a man, woman, nor child was lost during the whole of this most fatiguing march. We were most truly fortunate in every respect—the weather was most favourable, neither too hot nor too cold, and I am not aware of a single instance of any of the prisoners suffering from thirst or hunger. Not a horse or camel even was lost. When crossing one of the stages over this steppe, the whole of the prisoners were together—it was a glorious sight to pass them. They speak no European language but their own, and our only mode of salutation was the "Az salam Alliekoum." This they shouted out to me as I rode by them; and thus the salutation which a true Mussulman will not exchange with an infidel, became the only greeting between Christians.

The plain was so open that the camels crowded together and marched over *en masse;* the children and women riding on panniers, singing and laughing, and the men trudging along sturdily—all counting the few days which remained ere they should rejoin their countrymen, and escape from what they must have long considered a life of hopeless slavery.

The release of these poor wretches has surprised the Turkomans amazingly, and, to crown all, the Khan has granted orders, prohibiting, under the penalty of death, the seizure of Russian subjects, or the purchase of natives of Herat. This prohibition of the slave-trade is quite novel in Turkistan, and I humbly hope that it is the dawn of a new era in the history of this nation, and that ultimately the British name will be blessed with the proud distinction of having put an end to this inhuman traffic, and of having civilised the Turkoman race, which has been for centuries the scourge of Central Asia. About eight marches from Nova Alexandroff, I sent one of the Russian prisoners with a Cossack to give information of our approach, sending by them an English letter to the governor of the fort. On their arrival at Nova Alexandroff they were looked upon as spies. My letter could not be read, and the intelligence of the release and approach of so many fellow-subjects was too astounding to be credited! a whole night was necessary to convince the Russians in the fort of the truth of the good tidings. It was pleasing to see the rush of the

prisoners to greet their countrymen. That evening we pushed on one stage, and the next morning approached the fort. The war between the Turkomans and Russians has hitherto been carried on with such barbarity, that it was not surprising that Caruley should remind me, about six miles from the fort, that he had already exceeded his instructions in accompanying me so far; the camelmen also began to grumble loudly at the danger of going too near the fort. Now this was a little perplexing, for though the Russian prisoners had not much property, they had still much more than they could possibly carry; and to leave it on the ground and march on the prisoners, almost naked, would have a bad effect; to say nothing of the chance of the Russian prisoners (finding themselves in a large majority) helping themselves to the camels. However, I gave the order to unload, and made Caruley himself count the camels. This being done, I asked the people from whom the camels were hired whether they had received their beasts; and on their replying in the affirmative, I asked Caruley whether the Khan Huzarut's orders had been obeyed, and he answered "Yes." I told him to stand on one side, that I had nothing to do with him; but I would give ten ducats to any man who would lend me twenty camels to carry some property to Nova Alexandroff, and would be security for the safe return of the camels. The twenty camels were soon procured, and with the aid of my own and "They the Tutor's," we

got on well enough, and made a grand appearance. The men marched in a line with the camels, carrying the women and children close in the rear; and thus we approached the Russian fortress. The worthy commandant was overpowered by gratitude. His receiving charge of the prisoners would make a fine picture, and was a scene which I can never forget. The fortification here is small, but constructed on scientific principles; it is on the edge of the high shore of the Caspian sea. The garrison does not exceed 500 men, who suffer much from scrofula, though relieved twice in the year from Russia. At Arbogue we ascended a cliff of about 300 feet: this bears all the signs of having been, in former ages, the sea-shore; and I am disposed to think that originally the Caspian and Aral seas were united, and that there was a promontory jutting into this ocean, including Mungishlauk and Arbogue. Now a reef crossed this cliff in two places, and it is traced in modern maps, and designated the Chink: it was across this promontory that our route lay from Arbogue to Nova Alexandroff. I am unable to throw any light upon the assertion which has been made, that in former ages the river Oxus flowed into the Caspian sea. This tradition is commonly mentioned and generally believed by the Turkomans and Cossacks; and Beerdee assured me that he had crossed the original bed of the river, which was easily to be traced; and he mentioned as an indisputable proof that the trunks

of very large trees were still to be found near the former bed of the river. If this is the case, I should consider it conclusive, for no trees could possibly have thriven in this climate unless on the borders of a river. Supposing this assertion to be correct, the promontory which I have mentioned would have turned the Oxus into the Caspian, and the mouth being choked by an earthquake or some other cause, the river would be turned by the other shoulder of the promontory into its present course near Arbogue into the Aral. The Wolf rode over to Nova Alexandroff from Herat, where I had sent him shortly after my arrival at Khiva, and brought me English and Indian letters; he declares he was shot at six times on the journey. He will be very useful in accompanying Mahomed Daood and the tail to Khiva. Three vessels have been sent for our conveyance to Oochuck, on the northern shore of the Caspian, and from thence we travel by post-stages to Orenburg. I have eighteen camels and twenty-six horses, all Government property, and it is absolutely necessary to have some confidential person in charge of them. They must be sent back to Khiva, as it is impossible to feed them here, and this road will be impassable in about two months more, owing to the excessive cold. Under these circumstances I shall only take Fazil Khan and Khoda Woordee with me, sending all the rest back under Mahomed Daood. I have been four months residing altogether amongst Mahomedans, and I con-

fess I cannot help feeling something like shame at the appearance of the bottle; it is a point wherein I must allow the Mahomedans can taunt us. The presence of the dogs, too, is objectionable, though at one time I was very fond of the canine genus. Little Beerdee came into my tent, very much distressed, the evening of the first day after our arrival, and after many times muttering "Tobah, Tobah!" oh, "repentance, repentance!" he informed me that they were fattening some of the *unclean* animals with the intention of devouring them! Pah! "There was a woman there too," said he; "she had her head, face, and neck uncovered, and she wears no breeches." Upon my inquiring how he had ascertained the *last* fact, he said, "She was moving about, and I saw up to her knee!" This shameless person went up to the unclean animal and gave it bread! She patted its head! faugh!! and stroked its sides!! Lahole o la Kowate Istukfaroollah—"Disgrace and pollution! may Heaven defend us!" "Well, Beerdee, what did *you* do?"—"I only fled; before this I should not have minded going with you, but now, for God's sake, give me my despatches and let me depart." It was useless to argue that the unclean animal was the work of God, that it was only from its disreputable life to be objected to, but that here he himself had seen it *fed well and cleanly.* "For God's sake let me depart," was his only answer, and in a whisper, "They worship images! I saw it, all of us saw it!"—

"Why, Beerdee, can you tell me the reason why you turn to the Kibla when you pray?"—"Don't ask me such questions; I saw them worship images," and off he goes to Khiva, to tell many a funny tale, no doubt.

September 17*th*.—This morning parted with Mahomed Daood and the establishment. Well, good-luck to them; they have followed me over many a weary mile, and, *Inshallah*, if I rise, they shall rise too: never had man better servants. The only difficulty was to persuade them to go back, though the terrors of the sea were before them if they accompanied me, and these terrors were, in their imagination, anything but contemptible, to say nothing of the images and the unclean animals! The Russians gave me a feast, and drank the healths of the Queen of England and Emperor of Russia, and did me the honour of toasting me also. "They the Tutor" much alarmed at the guns and hurrahs, and much scandalised at the bottles.

September 18*th*.—The prisoners came on board, and the worthy commandant bade God speed us. Gave him three cheers on leaving. Sailed at sunset, light but favourable breeze.

September 19*th*.—Progressing but slowly. "They the Tutor" was *rather unwell* yesterday, and has not been seen this day. We are sailing over a smooth sheet of water, as clear as crystal, and not eight feet deep; you may count every sea-weed. Land has been

in sight all day to the south. They say the waters of the Caspian decrease yearly.[1]

September 20th.—Land in sight occasionally this day, and the water not above eight or ten feet deep. A dead calm about noon, which lasted all night.

September 21st.—A strong breeze sprang up right in our teeth. Took advantage of a slight favourable change in the wind, and moved about twelve miles into deeper water. Here the wind settled against us, and we were twenty-four hours anchored, a heavy swell running and shaking this little boat as if it were but a cockle-shell.

Late on the evening of the 22d we got a puff in our favour, and gradually the wind came round and brought us in, in gallant style, early in the morning of the 23d, to the anchorage of Oochuck, as it is called by Turkomans and Cossacks, or Goorieff by Russians—as pretty a spot for fever and ague as I have seen. The vessels are surrounded by high grass, which covers their decks, and the mud is black and glutinous. This place is at one of the mouths of the Ural river. We are now waiting while people go to fetch carriages for us from the neighbourhood. "They the Tutor," and indeed all but the old sailors,

[1] It is a curious fact connected with this sea, that by the last Russian surveys it appears that the sea of Aral is 104 feet, and the Black Sea 116 feet above the Caspian, thus making the Aral and the Black seas nearly on a level with each other, with the Caspian in a hollow a little more than 100 feet below and between them.

suffered dreadfully from sickness. He said that the riding on a camel's back in *kajores* (panniers) was painful, but that the shaking in this vessel was something he could never have dreamt of; two days more, he protests, would have killed him. Long and loud are his exclamations of "Shookr Alhum-dullillah!" —Thanks to Almighty God!

On the evening of the 24th, five or six carts and carriages were brought for our conveyance to Goorieff. "They the Tutor," a German naturalist, a Russian doctor, and I, started in a sort of phaeton, drawn by three ponies. Off we went like mad, "They" in a dreadful perturbation. I really sometimes think that these shakings and novelties will be too much for him.

This place, Goorieff, is chiefly a village of fishermen: the houses are all of planks, comfortable and clean. It is only within the last few years that the Caspian has retired from this ground. Enormous quantities of fish are caught here, and a considerable trade is carried on in consequence with Astrakhan.

October 1*st*.—Arrived at Orenburg after a most harassing and tiresome trip by the post-carts. There was a village of *boxes* (for the dwellings cannot be called houses) and a small field-fortification at every station; but the only place of any consequence is Ooreilsky, which is a considerable town, with some fine houses. It is the headquarters of the *hettman* of the Ural Cossacks, a very agreeable, accomplished

gentleman. The arrangements regarding post-horses are excellent, and the pace good, but oh, the carts! they are dreadful. I have travelled far, and in barbarous countries, but never did I suffer so much *pain* as on this journey. The tract of country from Goorieff to Orenburg is occupied by the Cossacks of the Ural, who are amongst the hardiest soldiers in the Russian ranks; they have many privileges connected with the fisheries on the river. The fish is caught in very great quantities, and is a considerable article of traffic.

On my arrival at Orenburg I parted with my long-cherished beard, and inserted myself into the tight garbs of Europe. Here I found a very pleasant society. There is a considerable fortification, and a large force. The bazaar is a very busy scene, and natives from all parts of Asia may be seen wandering about, staring at the wonders of European skill and science. Since my arrival the natives of Khiva who had been so long in confinement have been set at liberty, and are to be allowed to return to their homes with their property. The total number of natives of Khiva at Orenburg, Ourvelskee, and Astrakhan, who thus owe their release to English mediation, is 640, which, added to the 416 Russians brought with me, makes a very satisfactory little total in our favour, to say nothing of the numbers which the prohibitory orders may be hoped to save from a life of slavery.

From Orenburg I posted to Moscow, *viâ* Lunbeersk. At Moscow I took a place in the diligence, and arrived at Petersburg on the 3d of November, where I had the honour to receive the thanks of the Emperor for the kindness which I had found it in my power to show to his subjects. This city, and the road to it from Orenburg, have been often described by many more able persons than myself; and having carried my unfortunate reader safely into civilised life, I will now make my bow, and wish him, when next he moves, a pleasanter journey with a more amusing companion.

THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN.

BY ANDREW WILSON.

[*MAGA.* November 1861.]

IT was not unpleasant to be at Ta Lien Wan, or "Great Girdle Bay," in Manchuria, when the British expedition against China was collected there, in the summer of last year, previous to its advance on the Taku forts. It was pleasant to be there, because, in anticipation, we could always put down any travelled bore with the crushing phrase, "When I was in Manchuria." Then the clear brilliant sky and life-giving air of the north were themselves a pure enjoyment after the steam-bath of Hong-Kong, which place I had described to myself a few weeks before, when in an atrabilarious mood, as

> A mount of desolation
> Upraised in steaming air,
> With views of rotten granite rocks,
> Salt water, and despair.

It was something to see that magnificent bay—

hitherto known to junks alone—covered with nearly two hundred vessels flying the English flag, from the little rolling gunboat to the fifty-gun steam frigate, or the not less magnificent chartered steamer of two or three thousand tons. The utmost harmony prevailed throughout the expedition. Entire confidence was placed in Sir Hope Grant and its other chiefs. The water of the bay became a pleasant green plain, over which we hastened daily to pay pleasant visits from ship to ship. The little villages on shore gave occasion for lively foraging excursions, on which good Mexican dollars were exchanged for very porcupine-like pigs and ancient fowls. It was extensively rumoured that some man had shot a hare, which led to a general furbishing-up of fowling-pieces. But our gallant allies were not ready; their saddles had been sunk somewhere near Saddle Island, on the coast of China. Further delay was inevitable, and I began to tire of Ta Lien Wan.

The captain of the steamer Carthage had some very amusing stories of old times, when he and British rule in India were both a good deal younger than they are at present. Among others, he used to tell of an Indo-Portuguese steward he once had, who, as a deadly act of revenge for some real or fancied insult, filled his pocket with silver spoons, jumped overboard, and so drowned himself. But even the best stories require new relays of hearers. The monotony was slightly relieved by a mandarin, who

appeared one forenoon on the hills above the bay, and began reading an Imperial proclamation ordering us all to depart; but as a thundering salute happened to be fired just at that moment, he tucked up his skirts and himself ran off, satisfied that he had courageously performed his duty. The most valuable relief, however, was "the great unknown," the mysterious gentleman, who usually appeared on board a transport, encumbered only with a despatch-box and a canteen, and who had no sooner set his foot on board than he hurriedly sent off the boat which had brought him there, saying to the crew, "Now, boys, you can go back to your ship." This, be it observed, was itself a great stroke on the part of a social highwayman, for what has a tender-hearted skipper to do with him when he is once on board in a place like Manchuria? He cannot be requested to walk down the gangway into the water; it will not do exactly to put him on shore in an enemy's country, where the heads of foreigners are supposed to be at a premium. To be sure, he may be turned into the forecastle and put on ship's rations, but that is a harsh measure; and then gentlemen of this description have a faculty of making themselves extremely popular with sailors, and there is no saying what difficulties he may raise, or insubordination he may excite. But our highwayman of Ta Lien Wan never required such a *pis aller*. His next step, after sending the boat away, was to hint to the captain,

without committing himself to a positive statement, that he was the correspondent of the 'Times' or of the 'Daily News,' that he was an Admiralty agent, or a secret agent of Lord Elgin, and that he would so far condescend as to talk with the captain about the matter over a glass of brandy-and-water. Being of gentlemanly appearance, and possessing considerable power of conversation, the *séance* usually resulted in his talking and drinking the skipper into a rather confused condition, followed up by the loan of a clean shirt, or an invitation to stay on board for a fortnight. Some of the strokes of this ingenious gentleman were not altogether unworthy of Sheridan. In one vessel where he stayed there were a number of Calcutta humps, articles of diet always acceptable in the East, and especially so at Ta Lien Wan, where many vessels were running short of supplies for the table. Accordingly, he suggested to the captain that in those difficult and troublous times, when transports were liable to receive notice of dismissal, it was of great importance to stand well with the Admiral, and that no surer means could be found for securing that end than presenting him with the humps in question. "But," said the skipper, "I should scarcely like to take that liberty." "Make your mind easy about that," quoth our ingenious friend; "I am intimate with the Admiral, and will give them to him, so that no liberty shall be taken, while at the same time he will know that they came from you." So the humps

were carried off; but instead of presenting them to the Admiral, the social highwayman distributed them among his acquaintances over the fleet, with the view of paving the way for future operations.

But such stories were insufficient to make the time pass profitably, and as vessels were running down to Japan for horses and fodder, I took the opportunity of visiting that country of paradisaical renown, and of determining with my own eyes the truth of the marvellous accounts concerning it.

The first half of the passage was a dead calm, over an oily sea, in which numerous sharks were swimming down the coast of the Corea; and we sighted one or two of the Russian frigates that abound in these waters; but as we approached Nagasaki, there came storm and rain, which greatly improved the wonderful appearance of that picturesque harbour. After the sterile hills of China, it appeared as if we had reached something like the Highlands of Scotland clothed with tropical vegetation, or the Ghauts of Western India in a temperate climate. From the dark-blue sea and white line of foam there suddenly rose dark precipices, fringed with trees and streaked with waterfalls. Above these were hills clothed with the richest dark-green verdure, and varied with wood, or else by terraced gardens and fields; while still beyond rose pine-covered mountains, breaking through white mists, and capped with dark slate-coloured clouds. Like Tennyson's Ida, it was

"Lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow ledges, midway down,
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook, falling through the cloven ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea."

Shortly after casting anchor, we were put in charge of a couple of sworded custom-officers, who placed in our hands the following interesting specimen of Japanese English, which will be acceptable to all students of idiom :—

"THE PROHIBITION.

"To be throwed ballast out of all ships in this port.

"To be done any remain of ships at the outside of this port, and

"To be fished and hunted in this port and shore.

1st year of banyan.
The Government
at
Nagasaky."

This singular mixture of English, Dutch, and Japanese idioms will be found quite intelligible after a little study, but it stands in very unfavourable contrast with the English spoken by the Japanese officials

who have been told off for that purpose. They are not like the Chinese in this respect, for the English which they do speak is wonderfully accurate and pure, and is used by some of them with considerable fluency. On the other hand, Japanese is infinitely easier to learn than the Celestial tongue. It is almost impossible to help picking up a little of it, so characteristic, and yet so easy of pronunciation, are many of its words and phrases. In this respect it is even easier than Italian and Hindostanee, though, as with the former language, difficulties accumulate upon the learner as he proceeds. It would be hard to avoid, even if one wished it, picking up such words as *O-ha-yo*, "Good day," or rather equivalent to that; *Jigi jigi*, "Make haste;" *Pigi pigi*, "Go away;" *Ip-iocha*, "Very good;" *Kore wa gin sen nan mu i ka?* "How many dollars is this?"

The little artificial island of Desima, to which the Dutch were formerly confined, the wrestlers, the tea-houses, and the other lions of Nagasaki, have been already sufficiently described, and I need only say that the houses are scrupulously clean; the ladies are indubitably fine-looking; and a bull-necked wrestler sufficiently proved that he could throw me over his head, though the operation was not entirely carried out. At this time a number of horses were being conveyed for the China expedition from Kanagawa, in the neighbourhood of the capital, and it had been found that they fared ill upon the long

and rough outer sea-passage. Consequently it was resolved, with the not very willing permission of the Japanese authorities, but under the guidance of pilots which they provided, to try if a sailing vessel could be towed through the Suwo Nada or Inland Sea of Japan—a passage which had been already explored by a Dutch steamer, and by H.M. steamer Cruizer. This inner passage runs from Nagasaki up the west and north coasts of Kiusiu, among the innumerable small islands which lie between it and the Gotto Islands. After a narrow strait at Hirado Island there is a piece of clear sea on the north stretching out into the Corean Straits; thence by Wilson Island, and about the 34th parallel of north latitude, the course lies through a very narrow passage, not more than a quarter of a mile in breadth, between Kiusiu and Nippon, into the Inland Sea, which is formed by these islands and that of Sikok, the principal ones of Japan. This Suwo Sea stretches from nearly 131° longitude to a little beyond 135°, and is from sixty to ten miles in breadth; it is scattered over with numerous islands, and has two other entrances besides that just mentioned—the Boungo Channel on the east, and the Kino on the west, of Sikok. At its eastern extremity there is the most important port, Hiogo, which is to be opened to foreigners in 1863, beside Ohosaka, the greatest port of the empire, and at the mouth of the river Engawa, on which stands the city of Miyako, the residence of

the Mikado or Spiritual Emperor, and the greatest commercial emporium in the "Land of the Rising Sun." I gladly embraced the opportunity of going through this sea, as that was really passing through a great portion of the interior of the country without encountering the almost insuperable obstacles to which the traveller would otherwise be exposed. It was also of great interest to be able to see Ohosaka, which had not then been visited by any European in modern times, and which must afford by far the greater part of our future trade with Japan.

The vessels selected for this somewhat doubtful trip were the steamer Sydney of the Indian Navy, and the American ship Fanny M'Henry, chartered to the British Government, but commanded by Captain Smith, a young Virginian, and a most courteous and agreeable specimen of the "Old Dominion." Leaving Nagasaki, or "Long Cape," as its meaning implies, we soon reached Hirado Island, and proceeded through a narrow passage of two or three miles in length, with a pretty sharp turn in it, a fort on either side, and barely room for large vessels to pass. Here a rather exciting incident occurred. When we were about two-thirds through, and opposite one of the forts, the tiller-chains of the steamer got jammed, and it came to a dead stop in the middle of the channel. That was all very well for the steamer, which could keep itself pretty stationary; but the twelve hundred ton ship be-

hind had not only a great deal of way on it, but had also its topsails set; so there was no rest for it, and down it came towards the steamer, almost justifying the exclamation of a startled Irish sailor —"Jasus! we're into her." It seemed as if the Fanny had no choice between running down the tug or running herself upon the rocks; but by the narrowest shave she managed to get past without doing either. One of the hawsers by which the two vessels were attached was cut away in time, but in the confusion of the moment the other was allowed to remain until it turned the head of the ship toward one of the sides of the passage, and shaved off the cabin windows of the steamer before it snapped, from the strain upon it, with a noise like the report of a small cannon. Then there came a trying manœuvre for the ship in which I was. With the wind still in her topsails, she flew across the narrow channel like a thing of life determined to dash itself in pieces against the opposite shore. But luckily our captain was a thorough seaman, and his crew were all active able-bodied English sailors. Never have I seen even a man-of-war more smartly handled. The men flew to the different ropes with wonderful speed, and the vessel was put about just in time to escape destruction; for on looking over the stern, I saw it was only two or three feet from the sharp-pointed rocks which lined the shore. Even there the danger did not end. The water of the channel

was too deep to allow of anchoring, and the current was too strong to allow of our lying-to; so there was nothing for it but to make a bold attempt to sail on, though the three Japanese pilots were all on board the steamer; and across the further entrance, through which we had to take our perilous way, there was an ugly line of reefs. Fortune, however, was in our favour, and we sailed safely through into more open water, where anchorage was found until the steamer again took us in tow. This adventure rather interfered with observations; but I saw there was a large town on the island of Hirado, with the residence of a Damio or prince, surrounded with trees and fortifications. The people on shore appeared quite stupefied by the extraordinary, and, to them, inexplicable nature of our manœuvres. Perhaps they thought that a sudden fit of insanity had attacked the Fanny M'Henry, or that our motions were preliminary to an attack upon their position.

Towards evening we got pretty well clear of islands, and on our left

"There gloomed the dark broad sea"

of the Corean Strait. As it was too dark then to proceed farther, we steamed round and round till daylight, when we found ourselves beside Fiki Island, and off the western entrance of the Inland Sea. The mountains which stretched round were bolder, and with less wood upon them, than those passed on the

previous day. The passage we had now to go through was that between the great islands of Kiusiu and Nippon; and the abundance of population began to show itself. There were numbers of large junks, perfectly clean, elaborately carved, and each carrying a large beautiful white sail on a mast composed of various pieces of wood bound together with rings of iron, as is the case with the best class of English and American ships. The lower hills had plenty of wood; the sandy gravel of the shore was covered with trees and bushes to where it abruptly broke at the water's edge; and there was sufficient bright blue sky, with a few white clouds floating across it, to give fine effects of light and shade on the forests and green fields which stretched up the hills behind, and on the great green rolling mountains beyond. On the right, as the passage began to narrow, there was a Damio's palace, and a large town, or a succession of villages, extending for several miles, and larger than Nagasaki. The junks which we saw did not appear to have any guns or stinkpots like those of China; for foreign trade, with its disorganising influence, had not been there to prepare the way for native piracy. The snug little bays and villages had quaint vessels lying before them, some of which were painted, gilded, and adorned with fine carved filigree work. The cottages of the smaller villages were shaped somewhat like the huts of the islands of the Pacific; but in the other villages there were good large houses,

some of them double-storeyed, others with verandahs round, and steps leading up to them. Every turn of our ship gave some new effect of scenery; and the chief impression conveyed was the beauty, the quietness, the peacefulness of this entrance to the Inland Sea. Surely we had reached "the haunts of ancient peace."

> "I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
> Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
> Of fragrance, quietness, and trees and flowers.
> Full of calm joy it was . . .
> Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
> So that I felt a movement in my heart
> To chide and to reproach that solitude
> With songs of misery, music of our woes."

Such were the lines which occurred to my recollection in connection with this new sea and these pleasant isles: for it is not likely that the Japanese will long be left undisturbed in the happiness which they evidently enjoy beyond any other people. The rude music, not of our woes, but of Western activity, will soon disturb, and are already disturbing, the ancient arrangements of those happy isles.

The town upon the right, on entering the channel, is called Kokurna, and after passing it the sunken rocks in the way are pointed out by tall erect stones, hat-shaped at the top. Indeed, all through the Inland Sea, sunken rocks are marked by stone shafts; and other means, such as lighthouses, have been employed to render navigation safe. After passing a

junk-building yard, we came on another large town upon the left, called Simono-saki, with fine temples behind it embosomed in wood. In front there was an excellent stone sea-wall, with convenient piers, which might put Hong-Kong to shame, with large junks lying alongside of them. The whole town seemed to have turned out to gaze at us, and the wonder-struck crews of the native vessels raised their arms to us by way of salutation. Large as the town was, one cannot go a day's sail up the waters in the neighbourhood of Canton without meeting half-a-dozen of the same size, or even larger. Japan by no means struck me as being so thickly populated as China; and I should think Dr Williams's estimate of about twenty millions of people to be probably near the truth.

After leaving Simono-saki, the passage began to open up into a wide loch, with lower, but still picturesque, hills on either side. It reminded me strongly of Lake Windermere, but had quite a number of beautiful wooded islets. Then it was that the Suwo Nada opened before us, and the mountains became dim in the distance, while a fresh cool breeze ruffled its inland waters, which had then scarcely been vexed by any foreign keels. It was something to get into what, by a certain stretch of phraseology, might be called "a new sea"; but I believe we went down-stairs to discuss Shanghae fowls and drink claret-and-water.

Proceeding down the Inland Sea, the south shore was about ten miles distant, and the north about fifteen. The white puckered sails of junks were plentifully scattered over the blue water, and their seamen examined us through rather dim telescopes of native manufacture. On the south side the mountains were very high, rising up occasionally into volcano-like peaks. There was a good deal of wood and pasture upon them, but also many barren streaks, especially near the shore, and the country was not so rich as it is on the other side of the Fiki Passage. Still, everywhere in Japan the amount of wood excites attention. The fields are surrounded by thick belts of tangled trees and brushwood, and the growth is preserved by a Japanese law, which requires every person who cuts down a tree to plant another instead. On the second day after entering we were surprised by observing an English-rigged cutter in the distance, and for a moment entertained the fancy that perhaps Lord Dufferin, or some other adventurous English yachtsman, might be trying to grope his way before us "into the bowels of Japan"; but it proved to be a vessel which one of the Damios had got on a foreign model. The Japanese have some wonderful antique-looking large vessels, in imitation of what must have been the Dutch build about two centuries ago; but they are by no means backward in adopting improvements which increase their command over their own seas. Already they have several steamers, which

they know well how to manage, and very lately one of these crossed the Pacific, from San Francisco to Yedo, managed entirely by Japanese officers and engineers. This disposition of theirs to adopt the machinery and also the arms of the West is very laudable; but it will enable them to keep their own internal trade by water in their own hands; and it will evidently make them much more formidable in war than the Chinese have ever been. In such a case they would probably draw further supplies of arms from Holland or America; and it is to be noticed that the policy of the United States in Japan —which country they were the first to open up in recent times, and which they are disposed to claim as a special field of their own—has been latterly in opposition to that pursued by the representatives of England and France.

After passing, on our right, the entrance of the Boungo Channel, which runs southwards to the open ocean, the Suwo Nada appeared to close up altogether, owing to the immense number of islands and islets—

> "Summer isles of Eden lying
> In dark purple spheres of sea."

Many of these were almost pyramidal-shaped, and yet terraced, for purposes of cultivation, in an almost impossible manner. We tried to anchor for the night quite close to a village on one of these islands, but could not get sufficiently shallow water, though we

almost brushed the shore. The people, and especially the women and children, came out in great numbers in boats to see us, and were not backward in their salutations and exclamations of gratified surprise. They raised so loud a laugh when "the Doctor," our black cook, showed his head over the bulwarks, that even that hardened individual was abashed, and withdrew, cursing, to his own sanctuary. A little way beyond there was anchorage in ten fathoms, and the passages opened up into pretty broad stretches of water between numerous islands, which sometimes formed quite a labyrinth. Every little bay had a village in it, and the bright verdure came down close to the water's edge; but here and there a red barren hill looked as if it had been peeled of its vegetation. A sky so bright and blue, and an air so dry and pure as that we then enjoyed, are rarely to be found anywhere. On the southern side the hills seemed to be composed chiefly of marl and limestone, with quarries in them; but as this, the fourth day of our voyage, drew on, the hills became very barren, being of hard rounded sandstone, only very imperfectly sprinkled over with bushes and trees. Some spots, however, were very beautiful, with wood running up grass-covered hills, like strips of dark embroidery on a light-green velvet mantle, while in the sandstone above the water's edge, there were wave-worn caves, which Don Juan and Haidée would not have despised. On the south, the high mountains of Sikok, crowned

with white clouds, marked the coast-line. Possibly the pilots went unnecessarily about among the islands in order to make the navigation appear as intricate as possible; but if not, they must have had the bump of locality most enormously developed in order to remember the way. On some of the more richly wooded hills there was table-land at the top, with green cultivated fields and tracts of warm sunny pasture spotted with little black cattle. It being just after the close of the wet season (which was late this year), and in the middle of summer, the country looked exceeding fresh and green. The variety and succession of views were too great to allow many of them being impressed upon the mind; and we felt as if making a rapid survey of a large picture-gallery or a long moving panorama. This kind of work is, after all, not very satisfactory. Goethe has said that, when he desired to understand the power of nature, he selected an *eckschen*, or little corner, for contemplation. A certain repose is necessary if we are to realise the life, the power of nature, when manifested in the translucent depth of air, the calm sleeping sea, the awful mountain-forms; and to appreciate her wilder moods, she must be seen when shaken by her own fury, driving the clouds across the sky, lashing the waves into foam, and tossing the arms of the trees toward the darkened heaven.

Passing into a picturesque loch, with high dark wooded hills around, and a mile or two in breadth,

we noticed many fields interspersed among the trees and jungle. In a small bay, just beyond, there was a large dock, substantially walled in, and a gently shelving sandy shore affording good anchorage. Here a number of old women came out to gaze at us in fishing sampans, looking out of their bleared old eyes in mute amazement at having lived to see the day. In a larger sea, on which we soon entered, bounded on the south by the high mountains of Sikok, and on the north by innumerable islands, and with no visible outlet to it, the barren redness of some of the hills rather augmented the brilliancy of the scene by adding another colour to the deep blue of the water, the bright blue of the sky, the forests' dark-green hue, and the white shining clouds lying along the mountain-tops. As we got on, however, not even the coast of Southern China could have presented a more sterile appearance; and from one of the mountains on the south there rose the yellow smoke of a volcano. Suddenly another change: we were among small islands, lying close together, of soft rock worn by the sea into fretted caves, and covered thickly with green ferns. There were little bays with sandy beaches, and little cottages where one would gladly have made selection for a summer residence. The larger villages had breakwaters and piers before them, indicating no small amount of enterprise and trade. From inquiries afterwards made, I found that the shores of this Inland Sea might afford large quantities of oil and

sugar—the former at three dollars for a tub of about sixteen gallons, and the latter (refined and white) at about six cents a-pound. Firewood is also exceedingly cheap, is in abundance, and might be profitably taken over to China.

The morning of our fifth day, as the anchor was being raised, presented a most wonderful dawn. First a pale translucent green light filled the whole heaven, gradually changing into a deep ruddy brown, which seemed not so much to colour as to permeate water, islands, and sky, and from that softening into a celestial rosy red. Beside the white castle of a Daimio, near which we had anchored there was the tree-fringed *Tocaido*—the great road which runs the entire length of the three large islands of Japan. Here as elsewhere, where I had the opportunity of travelling upon it, it is a fine white broad road, in excellent repair, with side-walks for foot-passengers, lines of trees on either side, and tea-houses at convenient distances for the refreshment of travellers. These houses have no furniture beyond the beautifully clean matting of their floors; but, when required, the weary wayfarer will be provided with a stool of some kind, and with a quilt and a small bamboo pillow. Tea, rice, fish, and sweet cakes are served by young female attendants, who take pleasure in making themselves as agreeable as possible, and whose appearance is often very charming, if not strictly beautiful in Western eyes, from their ruddy

complexions, finely-developed forms, desire to please, and over-beaming cheerfulness. Indeed there was nothing which struck me so much everywhere, and with all classes in Japan, as the unmistakable and unvarying happiness of the people. Certainly, if that is to be the test of national success, they have surpassed all nations. Never did I hear a word spoken in anger, or behold a cross, uncomfortable look; and their faces present either aspects of calm complacency, of smiling enjoyment, or of hearty amusement. If this be sometimes hypocrisy, it is a hypocrisy so like reality as to be quite as good as it, and quite undistinguishable from it. If hypocrisy, it is even more wonderful, and quite as admirable, as the reality could be; for the display of suffering and annoyance is very disagreeable to others, and society owes much to those who always present a smiling face, whatever their internal feelings may be. In this respect our highest and most civilised classes resemble the people of the far East.

"It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,"

when our spirits shall float into the serenity of other airs than those we breathe on earth; but he who has visited the country of the "Sun's Origin" has already had a foretaste of what they may be.

Towards the east end of the Suwo Nada that sea opened out widely, and, leaving the Kino Channel on our right, we found ourselves in a vast bay, the

shores of which were crowded with towns, villages, and white palaces, and the water all dotted over with innumerable junks making their way to or from the great port Ohosaka. The end of this bay forms a large semicircle, across which ran a ripple-line marking the influence of the fresh water from the river Engawa, which falls into it. On shore the semicircle was occupied by the town of Ohosaka, extending apparently about ten miles, and diversified by large white palaces surrounded with trees. A thick line of junks kept advancing into the river, showing that the trade of the place must be enormous; and as they followed the windings of the stream, their sails appeared to be moving among the trees on land. The fields to the left of the river as we faced the town were very low, and protected by large substantial sea-walls. Numerous junks were lying at anchor besides similar walls raised for their protection, and lines of stakes pointed out the way of entrance. Many of the junks were lying beside a large building, probably the custom-house; and near it there was a strong fortification, armed with cannon. The river appeared to be run off into numerous canals, which traversed the town in all directions, and were frequently crossed by elegant bridges, over which streams of passengers were passing. Though foreigners have not been at Ohosaka for long, it was visited by Jesuit missionaries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and it was in 1614 that the Emperor Xogun-

sama drove away all Christians from it. A curious and interesting work, entitled *Ambassades vers les Empereurs du Japon*, published at Amsterdam in 1680, mentions that at Ohosaka there was a "temple des diables," where the Japanese adore a frightful statue, who wears a crown full of diamonds on the head of a bear. The narrator makes the important statement, that "Les Japonnais honorent les diables, et leur font toutes sorte d'offrandes et de cultes religieux, afin qu'ils ne leur fassent point de mal." We steamed within two miles of the shore, and found there a depth of about five fathoms; but for many miles before that the lead had given only from seven to five fathoms; so, though the bay is exposed to the south-west, no very heavy sea could get into it; large vessels might ride out a storm from that quarter, and on other sides they are effectually protected. In the distance the mountains converge, forming the valley of the Engawa, on which, forty miles off, is Miyako—"the Capital"—where the Mikado—"the Lord of the World"—or Spiritual Emperor, resides in a state of deified isolation, which would be perfectly intolerable were it not relieved by a large number of wives. The Siogoun, or Temporal Emperor, of course, resides at Yedo—"River's Door"—where the temporal business of the country is chiefly transacted; but Miyako is the greatest manufacturing place and commercial emporium of the whole empire. None of the other ports can for a

moment compare in size and importance with Ohosaka, or "Great Board," which had been rightly described, shortly before, by Dr Williams, as "one of the largest cities in the empire, but not yet visited by any foreign ships." Its great extent was not less striking than its appearance, so far as our glasses could determine, of prosperity and wealth.

It was extremely provoking not to be able to land in order to visit this place, but that was strictly forbidden to us. I have no doubt it could have been done, notwithstanding the objections of Japanese officials; and they would probably have allowed us to proceed *nayboen*, or being there as if we were not there; but "the expedition"—to dignify our two vessels—had received orders not to allow any parties to land from it. So there was no help for it; and after going in as close as was deemed safe, we steamed for about ten miles along the north side of the bay to Hiogo, the place which is to be opened to foreign trade in 1863, or even earlier if her Majesty's Plenipotentiary can prevail on the Government to do so, as it has been found that the port of Neegata on the south coast is all but useless for commercial purposes. The shore, as we went along, was almost a continuous stretch of villages, but soon rose up behind into mountainous cliffs, on one of which were two white houses that might have been the abodes of hermits. The port of Hiogo is formed by a neck of land running southward from the north shore, and so effectu-

ally protected from the south-west winds to which Ohosaka is exposed. There is very good anchorage at about four or five fathoms, and this depth of water is found quite close to the shore. Indeed, a platform might almost be run from the beach on to a vessel lying at anchor with short chain; and a few stone piers, such as the Japanese know so well how to construct, will make it one of the most commodious places in the world for shipping. It is quite close enough to Ohosaka for the purposes of trade, and yet far enough off to allow the foreign residents plenty of room to move about without annoying the inhabitants of the large town by their peculiar habits, and their disregard of all the manners which the Japanese regard as constituting politeness. The Japanese represent Ohosaka to be subject to very violent earthquakes, but the extent of the town and the size of many of the buildings go to contradict the statement.

When anchoring for the night at Hiogo, our vessel, through mismanagement on board the steamer, got in among some junks that were lying at anchor, and threatened to do them damage. It was very interesting to notice the extreme coolness and quietness displayed by the Japanese boatmen on this occasion. They exerted themselves manfully and ingeniously; but it was without any bustle, outcry, or apparent excitement. Even the author of 'Guy Livingstone' would have been satisfied with their

conduct, and must have set them down, according to his theories, as aristocratic braves. During the evening a number of people from shore paid us visits, but they were all of the lower class; and one of them, I am sorry to say, demeaned himself so far as to steal a pepper-box. That, however, was the only thing taken, and otherwise no fault could be found with their demeanour; nor was their natural curiosity displayed in any impertinent manner. They seemed to know something about us, for many of them accosted us with the phrase, "*Ingleese Ipiocha*," and appeared to rejoice at the prospect of the very good English being settled in their neighbourhood. Nothing was to be got from them, even for *itzebues*, except some fish of an inferior kind. On leaving in the morning we had a practical illustration of the closeness with which vessels might approach the shore; for, when attaching the hawsers and getting under way, the Fanny was allowed to drift so close in that it really looked as if one could jump from her on to the beach. Certainly Hiogo is to be the place for foreigners in Japan, and Nagasaki and Yokohama must hide their diminished heads before it. The mercantile houses will have their head-quarters there, and the waters of the Inland Sea will afford them delightful opportunities for boat and yacht excursions. But it will not do to anticipate, for the prospects of foreign trade in Japan have been all along somewhat doubtful, and now the recent

attack on the residence of the British Minister at Yedo threatens new difficulties. The fact is, that the people of these islands are able to supply themselves with all that they know or wish for without going abroad for a single article, and their rulers are by no means anxious that wants should be created which can only be supplied from other countries, nor do they see that they are called on to supply silk or anything else to the rest of the world. The state of isolation in which their beautiful country has lain for two centuries has evidently been highly favourable to its internal development and enjoyment, so it is no wonder that they look upon the foreign intruders with disfavour, and throw very puzzling obstacles in our way, without committing themselves, as yet, to acts which would lead to open war. Their policy at present is, to weary out foreigners by affected slowness of comprehension and difficulty of movement. *Elle est pleine de finesse sous l'apparence de bêtise.* This *vis inertiæ* of theirs has been calculated and used with great skill. They have not been able to understand the most simple matters, and the most urgent affairs have been treated with forms and ceremonies involving an enormous loss of time. Yet care has been taken to avoid giving open ground of offence. My individual opinion, however, is not only that the Japanese are ready to go to war with us, if they find they cannot otherwise protect their peculiar institutions from our innovating influence, but that,

owing to their warlike character and the nature of their country, we shall find it no joke to deal with them on that platform. Perhaps it may be as well for us to consider, before having recourse to that *ultima ratio* sometimes of fools as well as of wise kings, whether our representatives there, both officials and merchants, have not been rather putting the cart before the horse, fancying they had only to cry out "Sesame!" in order to open up the country and obtain all they desired.

After leaving Hiogo we steered across the bay in a south-westerly direction toward the large island of Smoto and the Kino Channel. The weather this day rather increased in heat, but still, though the 19th of July, it was never uncomfortable, the thermometer not rising above 80° in the cabin. At the inner entrance of the Kino Channel there were some forts of substantial masonry commanding it, and a very large one in course of construction. Some officials came out from these forts to make a report upon us, and kept up with us for some time in a four-oared boat. We could see that they not only wrote down long descriptions of the foreign vessels, but also made drawings of them. Through the Kino we passed into the open sea on the southern coast of Japan, and on the second day saw the snow-streaked peak of the volcano Fusiama, the holy mountain of Japan, rising above high distant clouds. The white palaces of the Daimios which we saw from the Inland Sea may have

had their traditions and dread memories, the villages their simple but affecting tales, and the mountains their ancient legends; but to us these things were a sealed book. All that was open to us on which to report was the beautiful scenery of a succession of sea lochs unparalleled in any other part of the world, and the indications of the existence of a large, industrious, comfortable, and almost wealthy population such as mountains and islands nowhere else present.

A RUN TO NICARAGUA.

BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

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THE bar-room of the St Charles Hotel at New Orleans, always a scene of stir and bustle, presented a more than usually excited aspect on the morning of the 28th of last December; a degree of unwonted earnestness might have been observed in the countenances of some of the groups collected over cocktails, who, after touching each other's glasses with an air of fierce determination, and disposing of their contents with a defiant toss of the head, separated with so much hearty hand-shaking, and accompanied their parting blessings with so many ejaculations partaking of an exactly opposite character, that their next meeting was clearly, in their opinion, a distant and problematical event. On that eventful morning I myself had gone through an extensive and varied course of beverages, for I was fortunate enough to possess many friends in New Orleans; and as I was about to leave them, a number of parting-cups were necessarily in-

volved. The influence which hotel bars exercise over the lives and fortunes of individuals in America, invests the institution with an importance which the stranger is at first sight apt to overlook. At the bar, many agreeable and profitable acquaintances may be made, and friendships cemented. Here, too, are hard bargains struck, and good stories told, and insults given and received, which result in duels fought under a wonderful variety of conditions, and reconciliations effected, and political intrigue concocted, and opinions ventilated; here men celebrate their first meeting after a long and eventful interval of years, and here they pledge each other before parting, to join some adventurous expedition, from which they have little chance of returning. New Orleans is, of all others, the city of the United States where "the bubbling passions of the country" most freely find a vent. It is conveniently situated in a filibustering point of view, and a favourite point of concentration for the more reckless spirits of the South, who find in the mixed and somewhat rowdy crowd which throng its streets and bars a congenial atmosphere. It is not to be supposed, however, that this constitutes the society of New Orleans. While its fluctuating population is composed of such varied materials, its social attractions are as great, if not greater, than those of any other city in the Union. In its clubs the visitor will find a cordial and hearty welcome; at its opera he will be fascinated by an array of beauty more brilliant than

can be found in any other house of the same limited dimensions, and he will only have himself to blame if he is contented to confine his experiences to the range of his *lorgnette;* should he extend them beyond it, he will in all probability find himself lingering in the Crescent City, long after the secret conviction has been forced upon him that, as a resolute and conscientious traveller, he is bound to prosecute the object, whatever it may be (and we will give him credit for having one), which has induced him to start upon his travels. But if I would not fall into the very sin against which I am warning others, I must not remain dallying any longer at New Orleans. It was quite inexcusable to diverge from the St Charles Hotel to the opera, seeing that we are on our way to Nicaragua; and so, as Walter Gay said when he finally tore himself away from the affectionate embraces of Cap'en Cuttle, "now I am off." The departure of the steamer Texas for Greytown, with recruits for Walker's army, was the cause of the excitement which prevailed in all the places of public resort in the city, which I have already described—an excitement which derived an additional interest from the fact that it was partly increased by some rumours which had been current for a day or two previously, that the United States Government had determined to lay a veto upon the departure of the steamer at the last moment—a proceeding to which the free and independent citizens of New Orleans were by no means disposed tamely to

submit; and announcements to that effect, in the forcible language peculiar to the country, rendered the moment of the steamboat's departure one of more than ordinary interest. The good ship Texas was moored to the Levée, amidst a host of shipping and a fleet of Mississippi steamboats, which latter give to the port of New Orleans a character unlike that of any other port in the world. We picked our way across these extensive wharves, between barrels of sugar and molasses, through lanes formed by bales of cotton, past tobacco from Kentucky and Missouri, amid bags of corn and barrels of pork from Illinois and Iowa; in fact, through all that varied produce which is grown for two thousand miles upon the banks of this mighty river, and which finds its port of export at New Orleans. The raw material, however, which possessed the highest interest in my eyes, was that with which I was to be associated, and which was now crowding the deck of the Texas, in the shape of two hundred and fifty "free companions," bound for certain lands of the sunny south, with the laudable determination of appropriating the same. A large crowd was collected upon the Levée to wish us God-speed, and I parted with a number of friends who had come down to see me off, with feelings of a somewhat unusual description. The crowd generally seemed to regard us with mingled feelings of compassion (for those who have gone to Nicaragua hitherto have seldom returned), of admiration (for the desperate nature of the adventure

commanded this), and of sympathy (for was not the object laudable?) So that we were rather lions, on the whole, more particularly when slightly intoxicated and highly enthusiastic individuals harangued those on shore from the side of the ship, and were responded to by short spasmodic cheers, and observations ironical or genuine, according to the sympathies of the speaker. A number of oblong deal cases, very ominous in appearance, for they looked like unostentatious coffins, immediately preceded me, and I learned afterwards that they contained two hundred rifles, to be used upon an occasion hereinafter to be named. A good deal of delay took place, after we got on board, consequent upon the non-arrival of a certain Colonel Titus, of Kanzas notoriety, who was hourly expected from that tranquil territory with one hundred and fifty "boys," who had been helping him to keep the peace there, and who, now that their services were no longer needed, were going to make themselves useful elsewhere. Thick fogs, however, had prevented their coming "to time," and so we were obliged at last to start without them; and once more waving our adieus, we cast off from the wharf, unmolested by the myrmidons of Marcy, and amid the cheers of the populace dropped slowly down the river.

All that night and the following day we were enveloped in fogs so thick that our progress was but slow, and their depressing influence seemed to be felt on board: the men had not shaken down into their

berths; the decks were wet and uncomfortable; and it was not until we had crossed the bar, and left the river and its fogs behind us, that we began to feel at home, when it was time to establish regular discipline among the men. Various *contretemps* before starting had reduced our force from 500, the number at which it was originally estimated, to 250. It was only necessary, however, to see these men mustered, to perceive their value as irregular troops, peculiarly fitted for the style of warfare in which they were about to be engaged, and in which, to a certain extent, every man would be called upon to rely upon himself. They were divided into five companies, each having a captain and two subalterns; these had all been raised in different States by enterprising young men, who received, as a reward for their exertions, rank proportionate to the number of men whom they enlisted. The inducement held out to them was a grant of land as soon as the country should be settled, and, in the meantime, twenty-five dollars a-month, to be paid in scrip. There was nothing, however, in the aspect of these men to lead one to suppose that they had embarked in the enterprise from mercenary motives alone. The spirit of adventure was the moving cause with nearly all; some were well off in their own country, others had left from personal motives which had in many cases rendered them reckless; while some were soldiers of fortune—men who were unable to live except under the exciting influence of gunpowder.

It was a never-ending source of interest to me to hear from their own lips the adventures of men whose whole life had been passed in constant exposure to danger in every form. There were men of every nationality, who had fought in every part of the world. One company was composed entirely of Germans. There were Hungarians who had bled at Segedin; Italians who had fought at Novara; Prussians who had gone through the Schleswig-Holstein campaigns; Frenchmen who had fought in Algeria; Englishmen who had been in our own artillery in the Crimea; Americans who had taken part in both the Cuban expeditions, and suffered a year's imprisonment in Spain; others fresh from Kanzas; while among the younger ones were those who had not yet fleshed their maiden bowies, and were burning to have some deeds of prowess of their own to relate. Some of the officers had served already in Nicaragua, and were returning from leave of absence; others had been in the United States army, and were as well-informed, gentlemen-like, and agreeable as the officers in that service usually are.

With such an incongruous mixture, it might have been anticipated that to keep order would be no easy task. So far, however, from this being the case, nothing could exceed the orderly behaviour of the men. No spirits of any kind, even on New Year's Day, were allowed to be issued. The roll was called regularly morning and evening, the officers of the day

appointed, and a guard of sixteen men told off. Nor did the fact that no social distinction existed between the men and officers in any way affect the maintenance of discipline; the men lived forward, the officers aft, and they mixed but rarely together, though now and then absurd mistakes arose among some of the younger and inexperienced officers at drill, one of whom I heard say to his company, "Break rank, gentlemen; right flank march!" I am bound to say that the gentlemen behaved themselves as such. They were exercised daily at drill, to which they seemed to take instinctively. The officers of the day wore swords buckled round their shooting-coats, as insignia of rank, otherwise they were guiltless of uniform, while the men presented an extraordinary variety of costume. Some wore red flannel shirts and high jackboots; others, in seedy black, were clerical in appearance, as though they belonged to a sort of church militant; some were neat and respectable, others detestably shabby and ragged; still, for the most part, their countenances were not ill-favoured, and so strong was my confidence in their honesty at last, that I did not take those precautions with regard to my cabin door which I should have done, and all my property was abstracted. My only consolation was, that my fellow-sufferer in the same cabin was the colonel himself. On New Year's Day we passed Point Antonio, the western extremity of Cuba, which im-

mediately became the object of much ardent gazing through telescopes, and many wistful eyes were turned upon its wooded hills, and sighs drawn over the two last fruitless expeditions, while the chances of success of another were discussed, all tending to the one inevitable conclusion, that some day or other Uncle Sam "is bound to have Cuba." We glided prosperously over the smooth sea, no event of importance disturbing the even tenor of our voyage. On the fourth day we passed Big and Little Corn Island. These islands are inhabited chiefly by free negroes from Jamaica, who rear pigs, poultry, and grow corn, which they take to Greytown. The population of the largest is about five thousand; it is eight miles long by five broad, hilly, but fertile and well cultivated. In the calm moonlight evenings the men used to collect in groups forward to sing. In the German company there were some excellent voices, and their natural taste for music enabled them to sing beautifully in parts. On the opposite side of the deck a group of Americans were similarly engaged, and as some piece from Handel was being executed with exquisite taste and feeling by the Germans, the boisterous "right tooral lal looral," &c., so dear to the Anglo-Saxon, would strike harshly in, a characteristic indication of our mixed company. Upon such occasions the aspect of our crowded deck was highly suggestive. It was strange to look upon this handful of men, who, confident in

their superior energy and courage, were about to throw themselves boldly into a foreign country, and, enrolling themselves under its banner, add to the small but determined force which now forms its army, and in which there is scarce a native of the country. They left New Orleans as emigrants for Nicaragua, they arrive there as soldiers in its army; and so long as they continue to leave the United States in the former capacity, the Government cannot prevent them from doing so. It was a significant indication of the age to see this magnificent steamer, the product of a high state of civilisation, employed in conveying across those very seas, where Kidd and Morgan won immortal renown, men bent upon an enterprise in some respects not very dissimilar in character, but yet differing in this important feature, that buccaneers sacked cities and robbed churches, and stored their plunder away for their own behoof in secluded islets, while filibusters have nobler and higher aspirations, and seeking to possess themselves, not of gold and silver ornaments, but of a magnificent and fertile country, they desire to replace the inefficient government, which left its resources undeveloped, by one which they would themselves supply, and regenerating a neglected state, give prosperity to its inhabitants and a profitable market to the world at large. These are the motives by which these gentlemen declare themselves animated, and if the process is somewhat rude, the results are desir-

able. At all events, it is a mode of colonisation peculiar to the age, and as such, an interesting subject of contemplation. Meantime we were drawing near Greytown, and speculations were rife as to whether the coffin-shaped boxes would have to be opened or not. That such a contingency might occur, we were led to expect, from the fact that a report had reached New Orleans before our departure, to the effect that Vanderbilt had sent one hundred and fifty men to Omoa, in Honduras, but that in all probability their real destination was Greytown, where they were intended to arrive before us, so as to obtain possession of the Point, upon which the buildings of the Transit Company were situated, and which were a subject of dispute between Vanderbilt and Morgan, the present proprietor of the line. In the event of this occupation having taken place, we were prepared forcibly to eject the intruders, who probably would not calculate upon our arriving thus thoroughly armed. Great, therefore, was the excitement, as we neared the mouth of the river San Juan, and saw the pilot coming skipping out to us over the bar in his little cockle-shell of a boat, to hear the news, and greater still was our wonderment and dismay to learn that the Point was in the hands, not of the men sent by Vanderbilt from New York, but of the Costa Ricans, led, however, by a Captain Spencer, an agent of this same man, the most indefatigable enemy of Walker and

Morgan. The San Juan river forms a sort of lagoon before entering the sea. On the northern shore is the town of Greytown, on the southern a flat spit of land runs out to the bar, and is called Point Arenas. Upon this are situated the Company's buildings, and thither were all glasses directed as we rounded the Point, and came slowly up to our anchorage in a state of extreme perplexity and indecision, for we could not see the Costa Ricans anywhere. At last we perceived a miserable bit of red bunting, said to be the Costa Rican flag, flying over a hut about two hundred yards off, in front of which was anchored a small river-steamer, and on board this craft, we were assured, was the redoubted Captain Spencer and his Costa Ricans. Immediately on this becoming certain, preparations were made for taking the said boat, which was in fact the one by which we had been destined to pursue our own voyage up the river. The men, who, from the moment of our crossing the bar, had not been allowed to show themselves on deck for fear of allowing the enemy to perceive the extent of our force, were now all drawn up on the lower deck. The coffin-shaped boxes were opened, arms and ammunition were served out to the men, who were now on the tiptoe of expectation. Indeed, we all looked forward to some excitement after the monotony of the voyage. While these preparations were in progress, and matters were beginning to assume a warlike aspect, Captain Cockburn, of

H.M.S. Cossack, came on board to learn the state of affairs. He found a few peaceable-looking individuals strolling about the deck, and was assured that no violence would be resorted to. On the other hand, he expressed the utmost desire on the part of the British naval authorities to maintain a strict neutrality, in so far as the rival claims in the property of the Transit Company were concerned, but at the same time wished it clearly to be understood that, in waters under British protection, no bloodshed or destruction of life or property would be allowed. As the capture of the steamer could scarcely be effected without a struggle, the partisans of Walker would have probably found themselves in a dilemma, had not the difficulty been solved by the prompt departure of Captain Spencer, who had simply waited to inspect our appearance, and not liking the proximity of a large steamer, which he had good reason to suspect contained a strong hostile force, he slipped quietly away up the shallow waters of the river, where it was impossible, without another river-steamer (which we did not possess), to follow him, and was no more seen. To add to the difficulty of the position, we found that all the river and lake steamers, to the number of seven, were in the possession of the gallant captain and his Costa Rican associates, and that all possibility, therefore, of proceeding up the river to join Walker was at an end. This disastrous intelligence was communicated to us

by various excited personages who had come down from Walker, and been present at one or other of the events of which they were the voluble narrators, and who now found themselves cut off from any possibility of return. Regrets for what might have been done were now idle. The curses heaped upon the head of the devoted Spencer but little affected that acute individual, who was now chuckling over his success, and strengthening the defences of the river; and while I shall leave my quondam friends to devise plans for forcing their way past these, it may be interesting to give some account of the manner in which an operation was effected, calculated so seriously to injure the prospects of General Walker, and to render the work of reopening a communication with him from the Atlantic side one of the utmost danger and difficulty. The following account, taken from the 'Boletin Oficial' of San José, the capital of Costa Rica, is said to be derived from undoubted authority:—

"It appears that the Costa Rica Government, in addition to the army it had sent to co-operate with the allied forces against Walker in Nicaragua, resolved upon organising an expeditionary force for the purpose of possessing itself of the river San Juan, wisely judging that the efforts made to dislodge Walker would be prolonged, if not rendered futile, as long as he possessed facilities for receiving supplies and reinforcements by every steamer from

the United States. On the 10th of December this force set out, not by the Serapiqui river, as was publicly reported and believed, but by the San Carlos, another tributary of the San Juan which enters that river about half-way between the lake and San Juan del Norte. This was done for the purpose of misleading a detachment of Walker's forces who were posted at Hipp's Point at the mouth of the Serapiqui.

"As this route is very little if ever used, the Costa Ricans experienced great difficulties in advancing, having to cut their way through the forest along a track where mules could not be used, and along which all the provisions and munitions of war had to be borne on men's shoulders. Six days were spent on the march, during which the rain fell almost incessantly. At last the 'embarcadero' was reached, and a few canoes were hastily constructed, and rafts made of trunks of trees rudely lashed together with vines and twigs.

"Thus these enterprising men, most of whom had never before beheld a boat on a navigable river, boldly embarked on the 16th December, to float down an unknown stream, to its confluence with the river San Juan, and thence to Greytown itself. It was indeed a perilous undertaking. Had these frail rafts, upon which 120 men had ventured, met one of Walker's steamers coming up or going down the river, the slightest contact would have been fatal to them.

"On the morning of the 23d, the expedition was hauled into a creek near Hipp's Point, to refresh the men, previous to attacking Walker's post of fifty men and two cannon. At that moment a steamer was heard coming down the river. The men were made to lie down on the rafts. It was a perilous moment. The steamer passed without any one on board having seen or suspected the lurking danger. A road or track was soon cut towards the flank and rear of Walker's post, which they silently reached. The signal (a single shot) was given. The Costa Ricans rushed with the bayonet with horrid yells upon their surprised foes, and in half a minute resistance was at an end. A panic had seized them. Some were bayoneted—the rest sprang off the bank into the deep and rapid river. One brave officer (Captain Thompson) did all that mortal man could do to rally the men, but in vain—the onslaught was too sudden and overpowering to admit of a resistance. Captain Thompson only ceased his exertions after he received a second severe bayonet-wound. His very enemies, admiring his signal gallantry, liberated him subsequently at Greytown, where also they did all in their power to alleviate his sufferings. One man besides Captain T. was saved from the river, and five escaped into the forest. The rest are said to have perished.

"A sufficient force having been left to guard Hipp's Point, the rest of the adventurous band again com-

mitted their lives to the precarious chances of the river upon the same rafts, which had now become rickety and insecure. They arrived close to Greytown about two o'clock on the morning of the 24th. Here again fortune favoured them; for a steamer was just getting up her steam to ascend the river. She was immediately taken, with three others. Had the expedition been delayed an hour later in its descent, it must have perished. It would indeed have been 'touch and go'; the slightest touch from the steamer would have separated the slightly-bound pieces of the rafts, and sent the Costa Ricans instantaneously to a watery grave.

"By dawn of day the steamers were taken, without loss, and the Costa Ricans also in possession of Punta Castilla (or Punta Arenas), which they have always claimed as belonging to their country.

"At the same time, the inhabitants of Greytown became aware of the presence of this unexpected invasion. The place was soon in confusion and commotion, one party, the most numerous, threatening violence to the foreigners in the place (mostly Americans), under the cry of 'Viva Costa Rica!' However, the officers commanding the expedition discountenanced any and every hostile attempt against the inhabitants of Greytown, and left the place next morning in the captured vessels.

"In the meantime, the U.S. consul made an application to the officer commanding the British

squadron at Greytown, to protect the property of Captain Joseph N. Scott, agent for Messrs Charles Morgan & Son of New York, from a forcible seizure by a force of Costa Ricans, under the command of Colonel Joaquin Fernandez.

"To this, Captain John C. Erskine, senior officer, replied from on board the Orion, dated 24th Dec. 1856, that 'he had taken steps, by landing a party of marines from one of her Majesty's ships, to protect the persons and private property of Captain Joseph Scott, his family, and all citizens of the United States of America; which the officer of the Costa Rica force, now at Punta Arenas, also assured him should be placed in no peril.' Then, as regards the capture of the steamers, Captain Erskine, in continuation, very judiciously expressed himself as follows:—

"'To prevent all misapprehension, I think it, however, right to state that the steamers and other property belonging to the Accessory Transit Company, being at this moment the subject of a dispute between two different companies, the representatives of which are on the spot, and one of them authorising the seizure, I do not feel justified in taking any steps which may affect the interests of either party.

"'With respect to the participation of a force of Costa Ricans in the seizure and transfer of the steamers alluded to, I must observe that these steamers, having been for some months past employed in embarking in this port and conveying to the parties with

whom Costa Rica is now carrying on active hostilities, men and munitions of war; it appears that as a non-belligerent, I am prohibited by the law of nations from preventing the execution of such an operation by a belligerent party.—I have the honour, &c.,

JOHN E. ERSKINE,
Capt. and Sen. Officer.

To B. S. COTTRELL, Esq.,
U.S. Consul at Greytown,
Dec. 24, 1856.'

"On ascending the river, when off the mouth of the river San Carlos (which, as before stated, is a tributary of the river San Juan), one of the steamers was despatched to ascertain if General Jose Joaquin Mora (brother to the President of Costa Rica), had arrived at the embarcadero with the main body of the expeditionary army; and if so, to report the success of the expedition to Greytown, so that measures might immediately be taken for carrying promptly into effect the second part of the plan of operations. On proceeding up the San Carlos, five men, placed on a raft as videttes, became so frightened by the noise and appearance of the approaching steamer (never having before seen or imagined the like), that they plunged into the river, and were drowned in the attempt to reach the bank. The steamer then landed two men to cut their way through the forest to the embarcadero, in order that General Mora might receive timely notice that the steamer was no longer

an enemy, so that the probability of his firing upon her might be removed. General Mora was found at his post, with 800 men, followed by a rear-guard of 300, who have since also arrived. In addition to these, two transport corps of 600 men are alternately employed in carrying provisions, ammunition, &c., from the interior to the embarcadero.

"Having now the four river-steamers at command, the Castillo Rapids and the steamers John Ogden and Ruth were soon taken by General Mora. He then moved up to Fort San Carlos, which, with the large steamer and detachment of men there, was also taken by stratagem. Then the two lake-steamers, San Carlos and Virgin, not aware of these occurrences, came across the lake with passengers from California, and were also taken by General Mora, who generously sent the passengers on to Greytown in the captured steamers."

Such is the Costa Rican account of this very cleverly executed enterprise, which we have no reason to regard as incorrect in its details, as there is no doubt about the truth of its results. It was just at the moment that Captain Spencer had finished politely landing the Californian passengers, to the number of four hundred, above alluded to, that we made our appearance in the Texas; when, as he had nothing to detain him except a laudable curiosity to inspect us, he vanished as soon as that was satisfied. As there are no means of communicating across Lake Nicaragua, now that the steamers hitherto used for the

transit are in the hands of the enemy, Walker must have remained for many days in total ignorance of the occurrence, which cannot but seriously affect his position; while, in all probability, the first authentic intelligence which he received of its details were, some weeks after, from the lips of one of his most tried friends and followers, whom I accompanied as far as Panama on his way to rejoin Walker from the Pacific side, and who could not have arrived at head-quarters for a month after the capture of the steamers by Spencer. It is easy to imagine the state of uncertainty and suspense in which General Walker has been kept by this unexpected, and to him unaccountable, cessation of reinforcements and supplies from the Atlantic coast. Meantime the effects of the blow have been somewhat over-estimated in Central America: it is generally supposed that the career of General Walker is terminated, and that in another month the invasion of Nicaragua by filibusters will become matter of history. Even if that be so, the episode will always be interesting; but if, on the other hand, the Americans permanently retain their footing in the country, every record of the earlier events of their occupation of it, and every incident in the career of their leader, will become valuable. Having had some favourable opportunities of becoming acquainted with these, I will briefly recount the history of Walker and his expedition up to this time.

The discovery of gold in California produced a rush

from all parts of the world towards tbe western shores of the continent of North America; the remote position of the country, however, and the slender traffic with which it had heretofore been favoured, made the process of emigration one of considerable difficulty. Various routes were adopted by the hardy gold-seekers; some plunged boldly into the western prairies, and scaling the Rocky Mountains, arrived half famished at their destination; others hazarded the stormy passage round the Horn, and often never arrived at all; while a third section found their way across some part or other of that neck of land which connects the Northern and Southern continents, and which is now known by the newly-invented appellation of Central America. The facilities for crossing this Isthmus were offered at two points. At one place, between Chagres and Panama, the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific is only forty-eight miles; while three hundred miles farther north, and consequently affording a shorter route, the magnificent lake of Nicaragua, which is connected with the Gulf of Mexico by a navigable river, is separated from the Pacific by a neck of land only twelve miles across.

These rival routes have both been largely patronised by Californian passengers: the one by Panama, which was established some years before the other, they now cross by railway; while in Nicaragua they ascend in steamers to the western shore of the lake, and perform the remaining twelve miles on mules. Four lines of

steamers connect Panama and San Juan del Sur on the one side, and Aspinwall and Greytown on the other, with California and the Eastern States. It was not until 1851 that a company was formed, under the auspices of Mr Vanderbilt, called the Accessory Transit Company, for the purpose of conveying passengers through Nicaragua; for this purpose a charter was obtained from the Nicaragua Government for a transit route, in which it was stipulated that a certain annual percentage should be paid by the Company to the Government out of its net profit. In the following year the route was first opened, and every month hundreds of travellers, belonging to the most enterprising and progressive race in the world, passed through this magnificent and fertile country, and wondered no less at the extent and variety of its resources, than at the apathy and incapacity of the inhabitants, calling themselves civilised, who could allow them to remain undeveloped. A corresponding degree of astonishment was doubtless felt among the Nicaraguans themselves, when they found their country turned into a highway, which crowds of impetuous Anglo-Saxons traversed like those gigantic ants whose broad beaten tracks are to be seen in their own forests.

The contact produced results which were only natural under the circumstances. It became evident to the Nicaraguans, who had been for two years engaged in a bloody civil war, that the infusion of a

little Anglo-Saxon courage and energy on one side or the other would terminate the struggle in favour of the faction who could secure it; while so tempting an appeal was not likely to be made in vain, to men who were only longing for an excuse to enter the country as permanent occupants, which they had coveted when transit passengers. But in order to understand the circumstances under which the Nicaraguans applied to the Californians for assistance, it will be necessary to glance summarily at the history of the country for a few years preceding this event. In 1815, Nicaragua, then a Spanish colony, attempted an insurrection to throw off the dominion of the mother country. This, however, proved abortive, and it was not until six years after that Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, declared their independence of Spain. In 1822 they were incorporated with Mexico under the Emperor Iturbide. Upon his overthrow, which happened soon after, a federal republic, similar to that of the United States, was formed, composed of the five central American States, with a national assembly at Guatemala. Upon this occasion the republic only existed two years, the most important feature in its legislation being the abolition of slavery throughout the States; but it was reconstituted in 1829 by General Morazan, and destroyed by Carera; indeed, during a period of twenty years, all these States were a prey to a series of devastating revolutions, sometimes

endeavouring to reunite, sometimes at war with one another, nearly always at war within themselves. In 1851, Honduras, San Salvador, and Nicaragua formed a union; in 1852 it was dissolved, and Señor Pineda was elected President of Nicaragua. In the following year he died, and an election taking place to fill the vacancy, Señors Castillon and Chamorro were the candidates. Chamorro by force of arms obtained possession of the polls throughout the State, and defeating Castillon, banished him from Nicaragua. Castillon, however, who, as the democratic and therefore popular candidate, had a large number of partisans in Nicaragua, was not a man to be thus easily crushed, and, while an exile in Honduras, organised an expedition composed of refugees like himself, and with them marched boldly upon Leon, his native town. Here he was received with acclamation. Joined by crowds of political adherents, who are in these countries accustomed to enforce their views by blows, by them he was proclaimed Provisional Director of the republic; routed Chamorro in a pitched battle, and obliged him to take refuge in Grenada, to which city he forthwith laid siege. Although commencing under such favourable auspices, success did not crown the efforts of Castillon. For eight months Grenada was besieged, and even after Chamorro's death the war was carried on by his partisans with so much vigour, and there seemed so little chance of peace being restored to

the country, that Castillon eagerly listened to the suggestion of some American gold-speculators, that he should apply for the assistance of some Californians, who had already rendered themselves notorious by an unsuccessful expedition into Sonora, from which they had just returned. Of this expedition, which had for its object the conquest of the departments of Sonora in Northern Mexico, General Walker was the leader; and although his daring attempt at establishing an independent republic there had failed, he gained so high a reputation for military skill and prowess, that Castillon at once perceived the acquisition which such a man, with a few brave followers, would prove to his undisciplined and almost demoralised army. He therefore applied to Walker to know the terms upon which he and his followers were prepared to join the Nicaraguan army. The price demanded by Walker was a grant of land, fifty-two thousand acres in extent, to be selected from any unoccupied lands in the State. These terms were at once complied with by Castillon, and Walker lost no time in organising his expedition. A glance at the personal history of the remarkable man who conducted this daring enterprise may not be uninteresting. General Walker's father had been a banker in Scotland, and emigrated to the United States in 1820. Walker himself was born in 1824, but manifested a roving disposition. At an early age he graduated successively in law, physic, and divinity;

travelled for a year in Europe; returned to the States, and became the editor of a newspaper in New Orleans; thence proceeded to San Francisco in California in a similar capacity, which he relinquished to take command of the Sonora expedition. On his return from this he entered into the arrangements above stated with Castillon. In stature, General Walker is but little over five feet four. His features are described as coarse and impassible; his square chin and long jaw denote character, but his lips are full, and his mouth is not well formed; his eyes are universally spoken of as the striking feature in his face—of a singularly light grey, they are so large and fixed that in a daguerreotype the eyelid is scarcely visible. His manner is remarkably self-possessed, and some of his most intimate friends, who have been with him throughout the most trying scenes of his Nicaraguan experiences, have assured me that under no circumstances have they ever observed him to change countenance, even to laugh, or to alter in the smallest degree his slow and precise mode of diction. He is at all times taciturn, and when he does speak it is directly to the point. He manifests a contemptuous indifference to danger without being reckless, and altogether seems better qualified to inspire confidence and respect among lawless men than to shine in civilised society.

He is ascetic in his habits, and his career hitherto has shown him to be utterly careless of acquiring

wealth. Highly ambitious, it is only due to him to say that his aspirations, however little in accordance they may be with the moral code in vogue at the present day, are beyond riches. Like the Emperor Louis Napoleon, he has a fixed faith in the star of his destiny, and like him he doubtless will be branded by the civilised nations of Europe as an unprincipled adventurer or a heaven-born hero, according as he fails or succeeds in his daring enterprise.

In the month of June 1855, Walker and his fifty-six were enlisted by Castillon in the democratic army of Nicaragua. His first engagement took place at Rivas, where, with a hundred natives and fifty-six Americans, he engaged the aristocratic or servile troops, as they were called, under General Boscha. The natives running away, the fifty-six Americans were left to fight it out, and were defeated, with a loss of twenty-two killed. Their determined resistance, however, produced as salutary an effect upon the enemy as a victory, as General Boscha owned a loss of 180 in killed and wounded. This was followed by the battle of Virgin Bay, in which the democratic forces under Walker were victorious, and the reputation of Americans for prowess established. At this time the death of Castillon by cholera left the conduct of affairs almost altogether in the hands of Walker, whom the democratic leader had just appointed to the command of his army. A considerable number of recruits arriving from California, he

now determined to take Grenada, which was captured by 110 Americans, with the loss of only one man, after having stood a siege of nineteen months against the democratic army under the command of sundry Nicaraguan generals. This decided the war in favour of the democrats; and Castillon being now dead, Walker was proposed by some of the democratic leaders as president. This honour, however, he declined. On the 23d of October a treaty of peace was signed between General Walker and General Ponciano Corral, the commander-in-chief of the aristocratic army, in which it was stipulated that a certain Patricio Rivas should be named provisional president of Nicaragua for fourteen months; that he should appoint his ministers of state; that there should be a general oblivion of all that had previously taken place for political faults and opinions; that the army of General Corral should be reduced to 150 men, and the army of Walker to the same number; that the united armies should be placed under the command of General Walker, who should be recognised as general-in-chief of the army of the republic, and named such by a decree of the government. The signing of this treaty took place at Grenada with great eclat. The two armies were drawn up in the Plaza; Generals Walker and Corral embraced one another in their presence; and the heads of the new government were announced, of whom four were Nicaraguans, and two, including

Walker, Americans. Thus, for the first time after an incessant internecine war of two years' duration, was peace restored to Nicaragua through the instrumentality of the American filibuster. Sixteen days after Walker embraced Corral in the Plaza of Grenada, he was unfortunately obliged to have him shot there, in consequence of an intercepted correspondence, which has since been published, and which affords undoubted evidence of the treachery of Corral, who was in league with Guardiola and two other Nicaraguan generals to destroy Walker, of whom they naturally felt jealous.

The country being now in a state of profound peace, Walker turned his attention to the development both of its mineral and agricultural resources, and to the establishment of his foreign relations upon a satisfactory basis. President Rivas was a timid man, of no mental calibre and very little energy, and acted entirely under the dictation of his general and chief. It would be difficult to conceive a more interesting occupation than that to which Walker now devoted himself, in his endeavours to regenerate a magnificent but neglected country. He visited the gold regions of Chontales and Segovia, and circulated reports of their wealth far and wide; numerous decrees were passed guaranteeing life and property, extending immunity to political offenders, and holding out inducements to immigration; a department of colonisation was organised, and every effort made to

attract settlers to explore for themselves the mineral and agricultural wealth of a country which only requires an enterprising population to enable it to take, when joined with the neighbouring States, an independent position as a Central American Republic—with a constitution doubtless constructed on very different principles from that of the United States, but which, wisely and energetically carried out, would render her a formidable competitor to the Northern Federation.

Secretly entertaining these views, which, however, he had not thought it prudent openly to express, General Walker induced President Rivas to send a minister to the United States, in the hope that his recognition by that Government would prevent the neighbouring Central American republics, who had already shown symptoms of alarm at his progressive tendencies, and the power he had acquired over Rivas, from combining to eject him from Nicaragua. The United States Government, however, did not think that Walker's chances of success were at that time sufficient to warrant a recognition of the government he had been instrumental in establishing, and therefore refused to receive Colonel French, upon the ground that the condition of political affairs in Nicaragua was not acquiesced in by the citizens of that country. In consequence of this refusal by Mr Marcy, diplomatic relations between the government of Nicaragua and Mr Wheeler, resident minister of the United States there, were suspended.

The news of the non-recognition of Colonel French at once decided the hesitating republics of Central America; and Guatemala, Honduras, St Salvador, and Costa Rica assumed a hostile attitude. The insults offered by the latter to a peaceful emissary of General Walker resulted in an open rupture. On the 20th March 1856, the Costa Rican army met the force which General Walker had detached under Colonel Schlessinger, amounting to 207 men, composed of French, Germans, and Americans, and utterly routed them, Schlessinger himself being the first to set the example of flight: for this he was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be shot; but he avoided his fate by effecting his escape, and he is now supposed to be serving in the Costa Rican army. The Costa Ricans followed up this success by a surprise upon Virgin Bay, where they killed a number of shopkeepers and innocent persons employed by the Transit Company. They then attacked and succeeded in occupying Rivas, with a force of about 2500 men. One of the most determined struggles which has taken place during the war now ensued. General Walker, who happened to be marching on Leon, at once turned back, and with a force of only 500 men advanced upon Rivas. The battle commenced early on the morning of the 11th of April, and raged throughout the rest of the day with the greatest fury. General Walker lost the whole of his staff, and the Americans performed prodigies of

valour. Their loss in killed and wounded amounted to about 130, that of the Costa Ricans was estimated at over 500. Although remaining masters of the field, the latter evacuated it eighteen days afterwards, and returned precipitately to Costa Rica; the reason assigned in the public proclamation by General Cañas being the alarming outbreak of cholera.

Meantime General Walker determined to make a second attempt, to convince the authorities at Washington that the government of Nicaragua had the approval of its citizens; and for this purpose he despatched thither Padré Vijil, a native of the country, who succeeded in inducing the Secretary of State to recognise him as Nicaraguan minister, although the political condition of Nicaragua was precisely the same as when, two months before, he had refused to recognise French.

It may be remembered that, before Walker's arrival at Nicaragua, a Transit Company had been formed by Mr Vanderbilt with the then existing Nicaraguan Government, upon terms which I have above described. Not one farthing, however, of the twenty per cent due to the Nicaraguan Government out of the annual net profits, which were well known to be large, had ever been paid by the Company; and President Rivas at last, at the instigation of General Walker, upon the refusal of the Company to explain matters, or liquidate the large debt due to the State, abrogated the old grant, and regranted the route to fresh

American speculators, who undertook, in consideration thereof, the transport of recruits for Walker's army from all parts of the Union. Long and complicated proceedings between Mr Vanderbilt, the Nicaraguan Government, and the new Transit Company, in which Messrs Morgan and Garrison soon became the leading men, now took place—proceedings which it would be tiresome here to detail, and which have already cost the United States Government endless trouble and annoyance. Their most unfortunate result, so far as General Walker is concerned, has been to make for him an enemy of a powerful, wealthy, and not very scrupulous man in Vanderbilt, who has now allied himself to the Costa Ricans, and whose daring and energetic agents have enabled those bastard Spanish troops to accomplish a feat of strategy in the seizure of the river-boats belonging to the present Transit Company, of which they were otherwise incapable.

When so many events happen concurrently, it is always difficult to maintain a chronological sequence; and in order thoroughly to appreciate General Walker's position at this crisis, it is necessary to recur again to the battle which had just been fought at Rivas. A short time before this event took place, with a view of conciliating the democratic party, the seat of government was moved from Grenada to Leon, which had always been considered their headquarters, and thither the President Rivas went, leaving Walker in

the neighbourhood of the town of Rivas. It was here that the weak president in an evil hour listened to the whisperings of Salhazar and General Hæres, influential leaders of the old party, who took this opportunity of inflaming the mind of Rivas with jealousy against Walker, until at last they induced him to enter into a traitorous correspondence with the Costa Rican Government, in which he assured the enemies of his country of his co-operation in any designs that they might entertain against the Nicaraguan army, commanded by General Walker; and as an earnest of his sincerity, he wrote to Walker, urging him to come with all speed to Leon, to defend him from threatened attacks from that quarter, hoping thus to withdraw his attention from the town of Rivas, so as to enable the Costa Ricans to attack it with greater chance of success. General Walker, in compliance with this request, had scarcely accomplished half the journey, when he heard of the attack upon the town of Rivas. He instantly returned, fought the Costa Ricans, as above described, discovered the treachery, and proceeded at once to Leon. Here he saw Rivas, but did not tax him with his unworthy conduct. His close connection with that imbecile old man, and a certain regard he entertained for him, prevented his bringing about an open rupture: he simply informed him, that in consequence of what had come to his knowledge, he had determined, upon the expiration of Rivas' presi-

dency, to have himself nominated as a candidate. He then returned to his headquarters, and almost immediately afterwards, Rivas, panic-stricken, fled from Leon with those leaders of the old party who were friendly to him, and ensconced himself in the remote town of Chinandagua, thus isolating himself from the rest of his cabinet, and practically breaking up the government. Under these circumstances, Don Firmin Ferrer, one of the late cabinet, and a native of Nicaragua, was appointed president provisionally, until a general election should take place. This was held two weeks afterwards, and General Walker was elected president by the almost unanimous vote of the people. This was not to be wondered at, as the great majority of the inhabitants are Indians, violently opposed to the Spanish rule, and desirous of that of the Anglo-Saxons. Walker had scarcely been elected president when Salhazar was accidentally intercepted crossing the bay of Fonseca, on his way to carry out his intrigues in Guatemala. He was the bearer of a correspondence deeply implicating Rivas, and was consequently promptly despatched to General Walker's headquarters, who, upon receiving his admission to signatures to letters of a treasonable character, ordered him immediately to be shot—a sentence which was carried into execution without any unnecessary delay. General Walker now sent Mr Oaksmith to Washington as his representative, Padré Vijil not having been satisfied with his residence

there, but the Government refused to recognise him. He has been followed by Don Firmin Ferrer, who is still waiting for recognition. Shortly after, in October last, followed the battles of Massaya and Grenada, the details of which are too fresh in the public mind to render any fuller description necessary. Though Walker was victorious, he perceived that it was essential to his safety to destroy the old capital Grenada, because it was too unhealthy to garrison with his own troops; and he no sooner evacuated it than it became a stronghold of the enemy, from which the transit route, so important to his position both in a military and financial point of view, could at any moment be threatened. This magnificent old Spanish city, which in its palmy days had contained a population of about 30,000 inhabitants, was consequently burnt to the ground. An old church, however, situated about a mile and a half from the lake's side, was spared; and here General Henningsen took refuge, with 400 men, some guns, and a large supply of ammunition, when he was surrounded by about 3000 Central Americans. The Costa Ricans were now allied with San Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras, and the united force succeeded in effecting this operation about the 22d of last November.

The gallant little band, hemmed in by an overwhelming force on all sides, unable to escape by the lake, in the absence of means of communication, took refuge in the church, with the determination of pro-

tecting their guns and ammunition to the last. The siege lasted for nineteen days. Twenty-nine men, who were holding the pier, so as to keep open the communication with the lake, were betrayed by a Cuban, and cut off to a man. General Walker arrived in a small steamer, but was unable to offer any assistance, as all the men he could spare were engaged protecting the transit route. Meantime a fortnight glided by, and the situation of the garrison was becoming desperate; not only had every horse been eaten, but the most terrible methods were resorted to to sustain life. Day and night an incessant and galling fire was kept up on both sides. Various attacks of the enemy were met with most determined resistance. To add to the horrors of the siege, cholera broke out, which was increased by the impossibility of burying the dead; and the putrid atmosphere, and poisoned water, and scanty food, frightfully diminished the numbers. On the 19th day, of the 400 men, 150 only were left, and General Henningsen at last reluctantly determined to abandon his guns, and, with the weak and exhausted remnant of his men, cut his way through the enemy's ranks, or perish in the attempt. Upon that night, however, General Walker had planned his rescue, and Henningsen had the satisfaction of seeing a force landed in the rear of the enemy. This force, which consisted only of 175 men, forced their way over three successive breastworks, and after a most gallant

and daring attack, formed a junction with Henningsen, though with the loss of nearly half their number. The allies, disheartened, drew off in despair, and occupied the following day in quarrelling among themselves, so that Henningsen was enabled to embark his guns without having a shot fired at him. Many of the sick and wounded from the siege of Grenada arrived at Greytown while I was there, and described to me in vivid terms the horrors of that event. Such was the position of matters at the period of my visit, and it was then said that Walker had altogether 1000 men in good fighting order. Since then, various attacks have been made, during the end of January and the beginning of February, upon General Cañas, whose headquarters are a few miles from those of Walker, but without any marked result. So long as the river San Juan is in the hands of the Costa Ricans, Walker will be prevented from undertaking any expedition on a large scale, while his army will dwindle away for want of reinforcements. It is possible, indeed, that by early intelligence we shall hear of the success of the filibusters, who have already attacked the Costa Ricans upon the river, and who may succeed in forcing their way up; but the protracted struggle has already had the effect of disheartening many of Walker's men, and it is now becoming doubtful whether, under any circumstances, he will be able permanently to maintain his position of President in Nicaragua. His ultimate success is

clearly as much to be desired in a political point of view by this country, as it is to be deprecated by the American Government.

Ever since the disclosures by General Goiocuria of Walker's real intentions, in which the latter frankly asserts that "Nicaragua is a great deal too fine a country for those d——d psalm-singing Yankees," the American Government has taken a very different view of his proceedings; they now perceive the danger that would arise from the formation of a federal union of the Central American republics and Mexico by Anglo-Saxons. No sensible American ever either hopes or desires to annex to the United States these countries, containing a population of 9,000,000, who have vainly endeavoured to carry out republican institutions, and who, if infused into the United States with the rights of citizens, to which they would be entitled by the constitution of that country, would be a source of weakness rather than of strength. Added to this is the opposition which would arise on the part of the North against the annexation of so large a tract of tropical country, involving slave-labour. The question for the American Government to consider is, whether it is preferable for these States to remain as they are, or to be incorporated into a federal government by Anglo-Saxons, under institutions by no means republican in their character, but adapted to the present peculiar political condition of the inhabitants, necessarily partaking of

the nature of a military dictatorship. It is clear that such a government, springing as it were from a neighbouring republic, but so opposed to it in its institutions, would be highly unpalatable to the United States, but a source of satisfaction to this country, as proving that those vaunted institutions are not suitable to every clime and race; while, at the same time, we should find a counterpoise to the Northern Republic, and hear no more of its aggressive designs.

The magnificent resources of these countries, now neglected, would be developed, markets would be erected, transit routes innumerable established between the two oceans, and Central American questions, as between this country and the United States, set at rest for ever; that they have ever existed arises simply from the fact that Americans generally are as ignorant of questions affecting the future of Central America as we are ourselves, or we both of us would know that it is impossible, from the nature of things, for either country to extend its possessions into a region destined, from its geographical position, to be formed ere long into an independent State.

UP STREAM: ON THE RED RIVER.

[*MAGA.* November 1844.]

I HAD come to New Orleans to be married, and the knot once tied, there was little inducement for my wife, myself, or any of our party, to remain in that city. Indeed, had we been disposed to linger, an account that was given us of the most unwelcome of all visitors, the yellow fever, having knocked at the doors of several houses in the Marigny suburb, would have been sufficient to drive us away. For my part, I was anxious to find myself in my now comfortable home, and to show my new acquisition — namely, my wife — to my friends above Bâton Rouge, well assured that the opinion of all would be in favour of the choice I had made. By some eccentric working of that curious machinery called the mind, I was more thoughtful than a man is usually supposed to be upon his wedding-day; and I received the congratulations of the guests, went through the *obligato* breakfast, and the preparations for departure, in a very automatical manner. I took scarcely more note of the nine shots that were fired

as we went on board the steamer, of the hurrahs shouted after us from the quay by a few dozen sailors, or the waving of the star-spangled banners that fluttered over the poop and forecastle—of all the honour and glory, in short, attending our departure. I was busy drawing a comparison between my first and this, my last, voyage to the Red River.

It was just nine years and two months since I had first come into possession of my "freehold of these United States," as the papers specified it. Five thousand dollars had procured me the honour of becoming a Louisianian planter; upon the occurrence of which event, I was greeted by my friends and acquaintances as the luckiest of men. There were two thousand acres, "with due allowance for fences and roads," according to the usual formula; and the wood alone, if I might believe what was told me, was well worth twenty thousand dollars. For the preceding six months, the whole of the Western press had been praising the Red River territory to the very skies; it was an incomparable sugar and cotton ground, full sixteen feet deep of river slime—Egypt was a sandy desert compared to it—and as to the climate, the zephyrs that disported themselves there were only to be paralleled in Eldorado and Arcadia. I, like a ninny as I was, although fully aware of the puffing propensities of our newspaper editors, especially when their tongues, or rather pens, have been oiled by a few handfuls of dollars, fell into the trap, and pur-

chased land in the fever-hole in question where I was assured that a habitable house and two negro huts were already built and awaiting me. The improvements alone, the land-speculator was ready to take his oath, were worth every cent of two thousand dollars. In short, I concluded my blind bargain, and in the month of June prepared to start to visit my estate. I was at New Orleans, which city was just then held fast in the gripe of its annual scourge and visitor, the yellow fever. I was in a manner left alone; all my friends had gone up or down stream, or across the Pont Chartrain. There was nothing to be seen in the whole place but meagre hollow-eyed negresses, shirtless and masterless, running about the streets, howling like jackals, or crawling in and out of the open doors of the houses. In the upper suburb things were at the worst; there, whole streets were deserted, the houses empty, the doors and windows knocked in; while the foul fever-laden breeze came sighing over from Vera Cruz, and nothing was to be heard but the melancholy rattle of the corpse-carts as they proceeded slowly through the streets with their load of coffins. It was high time to be off, when the yellow fever, the deadly *vomito*, had thus made its triumphant entry, and was ruling and ravaging like some mighty man of war in a stormed fortress.

I had four negroes with me including old Sybille, who was at that time full sixty-five years of age;

Cæsar, Tiberius, and Vitellius were the three others. We are fond of giving our horses and negroes these high-sounding appellations, as a sort of warning, I am inclined to think, to those amongst us who sit in high places; for even in our young republic there is no lack of would-be Cæsars.

The steamers had left off running below Bâton Rouge, so I resolved to leave my gig at New Orleans, procuring in its stead a sort of dearborn or railed cart, in which I packed the whole of my traps, consisting of a medley of blankets and axes, harrows and ploughshares, cotton shirts and cooking utensils. Upon the top of all this I perched myself; and those who had known me only three or four months previously as the gay and fashionable Mr Howard, one of the leaders of the *ton*, the deviser and proposer of *fêtes*, balls, and gaieties of all kinds, might well have laughed, could they have seen me half buried amongst pots and pans, bottles and bundles, spades and mattocks, and suchlike useful but homely instruments. There was nobody there to laugh, however, or to cry either. Tears were then scarce articles in New Orleans; for people had got accustomed to death, and their feelings were more or less blunted. But even had the yellow fever not been there, I doubt if any one would have laughed at me; there is too much sound sense amongst us. Our town beauties—ay, the most fashionable and elegant of them—think nothing of installing themselves, with

their newly-wedded husbands, in the aforesaid dearborns, and moving off to the far west, leaving behind them all the comforts and luxuries among which they have been brought up. Whoever travels in our backwoods, will often come across scenes and interiors such as the boldest romance-writer would never dare to invent. Newly-married couples, whose childhood and early youth have been spent in the enjoyment of all the superfluities of civilisation, will buy a piece of good land far in the depths of forests and prairies, and found a new existence for themselves and their children. One meets with their dwellings in abundance — log-houses, consisting for the most part of one room and a small kitchen: on the walls of the former the horses' saddles and harness, and the husband's working clothes, manufactured often by the delicate hands of his lady; in one corner, a harp or a piano; on the table, perhaps, a few numbers of the North American or Southern reviews, and some Washington or New York papers. A strange mixture of wild and civilised life. It is thus that our Johnsons, our Livingstons, and Ranselaers, and hundreds, ay, thousands of families, our Jeffersons and Washingtons, commenced; and truly it is to be hoped that the rising generation will not despise the custom of their forefathers, or reject this healthy means of renovating the blood and vigour of the community.

To return to my own proceedings. I got upon

my dearborn, in order to leave as soon as possible the pestilential atmosphere of New Orleans; and I had just established myself amongst my goods and chattels, when Cæsar came running up in great exultation, with a new cloak which he had been so lucky as to find lying before the door of a deserted house in the suburb. I took hold of the infected garment with a pair of tongs, and pitched it as far as I was able from the cart, to the great dismay of Cæsar, who could not understand why I should throw away a thing which he assured me was well worth twenty dollars. We set off, and soon got out of the town. Not a living creature was to be seen as far as the eye could reach along the straight road. On the right hand side, the suburb of the Annunciation was enclosed in wooden palisades, upon which enormous bills were posted, containing proclamations by the mayor of the town, and headed with the word "Infected," in letters that could be read half a mile off. These proclamations, however, were unnecessary. New Orleans looked more like a churchyard than a city; and we did not meet five persons during the whole of our drive along the new canal road.

At the first plantation at which we halted, in order to give the horses a feed, gates and doors were all shut in our faces, and the hospitable owner of the house warned us to be off. As this warning was conveyed in the shape of a couple of rifle-barrels

protruded through the jalousies, we did not think it advisable to neglect it. The reception was cheerless enough; but we came from New Orleans, and could expect no better one. Cæsar, however, dauntless as his celebrated namesake, jumped over a paling and plucked an armful of Indian corn ears, which he gave to the horses; an earthen pan served to fetch them water from the Mississippi, and after a short pause we resumed our journey. Five times, I remember, we halted, and were received in the same humane and hospitable manner, until at last we reached the plantation of my friend Bankes. We had come fifty miles under a burning sun, and had passed more than fifty plantations, each with its commodious and elegant villa built upon it; but we had not yet seen a human face. Here, however, I hoped to find shelter and refreshment; but in that hope I was doomed to be disappointed.

"From New Orleans?" inquired the voice of my friend through the jalousies of his verandah.

"To be sure," answered I.

"Then begone, friend, and be d——d to you!" was the affectionate reply of the worthy Mr Bankes, who was nevertheless kind enough to cause a huge ham and accessories, together with half-a-dozen well-filled bottles, to be placed outside the door—a sort of mute intimation that he was happy to see us, so long as we did not cross his threshold. I had a hearty laugh at this half-and-half hospitality, ate

and drank, wrapped myself in a blanket, and slept, with the blue vault for a covering, as well or better than the president.

In the morning, before starting, I shouted out a "Thank ye! and be d——d to you!" by way of *remercîment;* and then we resumed our march.

At last, upon the third evening, we managed to get our heads under a roof at the town of Bâton Rouge, in the house of an old French soldier, who laughed at the yellow fever as he had formerly done at the Cossacks and Mamelukes; and the following morning we started for the Red River, in the steamboat Clayborne. By nightfall we reached my domain.

Santa Virgen! exclaims the Spaniard in his extremity of grief and perplexity: what I exclaimed, I am sure I do not remember; but I know that my hair stood on end, when I beheld, for the first time, the so-called improvements on my new property. The habitable and comfortable house was a species of pig-sty, built out of the rough branches of trees, without doors, windows, or roof. There was I to dwell, and that in a season when the thermometer was ranging between ninety-five and a hundred degrees. The very badness of things, however, stimulated us to exertion; we set to work, and in two days had built a couple of very decent huts, the only inconvenience of which was, that when it rained hard we were obliged to take refuge under a neigh-

bouring cotton-tree. Fortunately, out of the two thousand acres, there really were fifty in a state of cultivation, and that helped us. I planted and kept house as well as I could: in the daytime I ploughed and sowed; and in the evening I mended the harness and the holes in my inexpressibles. With society I was little troubled, seeing that my nearest neighbour lived five-and-twenty miles off. The first summer passed in this manner; the second was a little better; and the third better still—until at last the way of life became endurable. There is nothing in the world impracticable; and Napoleon never spoke a truer word than when he said, "*Impossible!—C'est le mot d'un fou!*"

And then a hunting-party in the savannahs of Louisiana or Arkansas!

There is a something in those endless and gigantic wildernesses which seems to elevate the soul, and to give to it, as well as to the body, an increase of strength and energy. There reign, in countless multitudes, the wild horse and the bison; the wolf, the bear, and the snake; and, above all, the trapper, surpassing the very beasts of the desert in wildness—not the old trapper described by Cooper, who never saw a trapper in his life, but the real trapper, whose adventures and mode of existence would furnish the richest materials for scores of romances.

Our American civilisation has engendered certain corrupt offshoots, of which the civilisation of other

countries knows nothing, and which could only spring up in a land where liberty is found in its greatest development. These trappers are for the most part outcasts, criminals who have fled from the chastisement of the law, or else unruly spirits to whom even the rational degree of freedom enjoyed in the United States has appeared cramping and insufficient. It is perhaps fortunate for the States that they possess the sort of fag-end to their territory comprised between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains; for much mischief might be caused by these violent and restless men, were they compelled to remain in the bosom of social life. If, for example, *la belle France* had had such a fag-end or outlet during the various crises that she has passed through in the course of the last fifty years, how many of her great warriors and equally great tyrants might have lived and died trappers! And truly, neither Europe nor mankind in general would have been much the worse off, if those instruments of the greatest despotism that ever disguised itself under the mask of freedom—the Massenas, and Murats, and Davousts, and scores more of suchlike laced and decorated gentry—had never been heard of.

One finds these trappers or hunters in all the districts extending from the sources of the Columbia and Missouri, to those of the Arkansas and Red rivers, and on the tributary streams of the Mississippi which run eastward from the Rocky Moun-

tains. Their whole time is passed in the pursuit and destruction of the innumerable wild animals, which for hundreds and thousands of years have bred and multiplied in those remote steppes and plains. They slay the buffalo for the sake of his hump, and of the hide, out of which they make their clothing; the bear to have his skin for a bed; the wolf for their amusement; and the beaver for his fur. In exchange for the spoils of these animals they get lead and powder, flannel shirts and jackets, string for their nets, and whisky to keep out the cold. They traverse those endless wastes in bodies several hundreds strong, and have often desperate and bloody fights with the Indians. For the most part, however, they form themselves into parties of eight or ten men, a sort of wild guerillas. These must rather be called hunters than trappers — the genuine trapper limiting himself to the society of one sworn friend, with whom he remains out for at least a year, frequently longer; for it takes a considerable time to become acquainted with the haunts of the beaver. If one of the two comrades dies, the other remains in possession of the whole of their booty. The mode of life that is at first adopted from necessity, or through fear of the laws, is after a time adhered to from choice; and few of these men would exchange their wild, lawless, unlimited freedom, for the most advantageous position that could be offered them in a civilised country.

They live the whole year through in the steppes, savannahs, prairies, and forests of the Arkansas, Missouri, and Oregon territories — districts which comprise enormous deserts of sand and rock, and, at the same time, the most luxuriant and beautiful plains, teeming with verdure and vegetation. Snow and frost, heat and cold, rain and storm, and hardships of all kinds, render the limbs of the trapper as hard, and his skin as thick, as those of the buffalo that he hunts; the constant necessity in which he finds himself of trusting entirely to his bodily strength and energy, creates a self-confidence that no peril can shake—a quickness of sight, thought, and action, of which man in a civilised state can form no conceptions. His hardships are often terrible; and I have seen trappers who had endured sufferings, compared to which the fabled adventures of Robinson Crusoe are mere child's play, and whose skin had converted itself into a sort of leather, impervious to everything except lead and steel. In a moral point of view, these men may be considered a psychological curiosity: in the wild state of nature in which they live, their mental faculties frequently develop themselves in a most extraordinary manner; and in the conversation of some of them may be found proofs of a sagacity and largeness of views, of which the greatest philosophers of ancient or modern times would have no cause to be ashamed.

The daily and hourly dangers incurred by these

trappers must, one would think, occasionally cause them to turn their thoughts to a Supreme Being; but such is not the case. Their rifle is their god —their knife their patron saint—their strong right hand their only trust. The trapper shuns his fellow-men; and the glance with which he measures the stranger whom he encounters on his path, is oftener that of a murderer than a friend: the love of gain is as strong with him as it is found to be in a civilised state of society, and the meeting of two trappers is generally the signal for the death of one of them. He hates his white competitor for the much-prized beaver skins far more than he does his Indian one: the latter he shoots down as coolly as if he were a wolf or a bear; but when he drives his knife into the breast of the former, it is with as much devilish joy as if he felt he were ridding mankind of as great an evil-doer as himself. The nourishment of the trapper, consisting for years together of buffalo's flesh—the strongest food that a man can eat—and taken without bread or any other accompaniment, doubtless contributes to render him wild and inhuman, and to assimilate him in a certain degree to the savage animals by which he is surrounded.

During an excursion that I made with some companions towards the upper part of the Red River, we met with several of these trappers; amongst others, with one weather-beaten old fellow, whose face and bare neck were tanned by sun and exposure to the

colour of tortoise-shell. We hunted two days in his company, without noticing anything remarkable about the man; he cooked our meals, which consisted usually of a haunch of venison or a buffalo's hump, instructed us where to find game, and was aware of the approach of the latter even sooner than his huge wolf-dog, which never left his side. It was only on the morning of the third day, that we discovered something calculated to diminish our confidence in our new comrade. This was a number of lines and crosses upon the butt of his rifle, which gave us a new and not very favourable insight into the man's character. These lines and crosses came after certain words rudely scratched with a knife-point, and formed a sort of list, of which the following is a copy:—

Buffaloes—no number given, they being probably too numerous.

Bears, nineteen—the number being indicated by nineteen straight strokes.

Wolves, thirteen—marked by oblique strokes.

Red underloppers, four—marked by four crosses.

White underloppers, two—noted by two stars.

Whilst we were examining this curious calendar, and puzzling ourselves to make out the meaning of the word "underloppers," I observed a grim smile stealing over the features of the old trapper. He said nothing, however; drew the buffalo's hump he was cooking from under the hot embers, took it out of the piece of hide in which it was wrapped, and

placed it before us. It was a meal that a king might have envied, and the mere smell of it made us forget the rifle-butt. We had scarcely fallen to when the old man laid hold of his gun.

"Look ye," said he, with a strange grin. "It's my pocket-book. D'ye think it a sin to kill one of them red or white underloppers?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked we.

The man smiled again and rose to depart; his look, however, was alone enough to enlighten us as to who the two-legged interlopers were whom he had first shot, and then noted on his rifle-butt with as much cool indifference as if they had been wild turkeys instead of human beings. In a region to which the vengeful arm of the law does not reach, we did not feel ourselves called upon or entitled to set ourselves up as judges, and we let the man go.

These trappers occasionally, and at long intervals, return for a few days or weeks to the haunts of civilisation; and this occurs when they have collected a sufficient quantity of beaver skins. They then fell a hollow tree that stands on the shore of some navigable stream, make it water-tight, launch it, load it with their merchandise and their few necessaries, and float and row for thousands of miles down the Missouri, Arkansas, or Red River, to St Louis, Natchitoches, or Alexandria. They may be seen roaming and staring about the streets of these

towns, clad in their coats of skins, and astonishing strangers by their wild and primitive appearance.

I was sitting on a sofa in a corner of the ladies' cabin, with Louise by my side, and talking over with her these and other recollections of more or less interest. The tea hour was long past, and the cabins were lighted up. Suddenly we were interrupted in our conversation by a loud noise overhead.

"A nigger killed!" sang out somebody upon deck.

"A nigger killed!" repeated two, ten, twenty, and at length a hundred voices; and thereupon there was a running and trampling, and hurrying and skurrying, an agitation in our big floating inn as if the boilers were on the brink of bursting, and giving us a passage into eternity in the midst of their scalding contents. Louise started up, and dragging me with her, hurried breathless through the two saloons, to the stairs leading upon deck.

"Who is killed? Where is the poor negro?"

The answer I got was a horse-laugh from a score of backwoodsmen.

"Much noise about nothing, dear Louise."

And we were on the point of descending the stairs again, when we were detained, and our attention riveted, by the picturesque appearance of the deck—I should rather say of the persons grouped upon it—seen in the red, flickering, and uncertain light of sundry lamps, lanterns, and torches. Truly, the

night-piece was not bad. In the centre of the steamer's deck, at an equal distance from stem and stern, stood a knot of fellows of such varied and characteristic appearance as might be sought for in vain in any other country than ours. It seemed as if all the western states and territories had sent their representatives to our steamer. Suckers from Illinois, and Badgers from the lead-mines of Missouri—Wolverines from Michigan, and Buckeyes from Ohio—Redhorses from old Kentuck, and Hunters from Oregon, stood mingled before us, clad in all sorts of fantastical and outlandish attire. One had a hunting-shirt of blue and white striped calico, which made its wearer's broad back and huge shoulders resemble a walking feather-bed; another was remarkable for a brilliant straw-hat—a New Orleans purchase, that looked about as well on his bronzed physiognomy as a Chinese roof would do on a pig-sty. Wiñebago wampum belts and Cherokee moccasins, jerkins of tanned and untanned deer-hide. New York frock-coats, and red and blue jackets, composed some of the numerous costumes, of which the mixture and contrast were in the highest degree picturesque.

In the middle of this group stood a personage of a very different stamp—a most interesting specimen of the genus Yankee, contrasting in a striking manner with the rough-hewn sons of Anak who surrounded him. He was a man of some thirty years of age, as dry and tough as leather, of grave and pedantic mien,

the skin of his forehead twisted into innumerable small wrinkles, his lips pressed firmly together, his bright reddish-grey eyes apparently fixed, but, in reality, perpetually shifting their restless glances from the men by whom he was surrounded, to some chests that lay upon the deck before him, and again from the chests to the men; his whole lean, bony, angular figure in a position that made it difficult to conjecture whether he was going to pray, or to sing, or to preach a sermon. In one hand he held a roll of pigtail tobacco, in the other some bright-coloured ribbons, which he had taken from an open chest containing the manifold articles constituting the usual stock-in-trade of a pedlar. Beside this chest were two others, and beside those lay a negro, howling frightfully, and rubbing alternately his right shoulder and his left foot; but nevertheless, according to all appearance, by no means in danger of taking his departure for the other world. As the Yankee pedlar raised his hand and signed to the vociferous blackamoor to be silent, the face of the former gradually assumed that droll, cunning, and yet earnest expression which betrays those double-distilled Hebrews, when they are planning to get possession, in a quasi-legal manner, of the dollars of their fellow-citizens; in a word, when they are manœuvring to exchange their worthless northern wares for the sterling coin of the south. Presently his arms began to swing about like those of a telegraph; he threw a long and loving glance at the two

unopened chests, which had apparently slipped down from the top of a quantity of merchandise piled upon deck, and fallen on the foot and shoulder of the negro; then measuring the latter with a look of reproach, he suddenly opened his compressed lips, from which a sharp, high-toned, schoolmaster-like voice issued.

"Sambo, Sambo! What have you done? Sambo, Sambo!" he repeated, while his voice became more solemn, and he raised his hands and eyes as if appealing to heaven for justice. "Sambo, you onlucky nigger, what have you been a-doin'?"

"A 'sarve,' a wonderful 'sarve'!" screamed the man, pointing to the chests with an appearance of the profoundest grief.

"Heaven forgive you, Sambo! but you have endangered, perhaps sp'iled, a 'sarve,' compared to which all the 'intments and balms of Mecca, Medina, and Balsora—of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, or whatever other places they may come from, air actilly no better than cart-grease. Ah, Sambo! if you were twenty times a nigger, and could be brought twenty times on the auction-table, you wouldn't fetch enough money to pay for the harm you have done!"

"Boe! Boe!" howled the negro by way of parenthesis.

"Ah, Boe! Boe!" screamed the Yankee, "you may well say Boe, Boe! And you ain't the only one as may say it, that's sartain. There be ladies and

gentlemen here, as respectable ladies and gentlemen as can be found anywhere—ay, even to Boston, the cradle of our independence—and they might say Boe! Boe! if they knew all. In them two chests are a hundred tin boxes and glass phials; and if only twenty of them are damaged, there is more injury done than your hide could pay for, if it were twenty times as thick and twenty times as vallyable as it is. Your whole carcass ain't worth one of the boxes of that precious 'intment. Ah, Sambo!"

"Boe! Boe!" howled Sambo in reply.

"What's the palaver about?" growled some of the Badgers and Buckeyes; "open the chests, and you'll see what harm's done."

"D'ye hear, Sambo?" cried the Yankee with the same immovable countenance; "you're to hold yer tongue, the gentlemen say; they're tired of yer noise, and no wonder. What's the use of boohooin' away at that rate? Helps you nothin'; you desarve what you've got. I'll thank you for your long knife, mister. That'll do. That opens it, cuts in like rael steel; better it should be into hard wood than soft flesh. There they are, then, and not broken; onhurt, without a spot or a crack. Sing praises to the Lord! psalms and hymns of rejoicin'—not a phial broke, nor a box smashed! Praised be the Lord! I say ag'in. Since they are safe, it don't matter if twenty shoulder-blades and ankle-bones are put out. Verily the mercy of Heaven shall be made manifest,

and that by the means of a feeble vessel, Jared Bundle by name. Down with ye, Sambo—down with ye, I say! Your shoulder and your dingy hide shall be made whole, and your black bones shall be comforted!"

Not a muscle of the Yankee's face moved; he preserved the grave and solemn appearance of a man to whom a sacred trust has been confided, and who is fully penetrated with the importance of his mission. Once or twice, however, I observed him give a keen but almost imperceptible glance around him, as if to observe the effect of his eloquence upon his auditors.

"Down with you, Sambo!" he repeated to the negro, who had got himself into a sort of sitting posture upon the deck.

"Down, down!" cried the men of Kentucky.

"Down!" those of Missouri and Ohio.

"Be quick about it!" shouted an Illinois sucker.

"Let's see the Yankee's wonderful cure!" exclaimed a hunter from Oregon.

And amidst shouts and exclamations and laughter, poor Sambo was seized by half-a-dozen of their bear's fists, and stretched out upon a heap of coffee-bags like a pig that's going to be killed.

"Boe! Boe!" clamoured the negro at the top of his voice.

"Boohoo as much as you like," cried the Yankee in a shrill tone, that was heard above all the howlings of the unlucky Sambo. "You'll sing to another tune

when you see and understand and feel what a Conne'ticut man *can* do. You say Boe, Boe! like a poor benighted crittur as you are, but what do you say to that?" cried the pedlar in a triumphant voice, as he held close to the negro's nose a piece of linen rag on which he had smeared a green greasy substance bearing a strong resemblance to paste-blacking in a state of decomposition. Then, taking up the box which contained this precious compound, he put it in close proximity to the obtuse snout of the blackamoor, who made a grimace as if his olfactories were but moderately regaled by the odour emanating from the miraculous ointment.

"What d'ye think of that, Sambo? Is that the stuff or not? Will that do, think ye? Well, you shall soon see. Gentlemen!" he continued, with all the gravity of a legitimate M.D. "Gentlemen! the arms and legs of this poor Sambo must be stretched as much as possible, in order that the sarve may take its full effect. Will you be good enough to assist me?"

Upon the word, the backwoodsmen caught hold of the negro's limbs, and began pulling and tugging at them till the poor devil roared as if they had been impaling him.

"Boohoo away!" cried the Yankee. "It's all for your good. If your shoulder is put out, the stretchin' will put it in ag'in."

The negro continued his lamentations, as well he

might, when every one of his joints was cracking under the force applied.

"All no use your callin' out!" screamed the pedlar, as he stuck the salved rag upon the ebony hide of the patient. "Better hold yer tongue. Ain't you too lucky to have met with me at a time when all the doctors in the world—the Browns, and Hossacks, and Sillimans—could not have done you a cent's worth of good? All their drugs would have had no more effect than a ladleful of pea-soup. You ought to be rejoicin' in yer luck, instead of screamin' like a wounded catamount. Keep still, will you? There, that'll do. Many thanks, gentlemen; I thank you in the name of this senseless crittur. That's enough. No cause for complaint, man!" continued he, as he stuck a second plaster on the negro's foot. "All safe enough when Jared Bundle is there with his Palmyra sarve. You be the first as was ever know'd to scream after havin' one smell of that precious 'intment. And I tell you what it is, my man, if both your black legs had been broken clean off, and were swimmin' down the Mississippi half rotten—ay, or if they had just come out of the jaws of an alligator, and you were to stick 'em on, and plaster them up with this 'intment, you may take my word, Jared Bundle's word, that they'd grow to your body again—the flesh would become your flesh, and the bone your bone, as sure as I am now here." And he looked round at his auditors with

a world of confidence and veracity depicted upon his countenance.

"There was Aby Sparks to Penobscot—you know, ladies and gentlemen, Aby Sparks, the son of Enoch Sparks, who married Peggy Heath. Good family the Sparkses—very good family, as you know, ladies and gentlemen. Respectable people in a respectable way of business, the general line—drugs and cutlery, and hats patent waterproof, bird-seed and jewellery, tea and coffee pots, and shoes of the newest fashion. Ladies and gentlemen, do you want a good tea or coffee pot? Partikler jam, *they* are, I reckon. Well, Aby Sparks said to me, 'Jared Bundle,' says he, 'leave me a dozen boxes or phials, whichever you like, of your Palmyra sarve. Wonderful stuff that!' says he. 'What!' says I, 'leave you some of my Palmyra sarve! You're jist right to say it ain't common apothecaries' stuff; that it certainly ain't. But what would the ladies and gentlemen on the lower Mississippi say if I left any of it here? It's all meant for them,' says I; 'they're my best customers.'"

"Soft sawder! Jared Bundle," grunted a Kentuckian.

"Cart-grease and cobbler's wax," said a man of Illinois.

"He's from the north," laughed a third, "where there's more wooden clocks than cows and calves."

"Where the grasshoppers break their legs in

jumpin' from one potato heap to another," interposed a fourth.

"Where the robins starve in harvest-time, and the mockin'-bird is too hungry to mock," cried a fifth.

"Nothin' in the world like Jared Bundle's 'intment," continued the imperturbable Yankee. "Finest thing possible for corns. Ain't genteel to talk of such things, ladies and gentlemen; but if any of you have got corns, rub 'em just two or three times with the Palmyra sarve, and they'll disappear like snow in sunshine. Worth any money against tan and freckles. You, miss," cried he to Louise, "you ain't got any freckles, but you may very likely git 'em. A plaster on each cheek afore you go to bed—git up in the mornin', not a freckle left—all lilies and roses!"

"Hold your impudent tongue!" said I, "or I will plaster you."

"We're in a free country," was the answer—"free to sell and free to buy. Gentlemen," continued Mr Bundle, "famous stuff for razor-strops. Rub a little on, draw the razor a couple of times over it—shave. Razor runs over the face like a steam-carriage along a railroad, you don't know how; beard disappears like grass before the sickle, or a regiment of Britishers before Yankee rifles. Great vartue in the sarve—uncommon vartue! Ma'am!" cried he to a lady who, like ourselves, was looking on from a short distance at this farcical scene, "Ma'am!"

I looked round at the lady. "Bless my soul! Mrs Dobleton and the Misses Dobleton from Concordia, my neighbours on the Mississippi. Delighted to see you, Mrs Dobleton; allow me the honour of introducing my wife to you."

Our greetings and compliments were drowned by the piercing voice of the indefatigable Yankee.

"Ma'am!" cried he, with a box of ointment in each hand, "Ma'am! the finest cure in the world for toothache. If teeth are good, it keeps 'em so; if bad, it makes 'em sound and white as ivory. A small bit on the point of a knife between the teeth and the gum—acts like a charm. Young ladies! a capital remedy for narrow chests."

The skinny Miss Dobletons turned green with vexation.

"Incomparable remedy!" continued Jared; "rub it well in on the part affected, and in a short time the most contracted chest becomes as wide as that of Mrs Broadbosom to Charleston. Fine thing for lockjaw, ma'am!" cried he to Mrs Bodwell who was standing by, and amongst whose good qualities that of silence was not considered to hold a conspicuous place; "a famous cure for lockjaw, from whatever cause it may come on. There was Miss Trowlop—she had a very handsum' mouth and a considerable gift of the gab—was goin' to be married to Mr Shaver, run a hickory splinter through her prunella shoe into her foot—jaw locked as fast as old Ebenezer

Gripeall's iron safe. If she'd a-had my Palmyra sarve she'd be still alive, Mrs Shaver, now; 'stead of that, the land-crabs have eaten her. Another example, ladies: Sally Brags, Miss Sally Brags to Portsmouth. You know Portsmouth, Providence, where the pretty gals grow; some folk *do* say they're prettier to Baltimore—won't say they ain't—matter of taste, pure matter of taste; but Miss Sally Brags, ladies, had the lockjaw—couldn't say a word; took a box of my Palmyra sarve—ladies, two dollars a box by retail—her tongue now goes clap-clap-clap like any steam-mill. Famous cure for lockjaw!"

During this unceasing flow of words, the Yankee had found time to drive a capital trade; his merchandise of all kinds was rapidly disappearing, and the more the backwoodsmen laughed, the faster flowed the dollars into the pedlar's pouch. It was most diverting to observe the looks of the purchasers of the Palmyra ointment, as they first smelled at it and then shook their heads, as if in doubt whether they were not duped.

"Wonderful stuff!" cried the Yankee with imperturbable gravity, and as if to reassure them. "And capital coffee-pots," continued he to a leather-jerkined Missouri man, who had taken up one of the latter, and was examining it. "I'll warrant 'em of the best description, and no mistake. Wonderful stuff this Palmyra sarve, came direct from Moscow, where the Archbishop of Abyssinia had brought it,

but, havin' got into debt, he was obliged to sell off; and from Moscow, which, as you all know, is a great seaport, it passed into the hands of the Grand Duke of Teheran or Tombuctoo, who lives somewhere about the Cape of Good Hope. From there it came to Boston in the brig Sarah, Captain Larks. I was one of the first to go on board, and as soon as I smelled to it, I knew directly what time o' day it was—where the wind blew from, as I may say. Ladies, here you have the means of preservin' your health and your beauty for the longest day you live, and all for two dollars—only two dollars a box. In short, ladies and gentlemen," concluded the persevering fellow sententiously, "you have my warranty that this sarve heals all curable diseases; and if it be true, as the famous Doctor Flathead says, that there be only two sorts of maladies—them of which people die, and them of which they get well—you must see how important it is to have a box of the Palmyra 'intment. Best of all sarves, ladies! two dollars a box, ladies!

"Ladies and gentlemen," resumed Mr Bundle after a brief pause, "d'ye want any other articles—silks, linen, calicoes, fine spices, nutmegs? None of your walnut-wood nutmegs, but ginu*ine* Boston goods, out of the most respectable stores. Ah! ladies and gentlemen, Jared Bundle's tea and coffee pots—let me recommend 'em to you. The metal is of a particular sort, corrects the oily matter contained in the tea,

which the doctors say is no better than so much p'ison. Should be sorry for you to suppose I was instigated by love of gain—filthy lucre, ladies; but think of your vallyable health—your precious health—and buy my teapots; two dollars twenty-five cents apiece. Yes, ma'am," continued he, turning to one of the negresses who were crawling, and grinning, and gaping around his wares, "beautiful Lyons ribbons, and Bengal neck-handkerchiefs *di*rect from Calcutta; lovely things them handkerchiefs, and the ribbons too, partic'lerly the broad ones—quarter of a dollar a yard. Four yards did you say, ma'am? Better go the *en*tire figur'—take eight, and you'll have twice as much. Now, ladies and gentlemen, to return to the teapots——"

"The teapots!" cried several voices a short distance off. "Hurrah! Jared Bundle's teapots! Look here at the Yankee teapots!"

At the same moment the steward of the steamer made his appearance upon the field of Mr Bundle's operations, escorted by half-a-dozen of the backwoodsmen, and stepping into the torchlight, held up the very coffee-pot which the shameless Yankee had sold to the leather-jacketed man of Missouri. The pot had been filled with boiling water, which was now oozing out comfortably and deliberately at every side and corner of the vessel. For one moment the spectators stared in mute astonishment; but then the discovery of the Yankee's cheatery drew from them

a peal of laughter which seemed likely to be inextinguishable.

"Jared Bundle! what do you say to that? Jared Bundle's teapots! A hurrah for Jared Bundle and the Yankee teapots!"

The immovable pedlar was by no means put out of countenance by this discovery. While the backwoodsmen were having their laugh out, he took hold of the teapot, examined it deliberately on all sides, at front and back, inside and out, and then shook his head gravely. When the laughers had exhausted their uproariousness, he cleared his throat and resumed.

"Ah, gentlemen! or rather ladies and gentlemen! in our happy land of freedom and enlightenment, the most enlightened country in the world, no one, I am sure, will refuse to hear the poor pedlar's explanation of this singular circumstance. I know you are all most desirous of havin' it explained, and explain it I can and will. I am sorry to say there are gentlemen who sell teapots for the southern states which are only meant for the northern ones, and others who sell for the north what is meant for the south. That's how I've been deceived in these teapots, which come from the store of the highly respectable Messrs Knockdown. They are for northern consumption, gentlemen, without the smallest doubt, and you know that many teapots will support the cold of the north, but are worth nothin' when they

git into a southern climate. It's oncommon hot, you see, down hereaway on the Mississippi, and I reckon that's the reason that you southern gentlemen *are* sich an almighty b'ilin'-up people, who take a gougin' to your breakfast as we should a mackerel. I'm a'most inclined to think, too, that you bile your water a deal too hot, which our northern tea and coffee pots ain't used to, and can't stand nohow."

"Humbug!" growled a score of backwoodsmen, some of whom began to close round the Yankee, as if to make sure of him and his worthless wares.

"Boe! Boe!" howled Sambo, who had been quite forgotten during this scene.

"You still here, you black devil!" cried the pedlar, turning fiercely round upon the negro. "Am I to be deafened by your cussed croakin'? Don't mind him, ladies and gentlemen—pay no attention to him. Who cares about a nigger? He only cries out for his amusement. It's all his tricks and cunnin'; he'd like to git some more of my sarve on his black hide! He won't have any, tho'! Be off with ye, you stinkin' nigger!"

"Stinkin' nigga! Massa Yankee say stinkin' nigga!" yelled Sambo, showing all his white teeth in an ecstasy of anger. "Matto stinkin' nigga now," screamed he as he sprang suddenly to his feet, to the infinite delight of the backwoodsmen, and began capering and hopping about, and grinning like a mad ape. "Matto stinkin' nigga now; one hour 'go him

dearie Matto, and good Matto, and Massa Yankee promise four picaillee[1] if Matto let dam heavy chest wid stinkin' sarve fall on him foot and shoulder. Boe! Boe! Massa Yankee no good man; bad Massa, Massa Yankee!"

And so it was and turned out to be. The rogue of a Yankee had made a sort of bargain with Sambo, and arranged a scheme by which to draw the attention of the passengers in a natural manner to the famous Palmyra salve. Seldom or never had the risible nerves of the burly backwoodsmen on board the Ploughboy steamer been so enormously tickled as by the discovery of this Yankee trick. The laughter was deafening, really earsplitting; and was only brought to something like an end by the appearance of the captain, who came with a petition from the lady passengers, to the effect that the Yankee should not be too hardly dealt with for his ingenious attempt to transfer his fellow-citizens' dollars into his own pocket. Thereupon Badgers and Buckeyes, Wolverines and Redhorses, abated their hilarity; and it was comical to see how these rough tenants of the western forests proceeded, with all the gravity of backwoods etiquette, to respond to the humanity of the ladies. In the first place a deputation was chosen, consisting of two individuals, who were charged to assure the ladies of the universal willingness to treat the Yankee as tenderly as might be con-

[1] The Louisianian name for 6¼ cent pieces.

sistent with the nature of his transgression; secondly, a commission was appointed for the examination of the spurious wares. The articles that had been bought were produced one after the other, their quality and value investigated, and then they were either condemned and thrown overboard, or their sale was confirmed. The tea and coffee pots were almost, without exception, pronounced worthless; for although well enough calculated for a long voyage on the Mississippi, they could never have been meant to hold boiling Mississippi water. The wonderful Palmyra salve proved to be neither more nor less than a compound of hog's lard and gunpowder, with the juice of tobacco and walnut leaves—a mixture that might perhaps have been useful for the destruction of vermin, but the efficacy of which as an antidote to freckles and lockjaw was at least problematical. The teapots, the ointment, and some spices, amongst which wooden nutmegs cut an important figure, were duly consigned to the keeping of the Mississippi kelpies; while the dollars that had been paid for them were retransferred from the pockets of the Yankee to those of the credulous purchasers. Finally, Mr Bundle himself, in consideration of the truly republican stoicism with which he witnessed the execution of the judgment pronounced on his wares, was invited with much ceremony to regale himself with a "go-the-whole-hog-cocktail," an honour which he accepted and replied to in a set speech, at the conclusion of

which he inquired whether the honourable society by whose sentence he had been deprived of the larger portion of his merchandise, could not recommend him to a schoolmaster's place in one of their respectable settlements. I almost wondered that he did not treat us to a Methodist sermon as a preparation for our slumbers. He seemed the right man to do it. He exactly answered to the description given of the Yankees by Halleck, in his Connecticut:—

"Apostates, who are meddling
With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and peddling,
Or wandering through southern climates teaching
The A B C from Webster's spelling-book;
Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
And gaining by what they call hook and crook,
And what the moralists call overreaching,
A decent living. The Virginians look
Upon them with as favourable eyes
As Gabriel on the devil in Paradise."

There was a deafening "Hurrah for the honourable Mistress Howard!" as the party of backwoodsmen walked off towards the gentlemen's cabin; and then things became quieter. I had invited the bears to drink a glass to Mrs Howard's health, and had told the steward to put down to my account the slings and cocktails they might consume. Mrs Dobleton, whose husband is secretary to a temperance society, pulled a wry face or two at what she doubtless thought

an encouragement to vice; but for my part I have no such scruples. It always gives me pleasure to find myself thrown by chance among these rough and wild, but upright and energetic sons of the wilderness — these pioneers of the west, who pass their lives in converting tangled thickets and endless forests into fields and pastures, for the benefit of generations yet unborn. Truly, dear Louise, a few dollars spent amongst these worthy fellows are not thrown away, if they serve to form one, the smallest, link of the chain of goodwill and good-fellowship that does and ought to bind us to our fellow-citizens.

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